To
Mrs Linton
in Memory
of
Elisabeth Scott

Early in April will be Published,

PRICE ONE GUINEA,

WITH THIRTY HIGHLY-FINISHED ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL,
And other Embellishments,

LYRICS OF THE HEART:

THE GLASS OF AGRIPPA;

WITH OTHER POEMS.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

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THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT,

AND JUVENILE SOUVENIR.

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London: Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

THE LITERARY SOUVENIR.

Painted by Sir Tho.s Lawrence P.R.A.

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LADY GEORGIANA AGAR ELLIS.

Published by Longman Rees Orme, Brown & Green, Nov.r 1830.

THE

LITERARY SOUVENIR.

EDITED BY

ALARIC A. WATTS.

I have song of war for knight;
Lay of love for lady bright;
Fairy tale to lull the heir;
Goblin grim the maids to scare.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN & GREEN.

1831.

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TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

AS A MARK OF RESPECT FOR HIS PATRONAGE OF

British Art,

(AND FOR HIS APPRECIATION OF THE WORKS OF STOTHARD MORE ESPECIALLY,)

THIS VOLUME

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS OBLIGED AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

returning his acknowledgments. It is confidently anticipated, that this engraving (from one of the most splendid specimens of the genius of the late lamented President of the Royal Academy) will be found in every respect worthy of the original.

In catering for the literary department of annual volumes, some difficulties, it must be confessed, present themselves;—difficulties, not limited to the task of consulting, within such narrow limits, the tastes of all classes of readers; but arising, for the most part, out of the impossibility of satisfying a particular class of critics;* who, whilst they refrain from any comparative estimate of the merits of the various competitors in the race, (for that, they say, would be "invidious,") do not hesitate to visit whatever faults they may chance to

* One of these gentlemen, in the spleenful spirit which usually characterises his remarks upon the "Annuals," passing, almost without comment, over every thing else in the book, fastened upon a couple of stanzas in the last volume of the Literary Souvenir, bearing the initials of a popular living Writer, and with a degree of virulence worthy of some very heinous offence, charged the Editor with having first stolen an idea, and then forged the initials of a celebrated poet, to impose upon the Public. It never occurred to this Aristarchus, that both poems might be the productions of the same author. It was more consonant with his motives to indulge in a false and ungenerous imputation, than to avail himself of so simple and obvious a solution of the enigma.

discover in the few, upon the whole body; and if the Contributors happen to be the same in one or two instances, to declare them to be identical in all.

If the pages of one work of this class include the names of numerous popular writers, some of whom may chance to have written unsuccessfully in another, their contributions to all similar books are sweepingly denounced, as unworthy of their fame. Should an editor however, regardless of the factitious value of a name, profit by the example of periodicals of more frequent recurrence, to publish that which may best accord with his own notions of what is eligible, without reference to the literary rank of the author, his industry or liberality is immediately impugned for not procuring the co-operation of more popular pens. It is true, that such critics are not numerous; but if common fairness be a requisite with the philologists of these enlightened days, the fewer there are of them the better. It is worthy of remark, that several of the Cynics, who affect to regard so lightly the literature of annual volumes, are but too happy to publish, from time to time, in the periodicals over which they preside, the rejected articles of such miscellanies. The Editor can speak, at all events, from his own experience in such matters. Why that which is good on one

sheet of paper should be bad upon another, it is difficult to conceive; yet, that such is sometimes the case, will be inferred from the fact, that two influential periodical writers, who spoke with contempt of a prose sketch in the Literary Souvenir for 1829, from the pen of Mrs. Charles Gore, subsequently discovered, that (under another name, and in the collected works of the author,) it was one of her happiest efforts, and possessed every claim to popular favour! It is well for the interests of literature, that the "balance of power" will generally be found to be in the hands of more liberal critics.

The literature of the following pages has been selected with care, and will not, it is hoped, be found inferior to that of any periodical work. Whatever may be its defects, they must be imputed rather to the obliquity of the Editor's taste, than to the scantiness or poverty of his materials, as his difficulty has been principally that of selection.

58, *Torrington Square*,
Oct. 1*st*, 1830.

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THE

LEGEND OF THE HAUNTED TREE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LILLIAN."

"DEEP is the bliss of the belted knight,
When he kisses at dawn the silken glove,
And rides, in his glittering armour dight,
To shiver a lance for his Lady-love!

"Lightly he couches the beaming spear;
His mistress sits with her maidens by,
Watching the speed of his swift career,
With a whispered prayer and a murmured sigh.

"Far from me is the gazing throng,
The blazoned shield, and the nodding plume;
Nothing is mine but a worthless song,
A joyless life, and a nameless tomb."

"Nay, dearest Wilfrid, lay like this
On such an eve is much amiss:
Our mirth beneath the new May Moon
Should be echoed by a livelier tune.
What need to thee of mail and crest,
Of foot in stirrup, spear in rest?
Over far mountains and deep seas,
Earth hath no fairer fields than these;
And who, in Beauty's gaudiest bowers,
Can love thee with more love than ours?"

The minstrel turned with a moody look
From that sweet scene of guiltless glee;
From the old who talked beside the brook,
And the young who danced beneath the tree:
Coldly he shrank from the gentle maid,
From the chiding look and the pleading tone;
And he passed from the old elm's hoary shade,
And followed the forest path alone.
One little sigh, one pettish glance,
And the girl comes back to her playmates now,
And takes her place in the merry dance,
With a slower step and a sadder brow.

"My soul is sick," saith the wayward boy,
"Of the peasant's grief, and the peasant's joy;
I cannot breathe on from day to day,
Like the insects, which our wise men say

In the crevice of the cold rock dwell,
Till their shape is the shape of their dungeon's cell;
In the dull repose of our changeless life,
I long for passion, I long for strife,
As in the calm the mariner sighs
For rushing waves and groaning skies.
Oh for the lists, the lists of fame,
Oh for the herald's glad acclaim;
For floating pennon and prancing steed,
And Beauty's wonder at manhood's deed!"

Beneath an ancient oak he lay:—
More years than man can count, they say,
On the verge of the dim and solemn wood,
Through sunshine and storm, that oak had stood.
Many a loving, laughing sprite,
Tended the branches by day and by night;
And the leaves of its age were as fresh and green
As the leaves of its early youth had been.
Pure of thought should the mortal be
Who sleeps beneath the Haunted Tree.
That night the minstrel laid him down,
Ere his brow relaxed its sullen frown;
And slumber had bound his eyelids fast,
Ere the evil wish from his soul had passed.

And a song on the sleeper's ear descended,
A song it was pain to hear, and pleasure;

So strangely wrath and love were blended
In every tone of the mystic measure.

"I know thee, child of earth.—
The morning of thy birth
In through the lattice did my chariot glide;
I saw thy father weep
Over thy first wild sleep,
I rocked thy cradle when thy mother died.

"And I have seen thee gaze
Upon these birks and braes,
Which are my kingdoms, with irreverent scorn;
And heard thee pour reproof
Upon the vine-clad roof,
Beneath whose peaceful shelter thou wert born.

"I bind thee in the snare
Of thine unholy prayer;
I seal thy forehead with a viewless seal:
I give into thine hand
The buckler and the brand,
And clasp the golden spur upon thy heel.

"When thou hast made thee wise
In the sad lore of sighs,
When the world's visions fail thee and forsake,
Return, return to me,

And to my Haunted Tree ;—
The charm hath bound thee now ; Sir knight, awake!"

Sir Isumbras, in doubt and dread,
From his feverish sleep awoke ;
And started up from his grassy bed
Under the ancient oak.
And he called the page who held his spear,
And, " tell me, boy," quoth he,
" How long have I been slumbering here,
Beneath the greenwood tree ?"—
" Ere thou didst sleep, I chanced to throw
A stone into the rill ;
And the ripple that disturbed its flow
Is on its surface still :
Ere thou didst sleep, thou bad'st me sing
King Arthur's favourite lay ;
And the first echo of the string
Has hardly died away."

" How strange is sleep !" the young knight said,
As he clasped the helm upon his head,
And mounting again his courser black,
To his gloomy tower rode slowly back ;
" How strange is sleep ! when his dark spell lies
On the drowsy lids of human eyes,
The years of a life will float along
In the compass of a page's song.

Methought I lived in a pleasant vale,
The haunt of the lark and the nightingale,
Where the summer rose had a brighter hue,
And the noonday sky a clearer blue,
And the spirit of man in age and youth
A fonder love, and a firmer truth.
And I lived on, a fair-haired boy,
In that sweet vale of tranquil joy;
Until at last my vain caprice
Grew weary of its bliss and peace.
And one there was, most dear and fair,
Of all that smiled around me there,
A gentle maid, with a cloudless face,
And a form so full of fairy grace;
Who, when I turned with scornful spleen
From the feast in the bower, or the dance on the green,
Would humour all my wayward will,
And love me, and forgive me, still.
Even now, methinks, her smile of light
Is there before me, mild and bright;
And I hear her voice of fond reproof,
Between the beats of my palfrey's hoof.
'T is idle all;—but I could weep;—
Alas!" said the knight, "how strange is sleep!"

He struck with his spear the brazen plate
That hung before the castle gate;
The torch threw high its waves of flame
As forth the watchful menials came;

They lighted the way to the banquet hall,
They hung the shield upon the wall,
They spread the board, and they filled the bowl,
And the phantoms passed from his troubled soul.

Sir Isumbras was ever found
  Where blows were struck for glory;
There sate not at the Table Round
  A knight more famed in story:
The king on his throne would turn about
  To see his courser prancing;
And, when Sir Launcelot was out,
  The queen would praise his dancing:
He quite wore out his father's spurs,
  Performing valour's duties;
Destroying mighty sorcerers,
  Avenging injured beauties;
And crossing many a trackless sand,
  And rescuing people's daughters
From dragons that infest the land,
  And whales that walk the waters.
He throttled lions by the score,
  And giants by the dozen;
And, for his skill in lettered lore,
  They called him 'Merlin's Cousin.'

A score of steeds, with bit and rein,
  Stood ready in his stable;

An ox was every morning slain,
And roasted for his table.
And he had friends, all brave and tall,
And crowned with praise and laurel,
Who kindly feasted in his hall,
And tilted in his quarrel;
And minstrels came and sang his fame
In very rugged verses;
And they were paid with wine and game,
And rings, and cups, and purses.

And he loved a Lady of high degree,
Faith's fortress, Beauty's flower;
A countess for her maid had she,
And a kingdom for her dower;
And a brow whose frowns were vastly grand,
And an eye of sunlit brightness,
And a swan-like neck, and an arm and hand
Of most bewitching whiteness;
And a voice of music, whose sweet tones
Could most divinely prattle
Of battered casques, and broken bones,
And all the bliss of battle.
He wore her scarf in many a fray,
He trained her hawks and ponies;
And filled her kitchen every day
With leverets and conies:

He loved, and he was loved again ;—
I won't waste time in proving,
There is no pleasure like the pain
Of being loved, and loving.

Dame Fortune is a fickle gipsy,
And always blind, and often tipsy.
Sometimes, for years and years together,
She 'll bless you with the sunniest weather,
Bestowing honour, pudding, pence,
You can't imagine why or whence ;—
Then in a moment—Presto, pass !—
Your joys are withered like the grass ;
You find your constitution vanish,
Almost as quickly as the Spanish ;
The murrain spoils your flocks and fleeces ;
The dry-rot pulls your house to pieces ;
Your garden raises only weeds ;
Your agent steals your title deeds ;
Your banker's failure stuns the city ;
Your father's will makes Sugden witty ;
Your daughter, in her beauty's bloom,
Goes off to Gretna with the groom ;
And you, good man, are left alone,
To battle with the gout and stone.

Ere long, Sir Isumbras began
To be a sad and thoughtful man ;

They said the glance of an evil eye
Had been on the knight's prosperity:
Less swift on the quarry his falcon went,
Less true was his hound on the wild deer's scent,
And thrice in the list he came to the earth,
By the luckless chance of a broken girth.
And Poverty soon in her rags was seen
At the board where Plenty erst had been;
And the guests smiled not as they smiled before,
And the song of the minstrel was heard no more.
And a base ingrate, who was his foe,
Because, a little month ago,
He had cut him down, with friendly ardour,
From a rusty hook in an Ogre's larder,
Invented an atrocious fable,
And libelled his fame at the Royal Table:
And she at last, the worshipped one,
For whom his valorous deeds were done,
Who had heard his vows, and worn his jewels,
And made him fight so many duels,—
She, too, when Fate's relentless wheel
Deprived him of the Privy Seal,
Bestowed her smiles upon another,
And gave his letters to her mother.

Fortune and fame,—he had seen them depart,
With the silent pride of a valiant heart:
Traitorous friends,—he had passed them by,
With a haughty brow and a stifled sigh.

Boundless and black might roll the sea,
O'er which the course of his bark must be;
But he saw, through the storms that frowned above,
One guiding star, and its light was Love.
Now all was dark; the doom was spoken!
His wealth all spent, and his heart half-broken,
Poor youth, he had no earthly hope,
Except in laudanum, or a rope.

He ordered out his horse, and tried,
As the Leech advised, a gentle ride.
A pleasant path he took,
Where the turf, all bright with the April showers,
Was spangled with a hundred flowers,
Beside a murmuring brook.
Never before had he roved that way;
And now, on a sunny first of May,
He chose the turning, you may guess,
Not for the laughing loveliness
Of turf, or flower, or stream; but only
Because it looked extremely lonely.

He had wandered, musing, scarce a mile,
In his melancholy mood,
When, peeping o'er a rustic stile,
He saw a little village smile,
Embowered in thick wood.
There were small cottages, arrayed
In the delicate jasmin's fragrant shade;

And gardens, whence the rose's bloom
Loaded the gale with rich perfume;
And there were happy hearts; for all
In that bright nook kept festival,
And welcomed in the merry May
With banquet and with roundelay.
Sir Isumbras sate gazing there,
With folded arms, and mournful air;
He fancied,—'t was an idle whim,—
That the village looked like a home to him.

And now a gentle maiden came,
Leaving her sisters and their game,
And wandered up the vale;
Sir Isumbras had never seen
A thing so fair,—except the Queen,—
But out on passion's doubts and fears!
Her beautiful eyes were full of tears,
And her cheeks were wan and pale.
None courted her stay of the joyous throng,
As she passed from the group alone;
And he listened, which was very wrong,
And heard her singing a lively song,
In a very dismal tone.

"Deep is the bliss of the belted knight,
When he kisses at dawn the silken glove,
And goes, in his glittering armour dight,
To shiver a lance for his Lady-love!"—

That thrilling voice,—so soft and clear,
Was it familiar to his ear?
And those delicious drooping eyes,
As blue and as pure as the summer skies,
Had he, indeed, in other days,
Been blessed in the light of their holy rays?

He knew not; but his knee he bent
  Before her in most knightly fashion,
And grew superbly eloquent
  About her beauty, and his passion.
He said that she was very fair,
  And that she warbled like a linnet;
And that he loved her, though he ne'er
  Had looked upon her till that minute.
He grieved to mention, that a Jew
  Had seized for debt his grand pavilion;
And he had little now, 't was true,
  To offer, but a heart and pillion:
But what was wealth?—In many a fight,—
  Though he, who should n't say it, said it,—
He still had borne him like a knight,
  And had his share of blows and credit;
And, if she would but condescend
  To meet him at the Priest's to-morrow,
And be henceforth his guide, his friend,
  In every toil, in every sorrow,—

They 'd sail instanter from the Downs;
His hands just now were quite at leisure;
And, if she fancied foreign crowns,
He 'd win them with the greatest pleasure.

" A year is gone,"—the damsel sighed,
But blushed not, as she so replied,—
" Since one I loved,—alas! how well
He knew not, knows not,—left our dell.
Time brings to his deserted cot
No tidings of his after lot;
But his weal or woe is still the theme
Of my daily thought, and my nightly dream.
Poor Alice is not proud or coy;
But her heart is with her minstrel boy."

Away from his arms the damsel bounded,
And left him more and more confounded.
He mused of the present, he mused of the past,
And he felt that a spell was o'er him cast;
He shed hot tears, he knew not why,
And talked to himself and made reply,
Till a calm o'er his troubled senses crept,
And, as the daylight waned, he slept.
Poor gentleman! — I need not say,
Beneath an ancient oak he lay.

" He is welcome,"—o'er his bed,
Thus the beauteous Fairy said;

" He has conned the lesson now,
  He has read the book of pain;
There are furrows on his brow,
  I must make it smooth again.

" Lo, I knock the spurs away;
  Lo, I loosen belt and brand;
Hark! I hear the courser neigh
  For his stall in Fairy-land.

" Bring the cap, and bring the vest,
  Buckle on his sandal shoon;
Fetch his memory from the chest
  In the treasury of the Moon.

" I have taught him to be wise,
  For a little maiden's sake;—
Look, he opens his bright eyes,
  Softly, slowly;—minstrel, wake!"

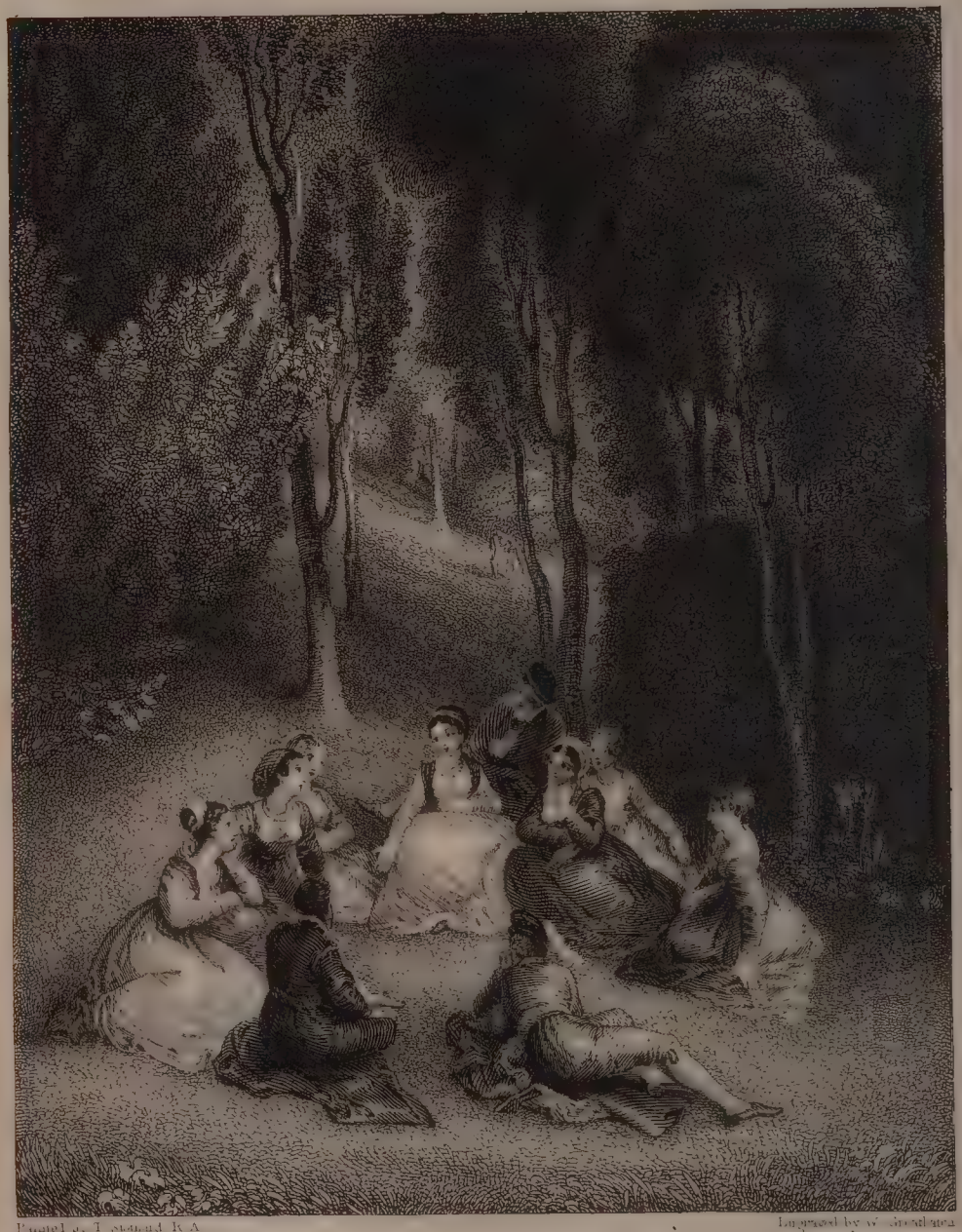
The sun has risen, and Wilfrid is come
To his early friends, and his cottage home.
His hazel eyes and his locks of gold
Are just as they were in the time of old;
But a blessing has been on the soul within,
For that is won from its secret sin;
More loving now, and worthier love
Of men below and of Saints above.

He reins a steed with a lordly air,
Which makes his country cousins stare;
And he speaks in a strange and courtly phrase,
Though his voice is the voice of other days:
But where he has learned to talk and ride,
He will tell to none but his bonny bride.

THE LOLLARDS' TOWER.

Oppression—anguish—scorn—obdurate might—
Endurance, wasted by the strife of years,
And Patience, smiling through its silent tears,
With hopes of glory and unearthly light,—
These stand engraven on thy mouldering height,
Thou time-worn Tower! where misery hath made
Her bleak abode; and hopes, which dawned to fade,
Mocked, day by day, the dimmed and sickening sight!
Stranger!—as borne upon that sun-lit wave,
Thy bark with joyous sail is gliding by,
To Him be praise, whose guardian power could save
From thrall, and turn to thanks the sufferer's cry!
Nor be the Might forgot, whose influence gave
The unshrinking heart, when none to aid was nigh.

H.



Painted by T. Stothard R.A. Engraved by W. Greatbatch

THE NARRATIVE.

Published by Longman Rees Orme Brown & Green Nov.r 1830

LADY OLIVIA'S DECAMERONE.

Story, God bless you!—I have none to tell, Sir.
Anti-Jacobin.

The great contest for the county, between Sir Jacob Dunder, of Dunder-Park, and Colonel Parrot, of Bencoolen Hall, will not speedily be forgotten by those who witnessed, or shared its horrors. It was then that the awful pestilence of party-spirit began its ravages in our ancient town. Years have rolled away; and Time, the universal physician, has passed through our streets with healing on his wings: but there is not, among us, one family in which you may not trace the vestiges of the dismal visitation.

The first symptoms of the disorder were, absence of mind, neglect of business, forgetfulness of the dinner-hour, and a disposition to haunt the market-place, or loiter on the Exchange. Soon, the voice of the sufferer became loud and hoarse, the step hurried and unsteady,

the eye fierce and glaring. He began to mutter indistinctly to himself, to whisper mysteriously to those he met, to rave incoherently to crowds of such as were similarly affected: and his talk was full of strange and unconnected words,—liberty and social order, retrenchment and revolution, the debt and the pope; dangers he had not anticipated, blessings he had not dreamed of, till now. Fire does not spread more rapidly from rafter to rafter, than did the fearful contagion from man to man. The huge letters of a placard, the discordant echo of a song, the touching of a ribbon, the tasting of a cup, were sufficient to communicate its fury. No age, no sex, escaped; the maiden sickened in her minuet, and the matron at her whist; in the frenzy of the fever, the octagenarian broke his crutches, and overturned his easy chair; and when you asked his grandson the subject of his morning's lesson,—"the cause" quoth the urchin, "for which Hampden bled on the field, and Sidney perished on the scaffold!"

On Saturday evening, Lady Olivia's *conversazione* was attended by only seven of its fair frequenters. The president herself, her three nieces, Marguerita, Medora, and Sybilla, and their three bosom friends, Leonora, Laura, and Ruth, looked disconsolately at the long saloon and its vacant sofas, and turned away in weariness from the stuffed kingfishers, and the cabinet of conchology, the portfolio of prints, and the drowsy poodle.

"I had expected," said Lady Olivia, "Professor

Bellows, with a Lecture on the Steam-engine, and Dr. Macklin with an Exposition of the Kantian Philosophy: Mr. Merrywether was to have administered his Laughing Gas, and dear Lucerida had promised her charming Ode on the Success of the Missions in Newfoundland. But you see how we are deserted. Since, then, we are afflicted by a worse than Boccaccio's plague, let us adopt Boccaccio's remedy: let us retire to some sequestered spot, where we may wander among shady groves and purling streams, the bleating of sheep and the warbling of birds, pitying the calamities of those whom we leave to the drums and the dinners, the speeches and the cockades; and beguiling our long summer afternoons with pleasant stories, which, when this season shall have passed by, we will give to the world, in emulation of the fame of the Decamerone."

The proposal was received without a dissentient voice. Nevertheless, Medora hinted at the tea-table what Filomena suggested in the church,—that the company of two or three cavaliers, if any could be found, neither orange nor blue, in their neighbourhood, would help in no slight degree towards the cheating of time, and the banishing of *ennui:* and Fortune favoured the wish ere it was uttered; for General Shakerly was announced, and Sergeant Ambigu, and Frank Melvil, all ready to fly from the scene of action—the General, because he would support no party; and the Lawyer, because he had promised to support both; and the Johnian, because

he had no means of supporting either. Every necessary arrangement was presently planned. Chateau Shakerly was to be prepared for the reception of the beauteous recluses, and the various pavilions and arbours with which its grounds were decorated, were to be carefully stored with books and chess-boards, sweetmeats and guitars. A sovereign was to be elected daily, for the direction of the next day's pastimes; and all were to pay implicit obedience to the commands of their ruler. On Monday morning, while the sheriff was proceeding with his trumpets and his criers, to open the poll for the election of a knight of the shire, Lady Olivia, the queen for the first day, assembled her little court, under the canopy of a magnificent old beech; and, after the example of her Florentine predecessors, issued orders for the proceedings of the household, and gave audience to the seneschal and the tire-women.

The day passed pleasantly enough. They strolled, as their author suggested, and their queen allowed, through the exquisite scenes of as lovely a spot as ever opulence furnished for the dwelling of taste. They admired the stuffed hermit, and the wooden nymph, and the gothic ruin, and the Chinese pagoda. They praised the sculpture of the monument, which was erected to the memory of nobody; and studied the tablet, which invited them to

Sleep and dream,
Lulled by the music of the stream,

while their host promised them that the fountain, though out of order to-day, would discourse most eloquent music to-morrow. Their dinner was served in the conservatory; and after they had banqueted, as a translator of their Italian model would have said, "with all the elegance imaginable," the queen called upon Frank to relate the first of those narratives which were in after time to drive the Decamerone from the Temple of Fame. Frank was a thin, sallow young man, who had won a gold medal at Cambridge, and filled all the albums in the county with sighs and songs. The listeners, therefore, were hushed into mute attention, when he set down his glass of claret, and began.

FIRST TALE.

It was late on a tempestuous evening, at that season of the year when winter treads closely on the footsteps of autumn. Thick clouds gathered over the face of heaven as the sun went down, and sudden blasts of wind whistling through the almost leafless trees, gave token of the approaching storm. The peasant sought shelter for his flock, and the rich merchant thought of his argosies and trembled.

Mine host of the Black Hound,—it was the only tolerable inn in the little village of Barbadillo—exulted at the pattering of the rain-drops and the distant growling of the thunder. "Trust me," he said to the guests, whose flagon he was sharing—Master Tomaso, the

notary; Dr. Bartolo, the physician; and a holy priest, of the order of St. Francis,—"trust me, my friends, a night like this, though it may be ill-regarded by delicate damsel or silk-clad cavalier, is a night of bounty and blessing to us of the spit and spigot. Little inquisition is made at such a time, whether the omelet be fresh or the capon tender, or the wine of the right growth. Give him but a floor under foot, and a roof over head, and a dry cloak, and an extra log upon the hearth, and Lucifer himself will scarcely turn aside from the platter, or look thrice at the seal of the flask."

While he yet spoke, the heavy sound of horses' feet, advancing, as it seemed, at a long and regular trot, roused him from his seat, and in a moment a vehement ringing at the bell announced the approach of some visitor, to whom it seemed those common comforts, of which the good man spoke, were indeed matters of interest. Mine host of the Black Hound found at his gate a cavalier, mounted on a powerful grey horse. "In good time thou art come, my master," he said, as he ushered his worshipful guest into the gayest apartment of his hostelrie; "there is such a storm toward, as there hath not been since that in which the holy abbot Olivarez —blessed be his memory!—was drowned in the Dauro. Doubtless my honoured guest will be for supper, and that presently. Capons have we, and dried kid, and eggs and milk, and such a draught of wine as a cardinal might give thanks for."

The stranger shook his head mournfully. "Thy parlour," he replied, "and thy kitchen, might entice a saint from his road to Paradise; but for me, I am too weary for the one, and too sick for the other. A bed-chamber, good friend, and the aid of a leech, if there be one within any reasonable distance, would glad me more than aught else thy diligence can provide."

Honest Jerome started at the deep and sepulchral tone in which the words were uttered. He gazed upon his abstemious lodger with no very satisfied feelings. The stranger was a stout, well-proportioned man, of middle age, handsomely, even splendidly attired, and bearing in his ruddy cheek and bright eye no traces of indisposition. "If thou wouldst do by my counsel," he replied, after a pause, "thou wouldst find a spiced cup excellent medicine for all the ailing thou ailest: but thy pleasure shall be done. My niece, Margaretta, shall light thee to thy chamber; and, for a leech, marry—there is one now sipping with me the liquor thy frowardness scorns. A man more learned in the mysteries of his art, never weighed out his drachms and scruples by the bed of a dying Pope. Fare-thee-well, Sir: I will drink to thy better health, and thy livelier appetite."

The stranger took up from the table a small bag of crimson velvet, which, as he dismounted from his steed, he had carefully removed from a pocket in the saddle. With a firm step he followed little Margaretta to the chamber which was prepared for him. He might have

travelled all the way to Burgos without finding a merrier lip or a brighter pair of eyes.

Margaretta came down the narrow staircase much faster than she had gone up. "Sick, quotha!" said she, as she handed the lamp to the man of medicine, who was preparing for his visit;—"now the foul fiend cure his sickness, say I." And she was closeted for the next half hour with Jacinta the cook-maid; but Jacinta was the discreetest of confidantes, and nothing transpired.

The bald dispenser of drugs advanced silently and on tiptoe to the bedside of his patient. He felt the pulse, its beats were perfectly regular: he examined the tongue, it was of an admirably healthy hue: he passed his hand over the brow, it was dry and cool. "Did he suffer any pain?"

"None," said the stranger.

"Had he received any wound?"

"None," said the stranger.

"By Santiago," quoth the learned Doctor Bartolo, "I am wasting time which might be better bestowed, in listening to our host's jest and swallowing his elixir vitæ. My patient is as well as I am!"

"He is dying;" said the stranger. "I pray of thy kindness, good Doctor Bartolo, that thou wilt send hither some sage professor of the law; to whom I may commit such testamentary disposition of my worldly affairs, as may prevent the arising of any disputes among my

kindred touching my sublunary wealth, when my spirit shall have left this, its fleshly tabernacle. Go to, man! Thou hast seen the bursting of a bubble on the surface of a calm lake. Couldst thou have observed, the moment ere it vanished, the slightest inequality on its surface? I tell thee, I am dying. Is not this the eve of the day hallowed by the suffering of the blessed martyr Crispin? Why, then, I tell thee I am dying. I would see a notary; and, when I shall have said my say to him, I would speak with a priest. It is already eleven of the clock; and at midnight"——

The stranger shewed no inclination to complete the sentence; so that the physician retired from his post in no small astonishment, and informed his friend Master Tomaso, that his services were required by an obstinate fellow, who might probably make bequests without property, since he was dying without disease.

"Good master notary," said the stranger, "write, I pray thee, that I, being of sane mind and sound body, but nevertheless, within but a short distance of the unrest which my misdeeds have earned for me, bequeath my whole worldly estates, my just debts being first paid, to the monks of the monastery of St. Francis, which stands a bowshot from this place; to be employed by them in the performance of charitable works, and in the celebration of masses for a sinner's soul. And for the collecting of this, my sole bequest, the pious men will have little trouble; for the wealth with which Fortune hath

blessed me is all in this crimson bag,"—and he drew it from his pillow as he spoke.—"I will be buried in the vestments I now wear; and for my horse, I will have nothing set down concerning him. He who can rein him, may ride him."

The notary completed his task in as brief a space as his employer had occupied in giving his directions. The stranger added his signature to the document; and the paper was duly attested and sealed up. "Now," said the invalid, "I have but one more duty to perform. I have a long journey to travel this night, and I would fain relieve my heart of some portion of the heavy burthen which for long, long years it has borne. Alas! at such an hour, the purest spirit may well need the strengthening presence of a spiritual guide; but for me, who have been"——

The notary listened anxiously; but what more the stranger might have purposed to say, was checked by a heavy sigh. Yet was there a smile upon his lips, or a contortion which resembled one. The notary escaped with precipitation: and the monk took his place beside the couch of the unaccountable sufferer.

In the parlour of the Black Hound, while the sick man was occupied in his devotions, stories were told and conjectures hazarded, which made the lips of the speakers quiver and the cheeks of the listeners turn pale. Mine host swore that the eyes of his guest glared with an expression which never dwelt in the eyes of mortal man.

Margaretta declared that he had come out of the rain with garments as dry as if he had been sitting in the oven; and the stable boy vowed that his grey horse was a more incurably vicious quadruped than ever was foaled by earthly mare. The notary observed, that it was certainly a suspicious circumstance that he had disposed of his worldly goods in favour of the church; and the doctor averred, that if he should die with so healthy a pulse, he could not be aught else but the devil. Then they began to relate how often, within their own and their father's memory, the author of evil had walked visibly upon earth; how he had lived for fifty years at the Court of Naples, in a hat and doublet, and how he had been seen by hundreds in the streets of Constantinople, in a robe and turban; how he had come with Martin Luther to the Diet at Worms, and had fought side by side with the constable Bourbon at the storming of Rome. Whilst they thus talked, the holy man returned. He trembled from head to foot as he entered the room, and big drops of perspiration trickled from his brow. "A mad penitent!" he said, "and a wild confession. And now he prays ye, my friends, that ye will all do him so much grace as to visit him in his pains; for something he hath yet to communicate, from which we may all, he deems, be benefited."

Fear is a soul-subduing spectre; but I have never yet seen a fair battle between him and curiosity, in which curiosity did not beat him out of the field. All the

inmates of the Black Hound hurried up stairs; and stood round the traveller's bed, peeping dubiously over one another's shoulders, and prepared for immediate flight if there should arise occasion for it.

The stranger called for a pipe. It was brought to him; and in half a minute he was hidden from their gaze in a veil of impenetrable smoke. Then they heard his solemn and sonorous voice, speaking thus from the darkness.

"I have marred your mirth, my friends, this evening; I will revive it by a song. An old stave it is, and there is a moral in its rhymes. If ye find it not, I beseech ye remember that there are mysteries in heaven, and earth, and the wide ocean, which move the sage to meditate, and the poet to dream, and the fool to laugh;—but they are inscrutable alike to all." And without further preface he began his strange song; renewing between every stanza the cloud in which he was enveloped.

SONG.

There is a traveller on a steed,
Riding away with valiant speed
  From the city of his birth;
Spur on, spur on!—but the leaves of the limes
Shall come and go a thousand times;
And the sands shall gush with leaping rills,
And the vales be turned to lofty hills,
  Ere ever he loose a girth.

There is a mariner in a bark,
While the wave is rough, and the night is dark,
  Ploughing the billows hoar;
Sail on, sail on!—but the light of day
And the mist of night shall pass away,
And the sea be dry beneath his prow,
And the winds be dead that cheer him now,
  Ere ever he come to shore.

There is a race that was never won;
There is a tale that was often begun,
  But no man knows the ending;
There is a suit in a Court of Law,
The gravest the Chancellor ever saw,
It was entered for trial long ago,
When the world was made with its mirth and woe,
  And still that suit is pending.

What is the life of mortal man?
Just what it was when time began,
  A welcome and farewell;—
The dreariest road must have a turning;
The dullest task is got by learning:
The greenest leaf must soon be sear;
And the pipe, good friends, that was lighted here
  May be finished perhaps"——

The stranger's never was finished! The clock of the distant monastery struck twelve. He was silent,—motionless,—dead.

"For mercy's sake! Frank," said Lady Olivia, "do let me know something of your hero. What was his name? and what was there in his crimson bag? and what had he to confess? and whence did he come, and whither did he go?"

"His name, Lady Olivia, was never ascertained; for the signature upon the will was perfectly illegible. His crimson bag was empty. And for his confession, of course it was between his conscience and his ghostly comforter. It was never divulged. I might have invented a confession on purpose for him, full of murders and treasons, ghosts and hobgoblins, sulphur and brimstone,—but I scorn such frauds. I will add nothing to the truth."

"Then you have nothing more to tell us?"

"Nothing. Unless you are interested in the fate of the dead man's horse. There never was such an untameable beast. It ran away with a minister of state, dislocated a bishop's collar-bone, and flung, successively, a whole regiment of Walloons. At last, it came into the possession of a functionary of the Holy Inquisition, and in his hands was as quiet as a lamb."

It was voted too late to begin another story that evening; and the following morning, upon hearing that Sir Jacob had resigned, the party broke up by common consent, and returned to Town. Lady Olivia has grieved ever since for the failure of her scheme; though she has consoled herself by hanging up a large piece of canvas in her drawing-room, in which she is framed and glazed, in the character of Pampinea.

TO A CHILD BLOWING BUBBLES.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

Ah, that I were once more a careless child.
Coleridge.

I.

Thrice happy Babe! what golden dreams are thine,
As thus thou bidd'st thine air-born bubbles soar;—
Who would not Wisdom's choicest gifts resign,
To be, like thee, "a careless child" once more!

II.

To share thy simple sports, thy sinless glee,
Thy breathless wonder, thy unfeigned delight,—
As, one by one, those sun-touched glories flee,
In swift succession, from thy straining sight!

III.

To feel a power within himself to make,
. Like thee, a rainbow wheresoe'er he goes ;
To dream of sunshine, and like thee to wake
To brighter visions, from his charmed repose !

IV.

Who would not give his all of worldly lore,—
The hard-earned fruits of many a toil and care,—
Might he but thus the faded past restore,—
Thy guileless thoughts and blissful ignorance share!

V.

Yet life hath bubbles too,—that soothe awhile
The sterner dreams of man's maturer years ;
Love—Friendship—Fortune—Fame—by turns beguile,
But melt, 'neath Truth's Ithuriel-touch, to tears!

VI.

Thrice happy Child ! a brighter lot is thine !
(What new illusion e'er can match the first !)
We weep to see each cherished hope decline ;
Thy mirth is loudest when thy bubbles burst !

WATERLOO.

It was here that the French cavalry charged, and cut to pieces the English squares.

Narrative of a French Tourist.

Is it true, think you?

Winter's Tale.

I.

Ay, here such valorous deeds were done
As ne'er were done before;
Ay, here the reddest wreath was won
That ever Gallia wore:
Since Ariosto's wondrous knight
Made all the Pagans dance,
There never dawned a day so bright
As Waterloo's on France.

II.

The trumpet poured its deafening sound—
Flags fluttered on the gale;
And cannon roared, and heads flew round
As fast as summer hail:

The sabres flashed; with rage and fear
The steeds began to prance;
The English quaked from front to rear,—
They never quake in France!

III.

The cuirassiers rode in and out,
As fierce as wolves and bears;
'T was grand to see them slash about
Among the English squares!
And then the Polish lancer came,
Careering with his lance;—
No wonder Britain blushed for shame,
And ran away from France.

IV.

The Duke of York was killed that day—
The King was sadly scarred;—
Lord Eldon, as he ran away,
Was taken by the Guard.
Poor Wellington, with fifty Blues,
Escaped by some strange chance;
Henceforth, I think he 'll hardly choose
To shew himself in France.

V.

So Buonaparte pitched his tent
That day in Grovesnor Place;
And Ney rode straight to Parliament,
And broke the Speaker's mace.

"Vive L'Empereur," was said and sung,
From Peebles to Penzance;
The Mayor and Aldermen were hung,
Which made folks laugh in France.

VI.

They pulled the Tower of London down;
They burned our wooden walls;
They brought his Holiness to Town,
And lodged him in St. Paul's.
And Gog and Magog rubbed their eyes,
Awaking from a trance;
And grumbled out, in great surprise,
"O mercy! we 're in France!"

VII.

They sent a Regent to our Isle,—
The little King of Rome;
And squibs and crackers all the while
Blazed in the Place Vendome.
And ever since, in arts and power
They 're making great advance;
They 've had strong beer from that glad hour,
And sea-coal fires in France.

VIII.

My uncle, Captain Flanigan,
Who lost a leg in Spain,
Tells stories of a little man,
Who died at St. Helene.

But bless my heart! they can't be true,
I 'm sure they 're all romance;
John Bull was beat at Waterloo—
They 'll swear to that in France!

GHENT.

A robe of sunlight hung o'er all thy bowers,
Fair City! as with music's stirring strain,—
Whose pattering echoes fell like summer-rain
Upon thy sleeping wave,—we neared thy towers
Grey with antiquity. On either shore,
Myriads of forms were glancing in the light,
And crowds expectant crowned each shining height,
As the gay vessel up thy haven bore;
Bright pennons glittered in the noontide ray,
And heaven and earth kept jubilee that day.
Alas! that MAN should mar a scene like this,
With vain aspirings after perfect bliss;
Some bright, ideal, ever distant good,
For which he 'll barter kindred, home, and blood!

Painted by J. Mean

Engraved by J. Greig

GHENT.

Printed by J. Pye

THE PALACE OF THE RAJAH HURCHUND.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN.

> I am more excellent than he: thou hast created me of fire, and hast created him of clay.
>
> *Speech of Eblis, in the Koran.*

In crossing the desert of Ajmere, in the autumn of 1817, in company with Lieutenant Murray of the 51st regiment, N. I., whose early death caused such universal grief in the army of India, we one evening encamped on the southern shore of the salt lake, which lies between Sirr and Khomanoh. The night was cold, and the morning which succeeded it still colder. Nevertheless, the Lieutenant was stirring with the dawn, and being of an active and curious disposition, had roused me from my morning slumbers, and prevailed on me to sally forth with him to explore the nature of the surrounding country, before the sun was actually above the horizon. Turning our back upon our little encampment, we

directed our course towards the north, and had just emerged from the grove of sacred peepuls, which is traversed by the road from Sirr to Khomanoh, when the sun's first rays fell upon the earth. My face happened, at that moment, to be turned towards the lake; and a scene, or rather vision, was presented to my eye, which, for splendour and sublimity, exceeded all that the fancy of man can ever have created, even in a dream. A forest of towers, palaces, spires, pyramids, battlements, and domes, piled above each other, frosted with gems and gold, and thrusting their glittering pinnacles into the clouds, seemed to be based upon the lake, and to stretch away, right and left, in an interminable line, into the desert. The appearance, however, lasted but a moment, for before I could bring my mind to bear, as it were, upon the pageant, the mighty fabric was shattered to fragments, as if riven by a thunderbolt, and the ruins, like a picture painted on a cloud, were blown away over the waste by the cold breezes of the morning. The Jemadar, or native officer, who accompanied us, a Rajpoot of high birth and gallant character, exclaimed, as the spectral city vanished—*Hurchund Raja ca poori!*—"The city of the Rajah Hurchund." From this I discovered that my companions, as well as myself, had beheld the vision; and furthermore learned, upon inquiry, that at certain seasons of the year it may always be seen in some part or other of the desert, but most frequently on the spot where it had appeared to us.

Both my companion and myself now put several questions to the Jemadar respecting Hurchund, but could learn nothing more than that the city, or palace of the desert, was called after his name. My mind, however, involuntarily conceived the most extraordinary curiosity to learn the history of the Great Rajah, the phantom of whose grandeur was supposed thus to hover over his ancient dominions, in order, it would seem, to shame the present race into humility, by giving them an idea of the wealth and magnificence of their ancestors. Occupied with these reflections, I journeyed on to Jussulmer, observing little, and doing nothing; while my friend, the Lieutenant, kept a journal, containing the history of our suppers and dinners; sketched every landscape, bad and good, which presented itself, and composed five sonnets on fire-flies and ruins, which we encountered on the way. At Jussulmer, however, it was fated that my curiosity should be gratified. Conversing with a venerable priest of the Jairus, that ancient sect among whom the primitive faith of Hindoostan is supposed to be preserved, and full of the idea of the Great Rajah and his palace, I inquired whether in his profound researches into the history of his country, he had met with any account of the Rajah Hurchund. "Certainly," said he, "and I have here, in this temple, the very chronicle in which it is found." He then went into the sanctuary, and a moment afterwards returned with the manuscript in his hand. It was written, I found, in the Sanscrit, and with

all that simplicity of style for which the ancient writings of most nations are remarkable. I sat down on the base of a pillar, and read, or rather devoured the chronicle; and so firm a hold did the subject take of my imagination, that, though I made no copy, I could, at this distance of time, repeat the whole story word for word, whether in the original or in English. Perhaps the circumstances under which I became acquainted with it, may have given this history an undue degree of importance in my eyes; but of this the reader, when he has carefully perused it, will be the best judge.

Hurchund ascended the throne of Northern India a few months before he had reached his twentieth year. The seat of government, at the period of his accession, was Ajmere; but in journeying through his dominions he discovered in the desert a beautiful oasis, or island, in the centre of which was a verdant mountain of moderate elevation; and with reckless absurdity he resolved to abandon the palaces of his ancestors, and to erect a new capital upon this enchanting but solitary spot. It was in vain that his mother, his brothers, and the sage counsellors of his deceased father, represented to him the madness of building a city in a situation which, however beautiful in itself, was surrounded by a desert that was nearly impassable. That which they regarded as an objection, was his principal reason for fixing upon the place. He loved to contemplate beauty by the side of deformity, sterility mocked by abundance, and the pomp,

and riches, and glory of nature and art, in the arms, as it were, of silence and utter desolation. Besides, his kingdom was in profound peace; and his imagination, which was fertile and vigorous, required to be embodied in some palpable form. It was necessary he should create something. He therefore gathered together architects and labourers, from all parts of his dominions, and commenced the erection of a city, which he was determined should be the most superb the light of heaven ever shone upon.

The summit of the mountain having been levelled, and its bowels pierced for marble, he began with the building of his own palace; and in the course of a few years its prodigious domes, towering to an enormous height above the plain, and surrounded by a wilderness of glittering towers, appeared from a distance like those vast structures which the eye sometimes discovers or shapes in the clouds. Next arose the temples of the gods; and then the palaces of the princes and nobles who submitted to his sway, and were forward to follow his example. Thus Hurchund and his courtiers proceeded for thirteen years; and when, at the end of that period, the city was completed, and the beautiful fields which surrounded it had been converted into the most lovely gardens, the imperial treasury was still far from being exhausted.

All this while, Hurchund, though not positively unhappy, for no person actively employed can ever be so, was not altogether contented. He was surrounded by

crowds of men who entitled themselves his friends, and, what was still more remarkable, by innumerable women, who would have been proud to be called his mistresses; but when he attempted to open his way into the hearts of any of these friends, whether male or female, he discovered with horror, that every avenue to that secret citadel was closed or dark, and at length began to fear that no eye, save that of God, could penetrate whither his researches were desirous of arriving.

Meanwhile, continual thought, accompanied by a secret anxiety, which increased as he ascended higher and higher the arch of life, had blanched his dark locks, and communicated to his features an appearance of sedateness and severity which but ill accorded with the condition of his soul. He now grasped at pleasures with something like a fierce determination to enjoy the passing moment; but found that, like the shades of the dead, described by ancient poets, they were mere forms without substance—deceiving the senses, but eluding the touch of the mind. Still he proceeded, yearning for some human being whom he might love without reserve, to whom he could open his heart, and who, in return, would perform the same sacred office for him. But he yearned in vain. In every bosom he discovered envy and littleness; and at length began unconsciously to believe that the Almighty had created him superior to other men, in soul as in fortune.

After meditating long upon his condition, a scheme

occurred to him, which he forthwith resolved to put in practice. This was, to leave the government of his dominions in the hands of his ministers, for a time, while he put on the habit of a pilgrim, and visited the shrines of several celebrated divinities of India, not in the expectation of obtaining in those places the key to happiness, but in the hope of picking it up by the way. The necessary arrangements being completed, Hurchund left his palace and his capital, and bent his way towards the south. He now mingled with mankind upon equal terms; and looking them directly in the face, as it were, from the same level, observed many good qualities which had not been visible to him when he contemplated his species from the height of his throne. He was often disgusted, however, by the dignified airs which silly people put on to conceal their real insignificance, and could scarcely refrain from throwing off his disguise, and commanding that respect by his authority, which he found his genius and his reason too weak to procure for him. Nevertheless, he contented himself with hoarding up his resentments for another day, after the manner of kings; and grew daily more and more amused with the study of mankind, which enabled him to acquire, in a certain sense, the ring of Gyges; that is to say, while he learned to discover the faults and imperfections of others, he also grew skilful in concealing his own, which is the height of wisdom.

At length, after much wandering, he arrived at the

capital of the Deccan; and as princes, like lions, and other fierce and destructive animals, have a secret preference for their own species, Hurchund felt himself attracted towards the Court. In India, pilgrims, and other professedly holy persons, have in all ages been allowed very free access to royalty; extremes being, according to the proverb, addicted to meet. The air and appearance of the Rajah, even in his disguise, were calculated to excite curiosity; and, among persons of intellect and penetration, to command respect; and he very quickly succeeded, by his captivating manners and versatile and vigorous mind, in working his way to the table of the prince. Ramadeva, the sovereign who then reigned over the Deccan, was a man who, though somewhat advanced in years, possessed a mind which still retained its juvenile flavour, and could bear those shocks and blows, which those who associate with persons of haughty, energetic characters, incapable of acting the part of slaves, must often endure. In Hurchund he appeared to find a man after his own heart. He admired his knowledge, his frankness, his simplicity. He tolerated his haughtiness; for this was a portion of his character which Hurchund had not yet learned to disguise sufficiently.

Ramadeva had three sons and two daughters; and it was somewhat singular, that, though differing considerably from each other in character and manners, they all became, by degrees, more or less attached to the pilgrim.

This might perhaps be accounted for by the exquisite policy of Hurchund's conduct, who, having profoundly studied the disposition of each, adapted himself to their several natures with the utmost delicacy and precision. With the father he discoursed concerning the origin and nature of the Gods; with the sons, of politics and war; and with the daughters, when he happened to bestow a moment upon them, he dwelt upon the wonders he had seen, and the pains he had endured. To all, however, he for some time appeared to be a man of iron nature—a cold shell, as it were, of clay, from which the passions had departed, like gods from a desecrated temple; so completely had he acquired the mastery over his feelings and emotions, or rather over those muscles of the countenance which betray their existence to the world. But no force of dissimulation will hold out against time and intimacy. As continual intercourse flung aside, one after another, the impediments to friendship and mutual good understanding, Hurchund appeared to all in a new light. The goodness of Ramadeva gradually wore away a portion of his guest's reserve, and the prince began to perceive that the frankness and simplicity, for which he had at first given him credit, were fictitious. His soul, however, seemed to be like an image, of which we obtain glimpses through thick clouds of incense, but sufficiently distinct to convince us that the figure is of gold. Now and then, whether designedly or accidentally did not appear, he allowed it to be perceived that his soul, however

firm, stoical, and cold, harboured a secret unhappiness, which no gratification of sense or intellect could remove. These revelations were most frequently wrung from him when the young princesses were present; in all probability, because it is the nature of woman to command confidence, and because, if there be a balm on earth for the pains of the heart, it is in her keeping. However this may be, Ramayuna, the younger of the princesses, a girl in whom external beauty seemed but an index to the purity and loveliness which were within, appeared suddenly to discover that Hurchund was still in the prime of life, and began, in the recesses of her soul, to think, that if it could be permitted to a person of her rank to console the spirit of an adventurer, it might not be impossible to cause this extraordinary man still to taste of happiness. By dwelling frequently upon this idea, she at length became reconciled to it; but, as often happens in such cases, by meditating upon the means of providing for another's happiness, she lost her own.

In the mean time, Hurchund himself was not altogether indifferent. He found that his heart was affected in a peculiar way whenever Ramayuna was near him; and that at length her absence, which he was very often compelled to endure, cast a gloom over his spirit still more dark and painful than that which had driven him from his palace. He knew very well that it would not be difficult to obtain her hand, by declaring his rank and suing for it in due form; but this by no means accorded

with his present views. He continued, therefore, to proceed as he had begun, conversing continually with the sovereign and his sons; pouring forth the riches of his mind, now exhibiting his character under one aspect, now under another; but always allowing it, in spite of himself, to be discovered that his eagle spirit had yet to find a fitting mate.

The princes of Hindoostan have, in all ages, been distinguished by their passion for hunting, which, in that country, is not a pusillanimous chase after a fowl-eating fox, or timid hare; but a bold species of warfare, carried on against those fierce animals which dispute man's empire over the earth, and in many cases render it doubtful. Ramghur, the eldest son of Ramadeva, was a hunter of the boldest stamp, and sometimes exposed himself in a fool-hardy manner to the wounded or enraged animals with which he delighted to contend. One day, this Orion of the east, being desirous of exhibiting his prowess and his skill before the ladies of the palace, a royal hunt was proclaimed; and early in the morning the whole court proceeded towards the jungles, where the tigers were to be roused,—the ladies mounted in their golden howdahs upon enormous elephants, which was supposed to raise them above the reach of danger, and the men on light active horses, trained to the chase. The sights, scents, and sounds which strike upon our senses in the morning, in fields glittering with flowers and still wet with dew, inevitably occasion an effervescence of imagination,

which is productive of a careless hardihood. Under the influence of this feeling, the hunters rode on in a straggling manner: some enjoying, in silent anticipation, the sport of the day; others, of lighter nature, chatting to each other, or to the ladies; for this being ages before the star of Islamism had appeared, women were universally allowed to mingle in society, from the princess to the peasant. Suddenly, however, while no one was expecting it, a huge tiger sprang from a thicket, and bounded across the path of the hunters, directly in front of Ramghur. The adventurous prince immediately dashed forward to attack the beast, and launched at it his javelin, wont, in most cases, to be unerring. It now, however, missed its aim; and the hunter, who had advanced far beyond his party, stood unarmed before his enemy. The tiger, irritated and chafed by the pursuit, turned furiously round, and springing at the prince, brought both charger and rider to the ground. The ladies, who were near enough to see what was passing, almost fell from their howdahs with terror, and shrieked aloud. The old king was paralysed. The young princes dashed forward to save their brother; but the tiger was before-hand with them, and already had his paw upon the victim's throat, when the dagger of the pilgrim entered his heart, and stretched his vast bulk lifeless upon the earth!

Ramghur, released from the grasp of the tiger, now started upon his feet, and seizing Hurchund by the hand, swore by all the gods of India—and they are not few—

that the wealth of the Deccan was at his disposal; and Ramadeva himself coming up, added, in the joy of the moment, that let the stranger demand what he pleased it should be granted him, even unto the half of his kingdom. Hurchund took the king at his word.—"Give me your hand," said he, "and swear to grant me one single boon." The old king gave him his hand, and swore. "Instead of the half of your kingdom," said Hurchund, "which I pray the gods you may long live to govern! all I ask is yonder elephant, with its burthen,"—pointing to the animal upon which the younger princess was mounted. At these words the cheek of the old king turned pale, and already repenting him of his oath, he replied falteringly—"Stranger, make some other demand: ask riches, ask honours, ask power; but aspire not to the hand of my daughter." "King," said Hurchund, "when I saved the life of your son, it was from a mere impulse of humanity, and I neither asked nor expected any reward. You and your heir, however, ostentatiously bad me make some demand; and when I name the only thing in your dominions which possesses any value in my eyes, you meditate the breaking of your oath, and desire me to choose some other reward! I scorn riches, honours, power! Give me what I ask, or let me depart in peace, to reflect upon the brittle faith of the Rajah of the Deccan." Ramghur stood silent with folded arms. He loved Hurchund, and would very willingly have given him his sister; but he knew and respected his father's

prejudices. In the mean time, the ladies and the other courtiers had come up, and formed a circle round the deliberators. Every person, however, was silent; until at length the king's second son, who partook of Ramadeva's feelings, exclaimed:—"He requires the elephant, with its burthen. Let him have it! My spear shall render it possible for you to keep your promise, my father, and preserve your honour!"—and he was about to pierce the heart of his sister, when Hurchund seized him by the arm—"Wretch!" said he, "be still. The honour of the greatest sovereign upon earth would not be sullied by the union of his child with the Rajah Hurchund!" The fame of his wealth, his splendour, his power, and of his having left his dominions in disguise, had long reached the Deccan; and it was not difficult for him to establish his identity. Explanations took place. The hand of the princess was promised; but it was agreed that the solemnization of the nuptials should be deferred until the arrival of Ramayuna at the capital of Ajmere, whither Ramghur, with a vast and magnificent retinue, was to conduct her.

In a few weeks the princes and their numerous attendants set forward on their journey. Ramayuna was happy—her brother was happy—but Hurchund was haunted by I know not what demon, which day and night crept upon his thoughts, and disturbed his repose. I shall not dwell upon the scenes they traversed, or the celebrated cities in which they rested on their way to

Ajmere; since my present business is not so much with mountains, valleys, or rivers, as with the destinies of one proud spirit, which kept almost instinctively aloof from the spirits by which it was surrounded, and in seeking a high fantastical bliss, beyond the reach of mortals, neglected to enjoy the pure and simple pleasures which heaven has strewed with liberal hand over the earth, for those who know how to gather them. On the road, Hurchund was as frequently as possible in the company of the princess, sometimes with her brother, at other times alone; and during these moments, might be said to be as near happiness as a man of his temper could be. The beauty of Ramayuna was of the most delicate kind, arising in a great measure from the character of her soul; which, however, like certain flowers, could not yield forth all its sweetness until pressed and bruised. There is a glory, more or less intense, which surrounds every beautiful person like an atmosphere, though it be rather felt than seen! but in the present case this phenomenon was peculiarly observable, and affected even the most vulgar persons who entered her presence. Ramayuna herself was far from being aware of the extent of her power; but contemplating the proud character of Hurchund, and contrasting it with her own gentle nature, she could not but observe with delight the empire which she possessed over so wayward and singular a person. Neither of them, however, as yet knew the other, nor could foresee that destiny which

heaven was preparing for them; but both tended forward in darkness towards that future, which the wishes of mortals in all ages are accustomed to paint in glorious and enduring colours.

Hurchund, the reader must have discovered, was far from being a vulgar personage; yet he had great failings, and among the rest, was possessed with the vain wish of inspiring all mankind with a high idea of his taste, his wealth, and his power. But if he was desirous of appearing to advantage to ordinary persons, whom it is not difficult to dazzle and deceive, he was necessarily infinitely more so with respect to the object of his love; and all the way enjoyed in secret, the surprise and delight which, he doubted not, the sight of her future residence would cause in her heart. When they had arrived within one day's journey of the capital, he feigned some motive for performing the remainder of the journey by night; and as they moved on through the darkness, and conversed, sang, or listened to the inventions of some wandering tale-teller of the desert, Hurchund's heart seemed to dilate with inexpressible pleasure, as each tramp of his trusty steed brought him nearer and nearer to the creation of his genius, his desert city. Ramayuna, seated in her little palace upon the back of an elephant, now and then inquired of him with girlish eagerness how far they had yet to travel; and Ramghur himself, who, though a prince, had an inquiring and curious spirit, sometimes joined in the question. Hurchund replied that he began,

even in the obscurity of the night, to recognise the objects around him, and conjectured from this that the remainder of the journey could not be long. In the mean time he judged from the march of the constellations, that the ocean of darkness which daily makes the circuit of the earth, had nearly ebbed away, and that the waves of that of light were rolling rapidly towards them. At length his practised eye perceived in the distance a huge irregular shadow, relieved against the sky, and his heart beat violently, for he knew it was his mountain city, towering above every thing around it towards heaven. A little farther on, upon a green knoll in the desert, he ordered the cavalcade to halt, this being the spot from whence the city could be contemplated to most advantage; and requesting Ramghur and the princess to alight, they walked about together, a little in advance of their retinue, impatiently awaiting for the dawn. The breezes which precede, in the east, the breaking of day, and scatter along the earth the faint, but delicate odours which the champar, the ixora, the mussenda, and a thousand other flowers, exhale during the night, now began to agitate the leaves and slender branches of the trees, and to produce that rustling sound, which appears to awaken the birds from their dreams. Ramayuna, whose heart was beginning to open under the influence of delight, as the rose-bud expands under that of the sun, was literally in an ecstatic vision, caused partly by her hopes, partly by the influence of spring upon the animal spirits. And

Hurchund himself, like the statuary of old, who saw the beauteous marble warm into life before him, beheld the stars grow pale, and the grey dawn spreading over the sky, calling forth one by one the glorious features of his city, with a joy and a delight not to be expressed. Now an obelisk of white or black marble came forth, as it were, out of the darkness,—now a swelling dome, or slender tower, was tipped with light,—and now, as the swift forerunners of a tropical sun bounded up the sky, a thousand pinnacles, spires, temples, palaces, battlements, arches, and walls, burst at once upon the eye, and overpowered the soul with their magnificence. The hill, or rather mountain, which supported this mighty city, extended right and left, in a line slightly fluctuating, to a considerable distance; but like the curve of an arch, was highest in the centre, and upon its apex stood the palace of Hurchund, constructed entirely of white marble, in the sublimest style of architecture, and flanked on both sides by a lofty pyramid of black stone. From this point, on either hand, the eye descended over a range of terraces to the plain, upon which the line of pillars, domes, and pyramids still continued, until they dwindled, by the effect of distance, into fairy dimensions, or seemed to mingle with the air. The view of such a city might well make the heart proud, if any thing on earth could; for while gazing upon it, the soul of the spectator seemed to be ennobled, as it would in the presence of mountains towering above the clouds, or of the ocean, tossed and

agitated by a wintry tempest. Hurchund now appeared to have reached the summit of human felicity. From his palace, the most equisite creation of human art, his eye turned upon Ramayuna, the loveliest of nature's works, whose beauty was to be to that structure, what the soul is to the body. The sun was not yet above the horizon, but the soft light which precedes his appearance, clothed every object upon earth with inexpressible beauty.

It seemed to be destined, however, that the pleasure of Hurchund should not be unmixed. While he was standing with Ramayuna's hand in his, pointing out the various structures, and describing to her the internal splendour of that glorious palace, which already blushed in the red light of the morning, and of which she was that day to become the queen, a small cloud, not larger than his turban, appeared in the northern sky, and swelled and darkened with astonishing rapidity. At the same moment the breezes, which had been sporting about among the flowers and trees, died away, and the air suddenly became still and heavy, and congealed, as it were, like the blood of a human being when touched by the finger of death. Every body experienced a difficulty of breathing, and a damp fell upon the mind, as if the light of the spiritual as well as of the physical world were clouded. Meanwhile the scene grew darker and darker every moment; the clouds came lowering and booming along the sky; a few big, heavy drops fell from them, and sprinkled the earth; the wind roared, and died away by fits, the

rain fell in torrents; and in another moment a crashing, deafening noise, passing over head, told that the awful thunders of a tropical tempest were begun. All the attendants of the princes immediately fell upon their faces; the horses trembled, the camels put their noses to the ground, as they do during the passage of the simoom, and everything on earth was filled with an inconceivable terror. Hurchund, however, the princess, and her brother, stood where they were, gazing towards the city, over which the clouds were now gathering and thickening into pitchy gloom. The thunder increased every moment in violence, and Hurchund by degrees drew Ramayuna nearer and nearer to him, and at length clasped her unconsciously to his breast. In another moment a motion was felt in the earth beneath their feet, undulating, rapid, quivering; like the shudder which runs through the human body, when some sudden pang is caused in the heart. The motion proceeded from the south, and passed from where they stood towards the city. Before their feet were yet steady, another movement followed, and then another, still more violent. Not a word was uttered; every heart beat thick with fear, every eye was directed towards the city, which was now invisible, wrapped in clouds, tossing, whirling, and eddying in the wind. Presently a fierce wind arose in the east, a small patch of sky, on the edge of the horizon, became clear, the sun burst up, and his rays penetrating the gloom, shewed the loftier pinnacles of the city still struggling, as it were,

with the clouds. At that instant the earth was shaken again more terribly than ever; and Hurchund and his bride lifted up their eyes, and looked towards the city, and beheld its walls, shivered by the thunderbolt, and shaken by the earthquake—part—totter—thunder in glittering fragments towards the plain. The clouds then closed round the scene for an instant; and the next they looked again, and behold! city and tower and mountain had disappeared, and in their stead a broad lake spread its quivering waters before their eyes.

It is fortunate for man that his capacity to suffer, like all his other faculties, is bounded. Hurchund had, perhaps, felt the severest pang which such a mind as his could feel; for in the grief which he experienced for the loss of his capital, his palace, his treasures,—but, above all, the companions of his youth,—his younger brothers, his sisters, his mother, there was some mixture of remorse; and there is no sorrow so keen, but that a sense of guilt can make it keener. Ramghur, who knew that at such a moment all attempts at consolation are but so many insults, and that the most friendly service you can perform for a man, is to leave him to himself, commanded the tents to be pitched upon the spot where they were, and telling Ramayuna that he should leave her for a moment with her future husband, mounted his horse and rode toward the lake. His tent being pitched, Hurchund led in the princess, and as soon as they were alone, he said:—"Ramayuna, you

left your father's house to become the queen of a great monarch—to share the splendours of his throne—and to reign in his heart. That throne has vanished—I am now a beggar; and although the heart you were to possess still remains, I am not selfish enough to require you to prefer so poor a possession, to the many thrones which your beauty may command. Return to the palace of your ancestors. You have my blessing, my love—my tears!" And the proud man, who could have beheld all the kingdoms of the world depart from him with more composure, turned away his face, and concealed it in his mantle, to hide the bitterness of his anguish. Ramayuna had already taken her determination. With all of woman's tenderness, the devotedness, and religion, as it were, of love, she approached Hurchund, and discarding those notions of form, which are adapted only to ordinary occasions, but vanish into thin air before the heat of passion and the sacredness of grief, she threw her arms about his neck, and replied:—"It is Hurchund, and not the Rajah of Ajmere, that I love. My passion is the offspring of thy passion: and shall I take the torch thus kindled, and place it in the hands of another? I love thee for thyself alone. I loved thee, Hurchund, when thou wert no more in my eyes than a poor pilgrim, without house or home. And now that heaven has reduced thee to the condition in which thou didst at first voluntarily appear to me, shall I, like a worldling and a traitor, add to thy sorrows, and utterly

crush the reed which has already been bruised by the tempest? Listen to me, my love, my soul! I will never forsake thee, whatever the world may do. Let us hide ourselves all day in this tent, and when darkness once more descends upon the earth, we will steal forth together, and seek, in some remote spot in the desert, the happiness which pure love can bestow, even on the most destitute."

Hurchund, who, even in his most unhappy moments, had never wholly lost his faith in the purity and self-devotion of the female soul, felt, while she spoke, the first sensations of unmixed pleasure he had ever experienced. His heart, however, was for a time too full for words. He pressed her hand to his lips. He gazed in rapture on her countenance, which seemed to beam with a divine splendour. A thousand emotions swept like a storm across his soul. His breast heaved, his lips quivered, and his head at length sunk upon her bosom, which was drenched by his tears. After a long and painful struggle, he recovered a portion of his composure, and said, " Ramayuna, thou hast succeeded. I have awakened as from a dream. Thy love is more than an equivalent for all that I have lost. I will live: but I will not hide myself in the desert. Thousands of Rajpoots, as brave as ever drew sword, still remain, and cities, and towns, and villages. I will face my subjects, who have been drained to poverty by my folly; and I will expiate my crime, by reigning solely for them and for thee.'

The Chronicle goes on to relate, that Hurchund collected together the remnant of his people,—erected a plain, substantial city, in a situation adapted for commerce,—and, by his justice and his wisdom, repaired the injuries he had committed; and after a long and glorious reign, left the kingdom still more wealthy than he found it. Nevertheless, he was always observed at a certain season of the year, to retire for a few weeks to the desert, to contemplate, it was thought, the phantom of his original city, which at such times hovered at sun-rise over the lake. At length, after rearing a numerous family of sons and daughters, Hurchund and his queen disappeared during one of these visits, and were never afterwards heard of: though many travellers have imagined they beheld them standing at dawn upon the green knoll where they had stood when the city was destroyed; and to this day the Rajpoots look for their appearance with as much confidence as the Portuguese expect the re-advent of King Sebastian, or the Persians that of the Twelfth Imam.

Colonel Tod, who more than once beheld the singular phenomenon called "The Palace of the Rajah Hurchund," denominates it the *See Kote*, and compares it to the *Sehrab* of the Arabian and African deserts. He appears, however, not to have met with the above history in his learned and laborious researches into the Annals of Rajast'han.

THE THREE GUESTS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

"Oh where are you, ye three young men!
Where, where on land or sea!
My soul doth daily yearn for you,
Oh hasten back to me!

"Oh hasten back, my best beloved,
Gentle, and wise, and brave!
Or, be ye numbered with the dead,
Come back, even from the grave!

"Ay, from the grave, if ye are there,
For once, my lost, come back!
For once—so I may look on you,
May know your mortal track!"

With that there blew a loud, loud wind,
With that there blew a low;
And the barred door on its hinges turned,
Turned silently and slow.

And in there came the three young men,
From lands that lay not near;
And all as still their footsteps fell,
As dews that none can hear.

The first was pale, and cold, and thin,
As the living cannot be;
His robe was of the chill grey mist
That hangeth on the sea.

The second bore upon his brow
An awful sign and grim;
His mother shrieked and crossed herself,—
Dared not look on him.

The third was as the morning, fair,
Breathing forth odour fresh and sweet;
A starry crown was on his head,
A rainbow at his feet.

"Where have ye been, ye three young men?"
Outspoke their mother, in fear;
"Sit down—sit down on your own hearth-stone,
'T is long since ye were here!

"Sit down, sit down, ye three young men,
Take rest, and break my bread:
You have travelled far this weary night:—
Woe 's me! they 're of the dead!"

"I may not break thy bread, mother,"
The eldest 'gan to say,
"But I will sit on thy hearth, mother,
And warm me while I may:

"For my bed it is in the ocean ice,
Beyond the northern shore,
There hath come no sunbeam to the place
For seven long years and more.

"And but God's awful trumpet-call
Can set my body free;
For the icy sea is my sepulchre,
And Winter keeps the key.

"But it is because of evil deeds,
Because of a broken vow,
That my soul is bound in the dreary place
That holds my body now!

"When I left thy pleasant house, mother,
I took me to the sea,
And stately was the noble ship
That there was built for me;
Her masts were of the northern pine,
Her hull of the oaken tree.

"Her sails were of the canvas stout,
To face the fiercest wind,
And I manned her with twenty-four young men,
The bravest that I could find.

"And away we sailed, through rough and smooth,
Away to the Indian seas,
And we captured every ship we met,
And killed their companies.

"Our ship was laden with seven ship's store,
From the top-mast to the hold;
And all we used in that lordly ship
Was made of the beaten gold.

"We had seven ship's freight to lade our ship,
And heavily she sailed, and slow:—
At length she sunk to the bottom of the sea,
When not a breath did blow!

"I woke as from a frightful dream,
In a bower, I knew not where,
And by me knelt an Indian maid,
Who cooled the burning air;
With a sweet fan of Indian flowers,
She cooled the burning air.

"'T was the kindest maid that ever loved,—
A very child in truth;
The meekest, though a king's daughter,
In the glory of her youth.

"She took me to her father's house,
A rich, barbaric place;
And she won for me, her stranger-mate,
The love of all her race.

"They clothed me as they clothe a king,
They set me next the throne,
And twenty snow-white elephants
They gave me for mine own.

"Ah, me! how I requited them,
It has been told in heaven!
And a thousand years must come and go
Ere that sin be forgiven:

"And a thousand more must come and go
Ere from my soul can fall
The burthen of my broken vows,
The heaviest guilt of all!

"I trampled on her true heart's love,
The Indian stream ran red,—
The sacred stream of her native land,
With the pure young blood I shed!

"Once more I built myself a boat,
Of the heart of the hard teak-tree,
I took no mariners on board,
And again I went to sea.

"My mast was made of the Indian cane,
My sail of the silken twine;
My ropes they were of the tendrils strong
I pulled from the Indian vine.

"I laded my boat with a thousand things
That guilt had made my own;
The meanest things I took with me
Were the pearl and the diamond stone.

"'T was a heavy freight—'t was a heavy freight
That lay the boat within;
But the heaviest weight was in my soul—
The load of seven years' sin!

"I never again set foot on land,
It had no port for me,—
As Cain was a wanderer on the earth,
So I was on the sea.

"My food was the fish my bark beside,
My drink the gathered rain;
And I grew horrid to look upon,—
A spectre of the main!

"My fame was a terror everywhere,
Like a Spirit of the blast,
And when a tall ship crossed my track,
Its people looked aghast.

"Thou could'st not have known thy son, mother,
Hadst thou beheld my face,
When, after seven years voyaging,
I found my resting-place;—

"In the wild north-sea, 'neath the billowy ice
I lie, while time shall be,
To all unknown, save God alone,
Who made that grave for me!

"But the first cock crows—I must be gone!—
No more have I to tell;
The Avenger must not find me fled!
Dear mother, fare thee well!"

The second spake—"Woe's me for sin!
My elder brother's guilt is light;
His place of torment is the earth,
And there comes day and night!

"I left thy pleasant home, mother,
With thy blessing on my head,—
Thy wisest son, as people deemed;
And to the city sped.

"I lived a life of rioting,
To an ill course was bent;
And the gold my careful father earned,
In wickedness I spent.

"I ran the round of low debauch,
Careless though all might see,—
There was no goodness in my soul,
No human dignity.

"There was no kindness in my heart,
Save for one living thing—
A child! Oh, God! that unto me
Aught innocent could cling!

"It was my child—my little son,
That in my soul had place;—
One lone affection, that in sin
Made a redeeming trace.

"I loved him—cursed him with my love!
And could one thing have wrought
To save my soul, it had been he—
And yet he saved me not!

"I dragged him with me night and day,
Poor child! through scorn and shame;
I hid him with me in the haunts
Where but the wicked came:

"I never taught him holy things,
Yet was he pure and meek—
And my blood raged if any dared
To taunt him for my sake!

"There were three of us bound in a dreadful oath,
To do a deed of blood,—
In the Church of Christ we pledged ourselves
To that vile brotherhood.

"I took the little child with me,
In my affection desperate-hearted;
I bound him in my oath, that we
In any chance might not be parted!

"Nor were we parted—we were cast
Into a horrid dungeon-place;
I could not see my hand at noon,
Nor look upon my loved one's face.

"And yet I felt it mattered not,
While he was with me, where we lay;
Nor had I grieved, but that he pined
For the sweet light of day.

"At length, when many weeks were gone,
And his complainings chafed my blood,
How shall I tell thee!—day by day
Went on, and yet they brought no food!

"In hell my torment has been great,
My misery inexpressible,
And yet the torment of that time
Was fiercer than all pangs of hell!

"I raved for help—I clasped the child—
I smote my breast, and fiercely cursed,—
And, in my madness of despair,
I strove my prison walls to burst.

"For me, I heeded not my pangs—
I bared my arm, and bade him eat!
Life was a boon I did not prize
But for the weak thing at my feet.

"Many days went on, many dreadful days,
And on the dungeon floor at length,
I lay as in a deadly dream;
My rage had spent my strength.

"My utterest, hopeless misery
I knew not for a space,
Until I felt his trembling hand
Passed lightly o'er my face;—

"Then in a changed and feeble tone
I heard him whispering, and he said
A little prayer, 'Father in heaven,
Give us our daily bread!'

"'Where got you, child, that prayer?' I cried,
And he answered with a tranquil air,
'From a little child that went to school,
Oh, father dear! I got that prayer.'

"This was the one pang that I lacked,
The crowning to my misery given,—
Wretch that I was! for one so pure
Could only have a place in heaven!

"And we must part,—Oh God! oh God!
And at that time I tried to pray;—
But I was not a sinless child;
I could not find a word to say.

"Another frenzy seized my brain,
A tenfold madness in me burned—
And who died first I never knew,
For memory ne'er in life returned.

"My doom it is a dreadful one,
And yet this grace is in my heart,
That I thank God my blessed child
Hath not with me eternal part.

"But hark! the second cock doth crow—
I feel the freshness of the day;
I hear a call I dare not shun;—
Farewell—farewell! I must not stay."

With this the widow clasped her hands,
And "Woe's me!" in her grief she said,
"Woe's me! woe's me, that I 'm a mother—
That I have looked upon the dead!

"My sons! my pride—my sinful boast!
My earliest thought each coming morn,
My latest joy each parting eve!
Would God, that ye had ne'er been born!

"Was it for this ye grew in strength?
For this, to comely manhood grew?
My loved, my lost!—my lost! woe 's me!
Oh that I might have died for you!"

"Peace! peace!" the youngest spake, "mother,
And let thy wailing ended be!—
If the third cock crow, I must away,
And I am come from heaven to thee.

"They sinned—alas! they darkly sinned!
And the angels of bliss shed tears for them;
Their place in heaven is empty still,
And all unwon their diadem!

"Of their penal doom I may not speak,
With the secrets of God it resteth still;
And though thou mourn, yet murmur not,
But place thy hope in the Righteous Will!—

"For me, when I left my pleasant home,
To the city I too sped,
And with the young, for many a year,
An idle life I led.

"We lived with the world's most beautiful;
We raised the wine-cup high;
We crowned ourselves with the summer's rose,
And let no flower pass by.

"We lived in sumptuous palaces—
Death seemed an idle tale;
And to a sweet philosophy
We spread our silken sail.

"I thought not that the loved could die,
Nor that the fair could fade;
And I bound myself with a holy vow
To a young Athenian maid.

"We loved—we lived for seven short years
In a dream of wild delight;
And beautiful young creatures grew,
Like sweet flowers, in our sight.

"I dreamed not that the fair could fade,
Nor that the loved could die!—
But the whirlwind came when day was calm,
And swept in fury by!

"My children, those fair tender things,
Faded like summer-snow;
I buried them 'neath a flowery sod,
In a wild amaze of woe.

"I had not seen the pallid face
Of awful death before,
And back I went to my stately house
With new and solemn lore.

"The pestilence had done its work—
The glory of my life was gone!
And my young, sweet Athenian wife
Lay dead before the set of sun!

"I was a man, and so I mourned;
And when they preached philosophy,
In my great grief, I drove them forth,
And, as a child, lay down to die!

"Body and soul they both were weak,
And it was in the city said,
That like a madman or a fool
I made my mourning for the dead.

"The young, the happy shunned my door;
I sate alone from morn till night;
And at my lean and drooping form
Men gazed as at a fearful sight.

"At length, by chance, I met a man,
Old and despised, and very poor;
A man of a most righteous life,
Who yet asked alms from door to door.

"He was my comforter—from him
I learned a faith that saved my soul;—
The blessings of the Christian's hope
He gave me, and my mind grew whole.

"I saw that in God's righteous will
I had been smitten, and I bent
My knee at length, and even gave thanks
To Him for that great chastisement.

"From that good time I spent my days
Among the' afflicted of man's race;
To dungeons, and to battle-fields
I passed, a minister of grace.

"The blessing of the Holy One
Went with me to each distant land;
And amid shipwreck, strife and foes,
My soul was strengthened by his hand.

"But ere my noon of life was o'er,
The Merciful saw meet to bless
His servant with a peaceful death,
In the far Syrian wilderness;

"Near a small church, that from the days
Of the Apostles had stood pure;
Among their dead they laid my bones,
With all old rites of sepulture.

"But hark!—the third cock crows aloud!
Mother, thy race is well nigh run,
And the palm in heaven grows green for thee!—
Farewell!—we meet at set of sun!"

CASSANDRA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LILLIAN."

Στένω, στένω σε, δισσὰ καὶ τριπλᾶ δορὸς
Λῦθις πρὸς ἀλκὴν, και διαρπαγὰς δόμων,
Καὶ πῦρ ἐναυγάζουσαν ἀϊστωτήριον.

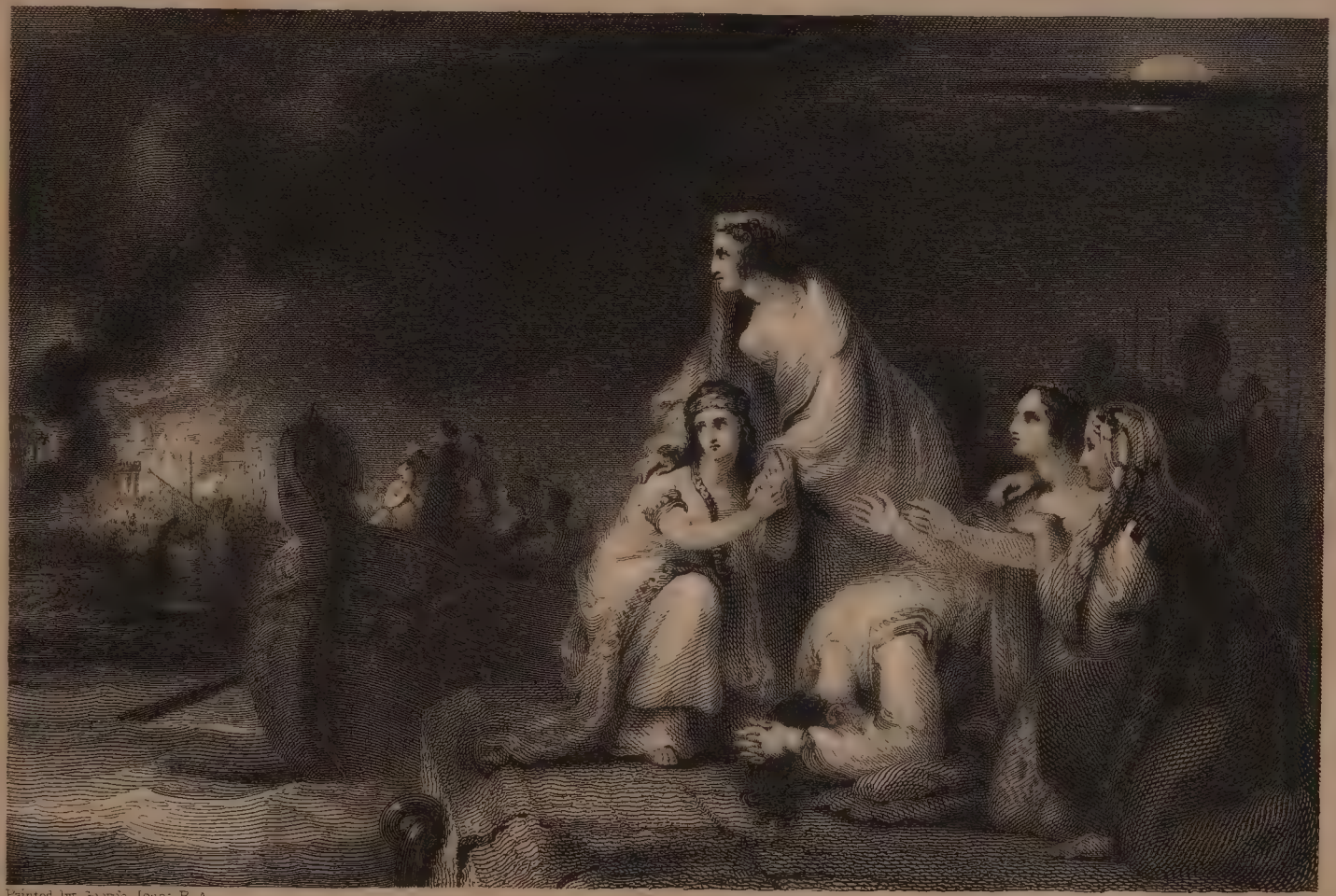
Lycophr. Cassandr. v. 69.

I.

"They hurried to the feast,
The warrior, and the priest,
And the gay maiden with her jewelled brow;
The minstrel's harp and voice
Said 'Triumph and rejoice!'
One only mourned!—many are mourning now!

II.

"'Peace! startle not the light
With the wild dreams of night:'—
So spake the Princes in their pride and joy,
When I in their dull ears
Shrieked forth my tale of tears,
'Woe to the gorgeous city, woe to Troy!'—



Painted by George Jones R.A

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TROJAN CAPTIVES

Printed by Mr Owen

III.

" Ye watch the dun smoke rise
Up to the lurid skies;
Ye see the red light flickering on the stream;
Ye listen to the fall
Of gate, and tower, and wall;
Sisters, the time is come!—alas, it is no dream!

IV.

" Through hall, and court, and porch,
Glides on the pitiless torch;
The swift avengers faint not in their toil:
Vain now the matron's sighs;
Vain now the infant's cries;—
Look, sisters, look, who leads them to the spoil?

V.

" Not Pyrrhus, though his hand
Is on his father's brand;
Not the fell framer of the accursed Steed;
Not Nestor's hoary head;
Nor Teucer's rapid tread;
Nor the fierce wrath of impious Diomede.

VI.

" Visions of deeper fear
To-night are warring here;—
I know them, sisters, the mysterious Three;
Minerva's lightning frown,
And Juno's golden crown,
And him, the mighty ruler of the sounding sea.

VII.

" Through wailing and through woe,
Silent and stern, they go ;—
So have I ever seen them in my trance !—
Exultingly they guide
Destruction's fiery tide,
And lift the dazzling shield, and poise the deadly lance.

VIII.

" Lo ! where the old man stands,
Folding his palsied hands,
And muttering, with white lips, his querulous prayer :
' Where is my noble son,
My best, my bravest one,—
Troy's hope and Priam's,—where is Hector, where ?'

IX.

" Why is thy falchion grasped ?
Why is thy helmet clasped ?
Fitter the fillet for such brow as thine !—
The altar reeks with gore ;—
Oh sisters, look no more !
It is our father's blood upon the shrine !

X.

" And ye, alas ! must roam,
Far from your desolate home,
Far from lost Ilium, o'er the joyless wave ;
Ye may not from those bowers
Gather the trampled flowers,
To wreathe sad garlands for your brethren's grave.

XI.

" Away, away! the gale
Stirs the white-bosomed sail;
Hence!—look not back to freedom or to fame;
Labour must be your doom,
Night-watchings, days of gloom,
The bitter bread of tears, the bridal couch of shame.

XII.

" Even now some Grecian dame
Beholds the signal flame,
And waits expectant the returning fleet;
' Why lingers yet my lord?
Hath he not sheathed his sword—
Will he not bring my handmaid to my feet?'

XIII.

" Me too the dark Fates call;
Their sway is over all,
Captor and captive, prison-house and throne;—
I tell of others' lot;
They hear me, heed me not!
Hide, angry Phœbus, hide from me mine own."

THE SMUGGLER'S LAST TRIP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES AND CONFESSIONS."

THERE is a certain part of the coast of Kent, which may be described with sufficient minuteness to make it serve as a local habitation for the following story, without wounding unnecessarily, by too great resemblance, the feelings of a respectable family, still numbered among its inhabitants. The circumstances I have undertaken to relate, if stripped of some details not generally known, would seem to involve merely one of those calamitous occurrences which visit, like a periodical curse, every neighbourhood where the wild and lawless trade of the smuggler is carried on; but, taken conjointly with the peculiarities alluded to, they come home to men's bosoms with a strange and startling sensation, and cause us to turn an inward look of wonder, mingled with fear, upon the mysteries of the human mind.

The sea at this place is seldom calm, even when the winds are still. What is technically called a "jabble," rises perpetually upon the rocks, and renders it unsafe for very small craft to anchor within their shadow. But

in a gale of wind, at least when its fury is directed landward, the assault of the waves is tremendous. The noise, as they strike against the cliff, resembles the discharge of artillery; and on a dark and wintry night, the traveller in this storm-land has often been known to pause aghast, and turn his straining eyes towards the sea, in the idea that a naval engagement was in progress, either between men or fiends. It may be mentioned also, as something curious, that the "voice of the cove," as it is called, is usually heard *before* the coming of the tempest, or imagined to be so, and that at the ominous sound, even when skies are clearest, the mariners in a neighbouring village haul their boats far up on the dry beach.

The cliffs, as if worn and scooped out by the action of the tide, present at a distance the appearance of a large segment of a circle hanging over the water. The outline of their lofty summits, when seen at sea, is singularly picturesque; and so rugged and uneven are the sides, that no one has been known to attempt either to descend or scale the ridge, except an unfortunate peasant, many years ago, who taking fright in the middle of the adventure, loosed his hold, and reached the bottom, a dead man.

When the tide is completely out, however, the natives of the district frequently pass round the base of the rocks, along a tract of hard, fine sand; and this, too, is the time chosen for landing goods by stealth, when a small

smuggling vessel, so steep is the beach, can run her bows upon the dry sand, while her stern floats in deep water.

The fact will perhaps not be sufficiently adverted to by readers whose experience has lain exclusively inland, that in maritime places, where the *free trade* is habitually carried on, there is by no means attached to the profession, the stigma which elsewhere classes its followers with the most desperate of the rogues and vagabonds of society. Surprising as the circumstance may be thought, and lamentable as it really is, there are more places than one, in both kingdoms, where the known and professed smuggler is received with as much consideration as any other individual in the place; and the writer of this narrative has frequently met, in apparently respectable houses, with persons who owed a great part of the estimation in which they were held, to the daring courage and skill with which they set at defiance the laws of their country.

It matters not, however, what station they may hold in society. The same inevitable circumstances produce the same form of character; and the same moral cycle goes round with the captain and the meanest of his crew. A consciousness of crime at length hardens, by habit, into desperation; and animal courage, unrefined by sentiment, acquires the characteristics of ferocity. They deny, and yet feel, that their trade is robbery. Familiar, both in imagination and reality, with blows, imprison-

ment, and the other casualties of war, they at length even dip their hands in blood, without shrinking. Their enemies, however, are their countrymen : their object is not honour, but gain. The shameful character of their profession is burned, as it were, into that of their minds, and the mark of outlawry is written upon their foreheads.

What length in the scale of moral degradation had been gained by the young man who was a principal actor in the following circumstances, cannot perhaps be ascertained with much accuracy; but he was a professed smuggler, noted for his daring courage and successful adventures; and yet, in the midst of all, when he could hardly be said to have reached the prime of youth, and when his winnings, recklessly squandered as they were recklessly acquired, offered no security from dependence, he formed the resolution of abandoning his disgraceful trade. The cause of this determination, singular in all its circumstances, was a passion, which sometimes—though very rarely—works the wonders in real life that are so liberally ascribed to it in romance.

Francis Hardy was the only son of a half-pay officer, who had resided many years near the Cove. He was brought up to be a gentleman, and at his father's death, found himself a beggar. With little of that steadiness of principle which is the most distinguishing trait in the character of a gentleman, he was yet a fine, high-spirited youth, and perhaps engaged at first in the scenes from which he was not destined speedily to emerge, from a

mere boyish love of adventure. The master and owner of a smuggling cutter had been his father's intimate associate, and Frank had been accustomed from childhood to listen with delight to his stories of adventure and vicissitude. It is not surprising, therefore, that when suddenly thrown loose upon the world, he should have had some desire to see with his own eyes, the wonders so familiar to his imagination.

His first trip to Holland, which might be considered as nothing more than one of the pranks of thoughtless and wayward youth, proved fatal to his prospects of honourable employment. The steady and respectable class of his friends threw him off, not as one who had dishonoured himself, but as one who was likely to do no good in regular business; while the young, the gay, and the careless, admired his spirit and applauded his success. Half proud, and half ashamed of his notoriety—half impelled by necessity, and half seduced by inclination—Frank plunged deeper and deeper into the profession, to which his evil stars had introduced him, till at length, from his wild adventures, daring courage, handsome person, and romantic generosity, he became quite the popular hero of the little town, and around the Cove. It was not likely that the young ladies should scrutinise very closely the morality of a profession patronised by their parents; and the outlaw, who in an inland town would have been shunned as a vagabond, was here esteemed the principal attraction either at the ball or the dinner.

But Frank's good fortune went no further. As soon as, in the common process of years, the young ladies laid down their novels and took to reading history and cookery books, it was discovered that, although he might be *a* hero, he was not *the* hero. Some of them wished, with a sigh, that Frank was not a smuggler, and turning away their heads, looked sharply out for a husband and an establishment; others married officers in the preventive service; and others, dissatisfied with the field, went abroad in search of adventures, leaving their admiration of the handsome outlaw with their virgin aunts and little sisters.

There was an exception, however, to this inconstancy. The father of Jane D'Arcy, although in reduced circumstances, was one of the first men in the neighbourhood. He lived in the family seat—almost the only part of the family possessions he had inherited; and as he had never soiled his hands with traffic, considered himself somewhat superior in rank to the mercantile and trading inhabitants of the neighbouring town. The elder Hardy, however, in his quality of an army officer, could not be looked down upon even by this scion of a line of esquires, and the two gentlemen became intimate and habitual associates. Jane D'Arcy and Frank were thus very early and closely acquainted; and when the latter first abandoned his claims to respectability, and began to herd with the desperate and depraved, Jane was so mere a girl, as to listen with admiration and delight to his tales of peril

and adventure. The intimacy, however, was disliked, as she grew up, by her father. He felt ashamed that a daughter of the D'Arcys should be seen dancing and singing with the master of a cutter,—for to this post the young man had been appointed by his late father's friend,—and at length lectured his daughter severely on the vulgarity of her connexions. Parental authority, in this case, had not the effect of dissolving the intimacy, but merely of throwing around it a constraint and difficulty which possess a dangerous charm in the poetical imagination of fifteen; and when Jane D'Arcy left the neighbourhood for three years, to complete her education under the auspices of a relation, she carried with her, in her girlish heart, an image which all the arts and interests of the world could not desecrate or cast down.

It would be curious to trace, step by step, were it possible, the fate of this object of her lonely idolatry, so far as it was influenced by the extension of her knowledge and the development of her mind,—at a time when, in the first collision with society, and the accompanying shock and struggle of new opinions, the elements of the human character are stirred up from the bottom, and old feelings, and passions, and judgments, are broken into pieces, and re-cast in the enduring mould of experience. It must suffice, however, to say, that in spite of all, the outlaw kept his place in her memory, and that even the struggles of reason, after the prejudices of habit and neglected education had vanished, and all the

terrible and degrading circumstances of his situation crowded upon her fancy, only served to fix his idea more firmly in her breast. He was ever present to her imagination, — at home and abroad, in solitude and society, in amusement and in sadness. His eyes were fixed upon hers, like those of a portrait, from which the spectator, notwithstanding every change of position, cannot escape. By degrees, as the light of truth broke more strongly upon her mind, the expression of these mysterious orbs, that haunted her like destiny, seemed to change. The character of the man seemed to mingle with that of the profession. The mark of the curse was on his brow, and the wild majesty of despair sat in his eyes. There mingled an indescribable fierceness, even with the fondness in his air—an unrelenting resolution; a character of fixing and grappling—which startled and appalled her. But still there was beauty over all, which, in the glorious spring-time of her woman's imagination, seemed more than mortal,—and dauntless courage, and noble generosity, and devoted love; and often Jane, when with pallid cheek and fixed eye she sat gazing on a shadow, that seemed as terrible as the one which pointed to the meeting at Philippi, answered with a sudden gush of tender resolution,

"Why, I *shall* meet thee at Philippi, then!"

It was with no attempt at self-deception, however, that she looked forward to a meeting which she *knew* would

be fatal. The presentiment might have been easily accounted for, as having been formed of impressions received by her mind with regard to her lover's dishonourable trade; but to her it was the sign of mysterious and inevitable doom,—the shadow of coming destruction. It may be inquired, of what nature were the love-passages, that seemed to leave her no alternative, but bound her without recal to a destiny at once disgraceful and miserable? The question cannot be answered. One thing is certain, that the young man himself never dreamed of the existence of any engagement whatever, but was at this moment lounging as usual through a routine of half-meaningless gallantries, or consuming his mind in the enjoyment of mere sensual gratifications. But it may be remarked, that a great part of the history of a very young and sensitive girl passes in imagination. Mute and mystic herself in the affairs of passion, she thinks that others are equally so. A word, a look, a sigh, a smile, an expression stealing over the face like a sea-born breeze, traceless alike in its end and origin, all are proofs and confirmations, and clouds of witnesses. Her imagination interprets, and her heart believes.

The three years at length passed away, and Jane D'Arcy was again at home. Her first wish, after her meeting with her father was over, was to look upon the sea—an object which to one whose native atmosphere has been the breath of its waters, becomes like a pas-

sion. She wandered out to the brink of the rocks, and with girlish enthusiasm threw up her arms, and mingled her voice with the breeze, as she saw the vast abyss at her feet. The sun shone brightly upon the waters, that leaped and sparkled at the call of the piping winds. The light at length seemed to break even upon her mind, and the coolness of the waves to drop medicinal influence upon her brow. Fresh, buoyant thoughts, and sun-gilded hopes, for the first time for years danced and glittered in her heart; and as she detected in the distance her lover's little vessel lying at anchor in the bay, breasting proudly and wantonly the rebellious billows—with painted sides, as straight as an arrow, glittering in the sun—and white, folded sails, and rigging, trim and tight—and pennon fluttering gallantly over all—a sudden idea flashed across her brain, and she exclaimed, with a joyous spring—

"He shall still be saved! I will rouse him from his dream of shame and misery; I will easily lure back his noble and gallant heart to the paths of honourable ambition; and his trim little beauty of the waters shall yet walk the high seas as frankly and proudly as a ship of the line!"

She had scarcely spoken, when she saw approaching at a short distance the figure of a man; and the blood which was mantling in her cheeks, rushed back to her heart. A chilling breath seemed to sweep across her very soul, and in that one instant she lived over again

her mind's history for years. "Does he remember?—does he love me still?—did he love me ever?" These were among the thousand breathless inquiries that flashed through her mind, as she fell undulatingly back a step, and drew up, as unconsciously as the sensitive plant, with virgin pride and beautiful reserve.

The person approaching, was indeed Frank Hardy, who, having heard of the arrival of his "little playfellow," had hastened to welcome her. He seemed to be thunderstruck on finding the girl merged in the woman, and yet with such a delicacy of Nature's own inimitable contrivance, as to lose nothing of her identity. The heretofore slight and small figure, that had flitted like a fairy by his side, was now a model of female elegance and graceful dignity, and rounded off in a mould, where the same happy Artist, checking her hand at the precise point beyond which is exuberance, left nothing either to be desired by the imagination, or disapproved by the taste.

Frank gazed in silent astonishment. Her neck drawn up, and curved like the swan's—her eyes sparkling with haughty bashfulness through their half-drawn fringes—her lofty, pale, and polished brow—her hair, as black as night, falling in rich clusters upon a skin fair as the morning—her air, in which a timid defiance was mingled with welcoming and remembrance—her hand, almost withdrawn, as if seeking to be demanded—all rushed into the heart—mind—imagination of the spectator. The

blood mounted to his forehead; and withdrawing backward a pace, he pulled off his hat, and bowed humbly before the representative of majestic womanhood. The homage was enough for pride, and too much for love. Jane bounded forward: their hands met; their eyes exchanged a tale of fearful confidence; and Frank, reverting in an instant to the privileges of early companionship, clasped his blooming mistress in his arms, and imprinted a kiss upon her rich and blushing lips.

That day, however, they talked not of love. Frank, in the evening, was observed by his companions to be sullen and reserved; the next, he was absent and thoughtful; and the next, distant and haughty. In the meantime he continued to meet Jane every afternoon. She touched his pride, shamed his prejudice, and fascinated his heart. Love lent preponderating force to the arguments of honour and reason; and after a struggle, fierce it is true, but short and decisive, he exclaimed:

"You are right; I will, at least, *deserve* you, my admirable Jane! I will quit the trade."

"Do you swear it?" said Jane, in a voice tremulous with eagerness. "Swear it by your honour! swear it by your God!"

"I swear it by the living God!" replied Hardy. "But alas! he continued, "how, after what has taken place, can I subsist? how gain an honourable subsistence for you?"

"I will beg for you through the world!" said Jane,

hiding her face on his shoulder, while her heart was relieved by a burst of tears.

The plan was fixed upon; the preliminaries were arranged; and Frank Hardy was to meet his mistress the next morning, to tell her that he was about to begin, for her's and honour's sake, the world anew. When morning and the hour came, however, it seemed to be with some apparent awkwardness and hesitation that he approached her, where she stood waiting at the appointed place, to receive him. His face was alternately pale and flushed, and his whole appearance exhibited tokens either of a night spent in debauchery, or in that wakefulness and pre-occupation of mind which disdains attention both to the animal comforts and superficial proprieties of life. Jane gazed upon him with a sickening feeling of expectation during a few moments of silence. At length he said, abruptly,

"Well—well—all is settled; in two weeks, or at farthest, three, Frank Hardy's occupation will be gone!"

"Two—three weeks!—What do you mean?" inquired Jane in a voice of terror, unmingled, however, with surprise.

"There is no need for preparing you," replied Frank; "there *can* be no need, with a woman of your strength of mind and propriety of reasoning. My father's friend, and *my* friend and patron, has been attacked by sudden illness, which unfits him, just at present, for active duty. Almost his whole fortune has been laid out in the pur-

chase, on the other side of the water, of a cargo now waiting to be received on board. He has no absolute confidence in the skill and prudence of any other living being than myself. He has implored me not to cast him off in his old age to beggary and destitution; and in short, I have promised—I have sworn, solemnly sworn, to make one more voyage in the Beauty. But it will be the last," added Frank, eagerly; "it will be the Smuggler's Last Trip, and not a coin shall cross my hand in reward for services that are now hateful to my soul. So help me heaven, I will be true to my faith and my love!" Jane had not drawn breath during the explanatory speech, and at the end, with a gasp that seemed that of parting life, inquired when he was to sail?

"To-night," was the reply.

"I knew it!" said she, with a calmness of voice, which seemed terrible to her lover, when taken in conjunction with her strange wild eyes and bloodless lips. "There will now come—what I do not know, and cannot guess at,—and yet, what my heart has prophesied for nearly three years! Will you be warned?—No, you will not! Shall I throw myself at your feet, and pluck out my hair by the roots, and implore you to desist, for the sake of your soul—and of your God—and, oh! pitiful bathos, of your miserable, miserable Jane? No, I will not—for it would be unavailing. You will go, and you will return, and you will—no, you will not!" and laying both her hands upon his shoulders, she looked

wildly into his face, and in a whisper so filled with terrible, yet indefinite meaning, that her lover shuddered, continued with almost maniac emphasis—"*Say* you will not!"

"Jane," said Hardy, endeavouring to control a sort of superstitious thrill which ran through his veins, "I do not understand you. My life has been a series of—call it shame, if you will; but a week or two more added to a number of years, can be of little consequence. The unselfish purpose, beside, of the present expedition, almost sanctifies it—and it is the last; I swear by heaven it will be the last!"

"Only say you will not!" repeated Jane, in the same indescribable whisper; "do say you will not!"

"Jane D'Arcy," cried Frank, in a tone compounded of surprise, and horror, "this is frenzy!—I have always had an impression that in your singular enthusiasm there was something allied to madness. Now mark me. I am bound—strictly bound—in honour, gratitude, and humanity, to do as I have said. In three weeks, at farthest, I shall return:—open your arms; bid me steadily, but tenderly, farewell—there!" Jane rushed into his arms, clasped him to her breast, and with lips as cold as death, printed a kiss upon his; and Frank, determining not to hazard another look till he was absolutely free from the thrall of his accursed trade, after replying to her embrace, turned suddenly round, and rushed from her presence.

The smuggler was correct in his calculation of time, for it was just three weeks after this interview, that the Beauty, loaded with a rich cargo, neared the Cove. It was in the dark, and at low water, the most favourable time for landing goods in the manner intended; and a signal-light on a certain part of the cliff informed the commander that his accomplices on shore were ready. Frank Hardy, at this inciting moment, forgot Jane for the first time since he had left her. The wind, blowing from the land, was in the larboard quarter, in which a high rocky point, running far out into the sea, protected the vessel from the observation of the craft in the distant bay. Every thing was as favourable as could have been wished, and it was now getting quite dark enough for the enterprise; although it blew what the sailors call, with the expressive coarseness of their phraseology, a snoring breeze, and the tide, already beginning to flow, rose, on meeting the opposite wind, in a rough, cross jubble.

"Luff, my lad, luff," cried Hardy, as the vessel plunged into the vast shadow of the cliffs; "keep her away; give her plenty of it—do n't you see our lights along shore—there, to starboard?"

"Ay, sir," said the man at the helm, obeying; "but I have just been thinking—look up at that there moon-raker of a peak—if that is not something more than the beam of a tree upon the summit standing against the sky—by George! it is down, and I am right—there are land-sharks astir!"

"True—true!" said Hardy, musing for a second; "but never mind, there is only one; and even if he happen to be an enemy, we shall have our business over, if we manage cleverly, before he can possibly get round to us. Bear right down upon the light!"

The impetus of the vessel was hardly diminished by the precautions of the helmsman and the lowering of the sails, when her keel, towards the bows, grated upon the sand, and stuck hard and fast. The hatches were then thrown open, and the goods handed, piece by piece, to the accomplices, who had by this time gathered round the bowsprit to the number of ten or twelve. This employment had continued for about twenty minutes; during which the cargo, as soon as it quitted the ship, disappeared in the ledges of the rock, being instantly snatched away by the smugglers to a place of safety, by paths known only to themselves. It now became almost absolutely dark, and this, added to the roughness of the sea, which howled along the shore and dashed on the vessel in angry torrents, rendered the operations of the sailors both difficult and dangerous. Hardy, with his accustomed prudence—and to which, in fact, was owing the success of his usual boldness, had caused the shore-lights to be extinguished the moment his ship touched the beach; but now, when the happy termination of the adventure seemed so near, and was only rendered doubtful by the increasing darkness of the night, he promptly gave the word for re-lighting them, with several others

from the vessel. The exertions of the sailors were now renewed with double eagerness, and the scene became singularly animated. The lights rushing and flaring along the land, and dancing among the rocks, as if borne by the night-fiends themselves—the strange, wild faces of the men, as they were now illumined for a moment by the red flame, and now disappeared in the gloom—the blackness of the overhanging cliffs, their fantastic summits only faintly observable far overhead, against the dull sky—the rocking and plunging of the vessel, that swung by her bows as if fixed on a pivot—the hoarse roaring of the troubled sea, and the portentous flashing of the spray, as the waves rushed against the ship, mounted, split, and, parting into innumerable fragments, swept over her decks from stern to stem—all conferred a character of strange interest upon the picture, heightened to intensity by the ideas of terror, mystery, and ferocity inspired by its details.

In the midst of the hurry and confusion, the voice of their young commander again broke upon the ear of that half-savage group.

"Avast!" he cried, in a tone, stern, sudden, and yet subdued. "Out with the lights! Steady!" The lights hissed in the water and disappeared; and for a moment, almost the only noise heard was the swinging of the rising storm. At length the sound of voices and hurrying footsteps rose distinctly in the distance. The mate, who had thrown himself down, and put his ear to the

sand, jumped furiously up, and exclaimed with an oath, "There are not a dozen of them! There is no need to fly—out with your cutlasses, my lads! Steady—stand fast!"

"Who is he," cried Frank Hardy, "that dares to give orders in my place?" and, springing on shore, he levelled a pistol at the mate's head. "By all that is holy!" he continued, "the first blood shed to night shall be that of the man who disputes my authority. Jump among the rocks, you land-rascals, and disappear; and let those who belong to the ship shove off!" The voices and footsteps were now close at hand; but so promptly were the smuggler's orders obeyed, that Frank, covering the embarkation, was now the only man on shore, while the cutter, loosened from the beach, was ready at a moment's notice to swing off. At this instant, however, the leader of the revenue party reached the scene of action.

"In the King's name!" he cried, levelling a blow at the smuggler, which almost knocked him into the sea. Frank, without an attempt at retaliation, leaped on board, and was followed by his enemy, whose comrades were now at the water's edge. These, however, were an instant too late—the shore was steep, and the vessel already drifting. Frank, half stunned by the blow he had received, and uncertain, from the darkness, how many of the king's officers were on board, grappled with the fated man as he touched the deck. The struggle was

furious, but brief. As his enemy's foot slipped upon an oar, the outlaw bent him, by main force, over the gunwale; and the next moment a smothered cry, and a plunge in the troubled waters, told the event. The vessel was by this time a cable's length from the beach—the night was dark, and the wind was off shore!

Frank Hardy remained for a considerable time in the same position, leaning over the gunwale, and fixing a stupified gaze upon the abyss; and when at length he recovered his recollection, the shore was already far distant, and the vessel standing out to sea.

"To the point!" he shouted, suddenly and sternly—"to the nearest point!" and seized the helm himself, to give effort to his orders. They once more neared the beach, but at a different place, and Frank leaped upon the rocks.

"Mate," said he, "the goods that still remain on board are of little value—I resign the charge of them to you. Land them when you will—my Last Trip is ended—good night!" and so saying, he darted up the cliff, heedless of the tumult which his hasty desertion had occasioned on board.

"His companions were near him," muttered Frank, on his hasty journey, while drops of cold perspiration trickled down his brow—"their boats could not be far distant—and he was a fine, able fellow, one who would not suffer himself to sink without good cause!" The heaviness of his heart, however, gave the lie to his words,

and he took the way to Mr. D'Arcy's house, in an agony of soul which it is impossible to describe. It was late when he arrived, and Mr. D'Arcy was from home; but Jane was up, and dressed as if to receive company. When the young pair met, they stood silent for some moments, reading strange things in one another's faces. Jane's face and figure had lost all their finely rounded proportion. Her features were sharp; her eyes wild and anxious;—and not a tinge of colour was visible on her cheek.

"You are unwell, Jane!" said Frank, pressing her sorrowfully to his heart—"but we shall be happy yet. My Last Trip is ended!"

"Indeed!" said Jane, and she looked with deep, strange meaning in his face—"all, then, is over—and *well* over?"

"I hope so," replied Frank, and they sunk again into silence.

"Come, come," said he at length, with a start; "you infect me with your strange sadness. An accident *has* happened; but a slight one. We were attacked at the Cove, and a man knocked into the sea. A ducking at the worst! My hands are now washed of the business; the Beauty is my own, as my share of former profits; and I tell you, love, we shall he happy still. What is the news? what of your family? are all well?"

"I could almost be happy," said Jane, with a momentary return of former spirits, "when I think that

now you are no longer what you have been. My only brother has been appointed to a command in the preventive service on this coast!"

Frank started, and turned pale.

"I expect him every instant," she continued—"Oh, I know you will like him! He is so open, and manly, and loyal—so beautiful, and brave!" At the instant, a tumultuous noise was heard in the hall, as of numerous persons carrying some weighty object; and soon after, a female servant entered the room, and exclaimed—"A man murdered at the Cove!"

Jane did not shrink, nor start, nor move; but calmly fixed her eyes upon her lover, who sank, pale, faint and soul-stricken, into a chair. "My heart foretold it!" said she, sitting down beside him, and taking his cold clammy hand within hers; "you would not promise not to do it! you could not—for all was ordained!" By the pressure of the crowd in the hall, the room-door was burst open, and Jane suddenly started up, and ran towards the fearful object in the midst. There appeared to be a disposition, on the part of the bystanders, to prevent her approach; and cries of "shut the door!" echoed on all sides; but, with almost preternatural strength, she forced her way through the crowd, and obtained a full view of the body. She then turned round, without uttering a word, and beckoned to her lover, who still sate oppressed with horror and expectation upon the chair. He rushed towards her through

the vista of spectators; clasped her in his trembling arms; and fixed upon her closing eyes a look of love, pity, and despair. He then laid her gently down by the lifeless body of her brother—the dead by the dead! In another moment Francis Hardy had left the house, and was never seen or heard of more.

SONNET.

ON LEAVING ———, IN DEVONSHIRE.

Fair fields, rich hedgerows; the eternal sea,
And its great bounds; broad hills of green increase;
White hamlets lone; and, nestling among these,
A happy bower, where true-born courtesy
Clasps with its graceful wreaths the goodly tree
Of Home Affection;—through such scenes of peace,
Borne by his wayward fortune's hurrying breeze,
A stranger passed; and when the potency
Of that all-mastering blast still swept him on,
As traveller, harboured on some unknown strand,
On mossy trunk or rude memorial-stone
Inscribes his homely record; in like guise
Wove he these uncouth rhymes, to memorize
The welcome which he met in that fair land.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

LINES, SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.*

BY T. K. HERVEY.

They may not weep who gaze on thee!—
  It dries the source of tears,
Like some remembered melody,
  Unheard for many years;
That—as a ghost—steals out again,
From some dim chamber in the brain,
And waves the weary-hearted back,—
O'er many a dark and wasted track,—
Back to the half-forgotten bowers,
Where hope, in boyhood, gathered flowers!

Young mother!—oh! how long they haunt
  The after-paths of time,
The mother's low, yet happy chaunt,
  Whose memory—like the chime
Of church-bells—consecrates the air,
And calls the spirit home to prayer;—

* See the frontispiece to this volume.

The smile that,—then when all things smiled,—
  Was, ever, like none other;—
The kiss—oh! kisses warm and wild,
  But not like thine, young mother!
May burn the brain and waste the breast,
Thine only lullabied to rest!—
And give the lip a poison-hue,
Where thine fell down, like dew!

And oh! how beautifully bright,
  Upon thy glad, young brow,
The matron-coronal,—whose light
  Lies hallowing all things, now!—
Till all that was too much of earth
  Is winnowed from thy sighs,
And love, that had a mortal birth,
  Is tending to the skies!—
Though fair thy virgin-years might be,
  How far more fair thou *art!*
A mother's hopes have twined, for thee,
  A cestus of the heart,—
That flings a glow more rich and warm
O'er every consecrated charm!
Sweet thoughts, beneath thy baby's spells,
  Across thy fancy throng,—
As nightingales, where echo dwells,
  Breathe out their sweetest song!

And thou—whose resting-place is, still,
A gentle mother's breast,—
Take out, by love's untainted rill,
Thy sweet and pleasant rest;
Or look for visions like the sky's,
Within her fond and sanguine eyes,—
Those telescopes, where sun and star
Seem nearer than, in truth, they are!
The world has no such future bed,
Nor any dream so sweet,—
When, with its storms above thy head,
Its graves beneath thy feet,
Thine early home shall seem, to thee,
Some scene of vanished faëry;—
When thou, perchance, shalt sit apart,
To sorrow o'er thy silent heart,
A dial, with its sunlight gone,
That only speaks when shone upon!

A mother's love!—that gushing spring,
That sends a sweet and silver stream
(Beneath whose low, dim murmuring
The soul lies down, to dream
Of vanished good, from present ill,
When all its other harps are still!)
Along life's dull and narrow vale,
To haunt us, like an ancient tale,

And on our path, where'er we roam,
Go, singing of its home!—
(Like Arethusa's rill, of old,
That through the earth, and through the sea,
Led on its waters sweet and cold,
In unstained purity;
And rose as fresh as at its spring,
From all its long, dark journeying!)—
And oh! how fondly, on its brink,
When other streams are dried away,
The thirsty spirit kneels, to drink,
And listen to its lay;—
Its sweet, sad lay,—that steals along,
At once a sorrow and a song;
That—with a voice of sadness—cheers,
And makes us glad—through tears!
Oh! might we trace its upward course,
And wander backward, to its source,
On that bright upland, far away,
Where hopes—like fairies—used to play,
Hopes, that—*like* fairies, when they part,—
Left withered rings about the heart!

Young mother!—'t is a joy to creep,—
When many joys are gone,—
Back to the grave of hope,—and weep,
Where memory keeps the stone!—

Till, soothed by voices from the tomb,
And chastened by the church-yard gloom,
The spirit comes abroad — to see
That earth has, still, such forms as thee!
(Oh! fairer than those winged things
That came to counsel — and *depart*,
When earth, from heaven, had visitings,
And angels talked with men apart,—
In that the heaven which gave you wings,
Hath hung them *round the heart*,—
Wings but to follow, not to rove,
For all their feathers are of love!)
To find, amid the paths of life,
The friend, the mother, and the wife;
And feel — the world, whose sun is set,
Is full of moonlight beauty, yet!

My soul is glad to gaze on thee;—
Thou movest me, like melody!

TRANSPLANTED FLOWERS.

I.

Nay, hold, sweet lady, thy cruel hand;
Oh! sever not thus our kindred band;
And look not upon us with pitiless eye,
As on flowerets born but to bloom and die!

II.

With none to respond our evening sigh,
In a foreign home we must droop and die.—
The bonds of kindred we once have known,
And how can we live in the world alone?

III.

Oh lady, list to the voice of mirth,
By childhood wakened around thy hearth,
And think how lonely thy heart would pine
Should fortune the bonds of love untwine.

IV.

Even now in the midst of that circle blest,
There are lonely thoughts in thine aching breast;
And how wouldst thou weep, if, bereft of all,
Thou shouldst sit alone in thine empty hall?

THE SEA SIDE TOILET.

MARIAN LEE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Not a care hath Marian Lee,
Dwelling by the sounding sea;
Her young life 's a flowing way,
Without toil from day to day;
Without bodings for the morrow;—
Marian was not made for sorrow!

Like the summer-billows wild,
Leaps the happy-hearted child!
Sees her father's fishing-boat
O'er the ocean gaily float;
Lists her brother's evening song,
By the light gale borne along;
Half a league she hears the lay,
Ere they turn into the bay;
And with glee, o'er cliff and main,
Sings an answer back again,
Which by man and boy is heard,
Like the carol of a bird!

Look!—she sitteth laughing there,
Wreathing sea-weeds in her hair!—
Saw you e'er a thing so fair?
Marian! some are rich in gold,—
Heaped-up treasure,—hoards untold;
Some are rich in thoughts refined,
And the glorious wealth of mind:
Thou, sweet child! life's rose unblown,
Hast a treasure of thine own:—
Youth's most unalloyed delights,
Happy days and tranquil nights;
And a brain with thought unvexed,
And a light heart, unperplexed!
Go, thou sweet one! all day long,
Like a glad bird, pour thy song,
And let thy young graceful head
Be with sea-flowers garlanded;
For all outward signs of glee
Well become thee, MARIAN LEE!

THE BELLE OF THE BALL-ROOM.

AN EVERY-DAY CHARACTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LILLIAN."

Il faut juger des femmes depuis la chaussure jusqu'a la coiffure exclusivement, à peu près comme on mesure le poisson entre queue et tête.

La Bruyere.

I.

YEARS, years ago,—ere yet my dreams
Had been of being wise or witty;—
Ere I had done with writing themes,
Or yawned o'er this infernal Chitty;
Years, years ago,—while all my joy
Was in my fowling-piece and filly;—
In short, while I was yet a boy,
I fell in love with Laura Lily.

II.

I saw her at the Country-Ball:
There, when the sounds of flute and fiddle
Gave signal sweet in that old hall,
Of hands across and down the middle,
Hers was the subtlest spell by far
Of all that set young hearts romancing;
She was our queen, our rose, our star;
And then she danced,—Oh heaven, her dancing!

III.

Dark was her hair; her hand was white;
Her voice was exquisitely tender;
Her eyes were full of liquid light;
I never saw a waist so slender;
Her every look, her every smile,
Shot right and left a score of arrows;
I thought 'twas Venus from her isle,
And wondered where she'd left her sparrows.

IV.

She talked—of politics, or prayers;
Of Southey's prose, or Wordsworth's sonnets;
Of danglers, or of dancing bears,
Of battles, or the last new bonnets:
By candlelight, at twelve o'clock,
To me it mattered not a tittle;
If those bright lips had quoted Locke,
I might have thought they murmured Little.

V.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
I loved her with a love eternal;
I spoke her praises to the moon,
I wrote them to the Sunday Journal:
My mother laughed;—I soon found out
That ancient ladies have no feeling:
My father frowned;—but how should gout
See any happiness in kneeling?

VI.

She was the daughter of a Dean,
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic ;
She had one brother, just thirteen,
Whose colour was extremely hectic :
Her grandmother for many a year
Had fed the parish with her bounty ;
Her second cousin was a peer,
And Lord Lieutenant of the county.

VII.

But titles, and the three per cents.,
And mortgages, and great relations,
And India bonds, and tithes, and rents,
Oh, what are they to love's sensations !
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks,
Such wealth, such honours, Cupid chuses ;
He cares as little for the Stocks,
As Baron Rothschild for the Muses.

VIII.

She sketched ;—the vale, the wood, the beach
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading :
She botanized ;—I envied each
Young blossom in her boudoir fading ;
She warbled Handel ; it was grand ;
She made the Catalini jealous ;
She touched the organ ;—I could stand
For hours and hours to blow the bellows.

IX.

She kept an Album too at home,
Well filled with all an Album's glories;
Paintings of butterflies, and Rome,
Patterns for trimmings, Persian stories;
Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,
Fierce odes to Famine and to Slaughter;
And autographs of Prince Leboo,
And recipes for elder-water.

X.

And she was flattered, worshipped, bored;
Her steps were watched, her dress was noted;
Her poodle dog was quite adored,
Her sayings were extremely quoted.
She laughed, and every heart was glad,
As if the taxes were abolished;
She frowned, and every look was sad,
As if the Opera were demolished.

XI.

She smiled on many just for fun,—
I knew that there was nothing in it;
I was the first,—the only one,
Her heart had thought of for a minute.
I knew it; for she told me so,
In phrase which was divinely moulded;
She wrote a charming hand,—and oh!
How sweetly all her notes were folded!

XII.

Our love was like most other loves;—
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rose-bud, and a pair of gloves,
And "Fly not yet" upon the river;
Some jealousy of some one's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted;
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows, and then we parted.

XIII.

We parted—months and years rolled by;
We met again four summers after;
Our parting was all sob and sigh;
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter:
For in my heart's most secret cell
There had been many other lodgers;
And she was not the Ball-Room's Belle,
But only Mrs. Something Rogers.

THE LAST OF THE TITANS.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

Daloom, the Bedouin poet, gave the hospitality of the night to a Mameluke who was speeding on secret embassage of state. The Mameluke, in return for his kindness, perpetrated the greatest outrage that can be inflicted on the heart of man;—and, instead of thanks, departed before daybreak with laughter of a fiend. Daloom, whose soul possessed all the fire and irritability of his race and profession, was furious with indignation and revenge;—and not he alone,—but his whole tribe was on flame. They surrounded his house in a tumultuous crowd. The sheik placed at his door the fleetest dromedary of the East;—one chief put into his hand a deadly ataghan;—a second, with his own girdle, braced him for the swiftest flight;—another group, laying hold of him, placed him in the saddle; and all, with ten thousand burning curses on the Atheist Mameluke, bade him begone.

He shot through the desert like a meteor. Cairo was his object; and in a few days he was treading its streets. He saw his detested enemy;—he watched him with a lynx's eyes;—he dogged him with a tiger's foot,—but it was in vain. He beheld him surrounded by crowds of his fellows, as callous, as reckless, as godless as himself. They feasted, they laughed, they lived as if care had never been on earth, God in heaven, or vengeance in hell: but the infuriated poet might as well have attempted to pull down the eternal sky, as to approach him. Rank, which he had not suspected beneath the ordinary guise of a Mameluke, surrounded him as with a wall of adamant. Between him and Daloom's dagger were a thousand quick eyes, a thousand fearless hearts; and if the injured man sought redress by complaint to his superiors, a laughter which thrilled through him as an echo of the peal of the Mameluke, as he shot from his door, was his only answer. His heart was choked within him with the excess of his wrath,—his brain was maddened to desperation; and pouring out imprecations against heaven, earth, and mankind, he flew back to his native regions.

Three days he had driven along in the vehemence of his transport. Lost in the turmoil of his distracted spirit, he had seen nothing of the tract through which he had passed; he trusted his route to the dromedary, which flew on like an arrow. He woke with a start, as from a tumultuous dream, as he suddenly found himself

involved in a whirlwind, which raised the sands of the desert into a mighty cloud, and wrapped him in darkness and suffocation. The next moment he beheld the black hurricane rushing forwards; and having for a few seconds followed, with his eyes, its career with terror and astonishment, he looked round,—and was not the less amazed to behold himself at the foot of an obelisk, whose slender shaft arose into the very heaven,—and in the vast square of a gigantic city. The shock of his wonder was like that of lightning. The sudden transition from the fierce and boiling torrent of his own passionate thoughts, was marvellous. The scenes around were of a magnitude which astounded him; the silence sank into his soul with all its vastness—deep, lifeless, and terrific. He looked on all sides for some trace of existence;—he saw none, but in himself and dromedary. He glanced up the obelisk beside him till his eye recoiled dizzily from its fearful altitude; he turned his gaze upon the towers, and his spirit sank crushed, as it were, beneath the overwhelming sense of their immensity. What hands could have piled those massy and stupendous towers? What might of men, in millions, could have reared those ponderous and gigantic columns, which, baffling the eye with the immensity of their bulk, shot up to the loftiest regions of air, and bore incumbent pediments and dependent scrolls, whose dimensions the imagination laboured in vain to grasp.

Daloom would gladly have persuaded himself that he

was in a dream, but his convictions were positive of waking existence, and he stood oppressed with the greatness of all without, and the vanity of all within him. "What are the griefs, the passions, the interests of a creature like me; a pigmy—an atom of the dust? The beings glorious, and to my imagination, almost omnipotent, who built and inhabited these mysterious dwellings, have probably passed away; and if *they* have gone down to impenetrable oblivion, what will be my departure from the earth?—The ceasing of a momentary breeze in the illimitable air! the extinction of a spark in the conflagration of a city!" As he thus moralised, his eye involuntarily fixed itself on the colossal portal of a most august palace, which stood open before him. A peristyle of those enormous pillars composed its front; and on each hand a row of gigantic sphinges guarded its entrance. It was not till a long contemplation of the greatness of all these objects had, in some degree, familiarised him to their strangeness, that his curiosity overcame his awe, and he determined to enter.

When, however, he began to move, the diminutiveness of his steps, the feebleness of his motions, contrasted with the vastness and the solidity of every thing around him, redoubled his amazement, and forced upon his senses the infinite distance between these works and himself; and when he reached a pillar, and, looking up, found that his stature was not a tenth part of that of its base, he again stood fixed to the ground in wonder.

When he endeavoured to arouse himself, it was only to encounter fresh objects, that fell upon his labouring senses with a mountainous weight. The hall that he entered was as vast in its dimensions as every thing without. Its floor, its walls, its lofty dome, presented but one plain surface of black marble, which, polished to the highest lustre, reflected, wherever he went, his own minute shape: and in the centre arose what he at first conceived to be a mount of stone, but which, as he continued to gaze upon it, gradually grew upon his perception a finished animal shape—a mighty sphinx! Every moment that he contemplated it, its character more vividly developed itself to his mind, till it at length filled it with ideas of terror that served to render him stony as itself. He beheld in its stupendous form indications of fleetness, and of energies immense as its bulk; and in its eye the immeasurable depths of a sagacity, dark, deadly, and malignant. With ineffable terror—with the labour and debility of a dream—he turned from this horrible image, and effected his retreat into the next apartment.

Here, if his terrors were less excited, his admiration and awe were equally called forth. It was a saloon of the same amplitude, constructed of the richest porphyry;—the same eternal silence pervaded it; and on the floor stood vases, chalices, and various banqueting vessels, of a splendour that seemed only befitting gods; and of a size which startled Daloom with the conviction,

that whoever used them must have been proportionably gigantic with their abode. Who—what might they have been? And when had their fearful presence filled this mysterious pile? He felt it must have been in some far-off time; yet were these superb utensils bright and pure as when they first issued from the hands of their unknown workmen. Not a stain, not an atom of dust rested upon them, or upon the mighty room in which they stood. He gazed upon them with an augmenting wonder and admiration. Their materials were such as sunk in value all the riches of the earth. Some were of gold, some brilliant crystal; and others one pure mass of cool, rich, translucent beryl, emerald, or chrysolite. Their shapes were such as he had never seen; but so moulded by the very spirit of grace and beauty, that for the moment, banishing all fear, all other sense, they filled his soul with the most delicious and heavenly sensations. Drawn by this absorbing influence, he advanced, and laying his hand on the stem of one, he attempted to move it;—it stood firm as an eternal rock; and at once all the consciousness of his situation rushed back upon him. He lifted up his eyes, and saw, on the opposite wall, wrought in bold relief, a series of the most marvellous scenes and figures. They were all of dimensions accordant with the place.

First, a child playing with a radiant girdle; a kingly figure, with eager eyes, and hands outstretched to take it: then the same god-like shape, girt with that splendid

cestus, in a chariot drawn by sphinges, driving forth on a career of victory. Here, embattled hosts of the same Titan forms, vainly opposing him and his; their countenances hideous with the expression of unutterable hate; writhing fiercely and furiously beneath the consciousness of overwhelming power: then, multitudes prostrate before his chariot;—processions offering submission at the gates of cities: and here, the same conqueror feasting with seven beings of equal stature and dignity in a banqueting-house, and in vessels which Daloom immediately recognised as the room in which he stood, and as the vessels before him. The last was the representation of a king and queen, young and beautiful above expression, in a triumphal chariot, riding amid the acclamations of the people.

These scenes filled Daloom with a restless curiosity. He looked round, but there were no others; and perceiving a lofty, open door at the distant end of the saloon, he approached it. What words can do justice to his increased amaze! A dome, seeming to emulate the amplitude and loftiness of that of heaven, formed its roof,—a dome expanded in the form of a huge concave flower of azure, in whose centre a glorious carbuncle flung down the richness of its perpetual glow upon an amethystine pavement. At the farther end stood a throne of lustrous jet; over which a bird, large as the fabled Simourg, spread its awful wings as a canopy. But what were these? It was upon two figures

which stood upon the steps of the throne, that Daloom's attention was riveted. The one was a female, whose character, as it grew upon his gaze, was that of a beauty pure and sublime as the depths of heaven itself. It was that lofty beauty resulting from a body and soul in unison, at once full of majesty and power, of grace and gentleness; but the expression of her magnificent face was that of woe,—a woe deep, deep and irremediable,—a remorse that wrung and devoured her spirit with all that terrible energy of which such a being could alone be capable. She stood—her hands clenched—her eyes upon the ground, and the feeling of that unutterable woe so imbuing her whole air and form, that Daloom became speedily wrapped up in a sympathy, even for a creature of so stupendous a nature, that grew and grew into an intensity unspeakable. He seemed to behold that image of overwhelming woe filling the silence of eternity with its influence; and he felt as if he could thus stand before it for ever, to accompany it with an eternal sympathy.

But what was the other figure? And what was its connexion with this absorbing form? He turned, and recognised instantly the bearing and countenance of the youthful monarch, who, in the last representation on the wall of the banqueting-room, rode in his chariot, accompanied by his queen. He had the lofty stature of a god;—light, vigorous, and graceful: a countenance sublime, eagle-glanced, but betraying a fiery pride—an

immeasurable ambition. He stood in a lofty attitude of firmness and command, yet mingled somewhat with a sense of surprise and pain;—his figure erect, yet slightly thrown backward; his arms downward, yet a little advanced; his hands separately clenched, and his features raised and prominent, as if his attention were fixed on some one before him. There was no one; but at his feet lay a splendid flagon.

How long Daloom had been entranced in the contemplation of these marvellous scenes, it were impossible to tell. The intensity of his feelings had annihilated all ideas of time; the impression of those two figures overpowered all others, and especially that breathing the immensity of woe, absorbed his whole spirit and transfused itself through his whole imagination. He turned from it, as from a figure of enchantment; and attempting to break with a powerful effort the spell of its fascination, he sped on. His progress was still through vast rooms, vast corridors, and courts exhibiting traces of fountains which had ceased, and statuary enormous as the beings which he had seen; but the figures before the throne still glowed upon his spirit, and he beheld nothing beside distinctly, till he issued, with a feeling of joy, to the open air.

It was night! and the moon, in solitary splendour, was casting her beams upon those towering abodes, and tracing upon the ground their awful shadows. But what was his astonishment and terror as he beheld, seated on

a fallen column just before him, in a leaning and melancholy attitude, a figure gigantic as those within! And this, he felt, must be a living figure,—were it not merely a phantom of his heated and bewildered brain. The moon now shone partially upon it. He looked up, with an agonized hope to discover it, however fearful, yet inanimate and stony as they. One glance froze him to the spot!—He beheld the light of a living eye! it was fixed upon him, and, in the same instant, he recognised, in the whole form and face, a vivid resemblance to the statue of the young king before the throne. Another moment, and a voice, gentle and low for a being of such a stature, thus addressed him.

"Son of the earth, by whatever means thou hast entered this city, it must be by the agency of God. Hitherto, no eye of man has beheld it; no foot of man has trodden its streets. Know then, that thou art in the city of *earth's primæval race*. Thou hast seen what to thee are marvels; thou hast seen what man shall never see again;—hear therefore, what may not be lost, even upon thee.

"These towers were the dwellings of my ancestors,—a race of beings such as thou seest me; such as the scenes within have represented them,—beings less, far less in number than thy diminutive species; but possessed of faculties, of energies, of an intensity of passion and perception impossible to your feebler fabric. They were mortal, it is true; but the term of their existence was not

years, but thousands of years. My forefathers ruled this city; but an incident, trivial in itself, gave them at once dominion over the greater part of their race. A child playing on the bank of a river, found a radiant girdle, and bringing it into the palace, was amusing himself with it, when the prince beheld, and springing forward in a transport of joy, seized upon it. It was the girdle of an angel of power;—one of those strong angels who roll the newly-created orbs into the infinitude of space, and fix them in their eternal stations; or who, on less occasions, shake them with earthquakes to their centres. Girt with this glorious girdle the king subdued the fierce, the fearful, the cunning, and hitherto indomitable sphinges,—a race of creatures who possessed, in the shape of a beast, the faculties of a spirit and the malignity of a fiend; and dwelt in the solitary places of the earth. Yoked to his chariot, and to those of his warriors, they bore him in triumph from land to land,—mountains or seas formed no impediment to their course; they trod with equal ease, and with the velocity of lightning, earth, air, or water. Lord of these, and girt with the girdle of power, every city, save one, became his; and this city the capital of the world. Seven kings,—all, save one, that the earth knew,—became his captives; in these towers they feasted at one table, and one tomb contains them.

"When the kingdom became mine, what was there left for me to desire? The world was my patrimony—the most beautiful and gifted of earth's daughters was my

queen. Oh! lovely and gentle Thua, what charms and enchantments were thine! In loftiness of stature, in glory of countenance, there was none like her—for I had seen all. In the thrilling mysteries of music, who could emulate her? She had gathered the strains of the earth from the farthest of her many thousand ages; and had wrought them into songs which were sung from side to side of creation. When I trod secretly through my streets, I heard the happy children singing them, and my heart leaped at the sound; when I took the path of my camp, I heard the soldier chant the victories of his fathers in her words; when I visited the most distant and solitary regions of the world, I heard the lonely woman beneath her palm-tree soothing her heart with the pensive melodies of Thua! What did I need?—There was one little city which had resisted all the efforts of my ancestors,—not by its numbers, nor by its superior strength, or wisdom, but because there dwelt the ancient, the oracular Sphinx. This had resisted all my ancestors,—this was wanting to my glory. I bore down upon it with all my power, and I subdued it, and brought hither in triumph its prince, and the ancient Sphinx.

"Cursed be the day of that conquest! Cursed be the day that the Sphinx entered this city! The world was mine. In one achievement I had concentrated all its glory; in one female I had concentrated all its charms and its love. What could I need? Oh man! knowest thou not that an earlier, and a greater race than ours—

the sons of heaven, were wrenched from the heart of the universe, and hurled into the unutterable depths, by the fiend Ambition? Knowest thou not what myriads of thy trivial race, like insects in the summer sunlight, have been scorched by the sudden lightnings of its wrath, and have perished in every age, leaving vain warnings to their children? Our race was not the less subject to its influence;—it is a power wide as nature, and irresistible as death. Will the little brook, as it bounds, laughing and sparkling from its native hill, content itself with being a brook? Does not the brook swell on into a river, the river into a sea, and the sea, grasping the world in its embrace, lift up its stormy waves in the face of heaven? Yes, Ambition is a spirit that climbs the loftiest pinnacles of earth's mountains only to grasp at the stars, though the gulf of eternity yawns at its feet. What did I need? There was one thing wanting;—to achieve immortality,—to become, not only the king of the world, but—its God! I sought the counsels of the Sphinx; and by these counsels the multitude was taught to hail me as a deity, the vanquisher, even of the Godhead. Curse on that degenerate race!—it was only too compliant. They were become proud and self-willed: their ancient faith had died away; the spirits of heaven had long ceased to visit them; like me, they grasped at immortality, and eagerly anticipated it at my hands. One only dared to oppose my design;—and that was Affod, the father of my Thua. Firm in the ancient faith, he had filled his daughter's

soul with his own lofty knowledge, and loftier aspirings. When I brought home the Sphinx he alone rejoiced not, but with a sorrowful countenance warned me against its counsels, and urged me to expel it from the city. Instead of surrendering himself to the pleasures that occupied all beside, he wandered from town to town, and from land to land, though a prince, foretelling woe, and calling upon the apostate race to return to the God of their fathers. None listened—I least of all—the power of that Godhead upon this earth I trusted to destroy for ever!

"In the Sphinx was my confidence: he knew the secrets of the world from its creation; our fathers had died, but he had lived through all. I sought him in his hall—by night, alone; and with a heart that trembled for the response, I asked—'Shall not the power of the unseen God come to an end on the earth?' It replied. 'It may.' 'But when?' I eagerly rejoined—'but when?' 'When there ceases to be a believer.' 'Oh!' I exclaimed—'what do I hear?—When there ceases to be a believer!'—'There are two!' 'Yes'—said the terrible monster, 'and they are in thy power!'

"Let oblivion cover the days of my spirit's torment that succeeded! Let the sound of those horrible words—'they are two—they are in thy power,' which rung through my soul, and tossed it on the billows of perdition, some time cease, oh God! Let those struggles with the virtue, the sublime faith, the fathomless energies of a female mind, swayed and smitten by the deeper energies

of a female's love, be held in sacred silence;—thus much only be there now revealed:—

"In the secret of our pavilion, Thua reclined before me, gazing forth upon those fountains and groves which are now destroyed. Her resplendent mind was in full play, throwing into her countenance most marvellous beauty; expatiating on our youth,—our loves, our glory; on the charms of that scene where her eyes were now wandering—the scene of our youthful felicity; and, at times, turning back into the treasures of antiquity, for lays, and traditions, and sentences, that accorded with her feelings at the moment. The darkness which I had of late cast upon her spirit seemed totally to have vanished;—the misery with which my projects and persuasions had wrung it, seemed forgotten; but while I gazed with wonder and admiration on her charms, and gloried in the wealth of her intellect, pouring forth thoughts like a river—my heart throbbed with the desperate emotions of the consciousness of my destiny. Starting from the momentary reverie into which she had beguiled me, I exclaimed—'Thua! knowest thou that this night decides our fate for ever! Knowest thou that this night the earth is free, or its people are no more?' Like a palm-tree suddenly shrivelled by the burning blast, Thua sank at once, as struck with instant death; but as suddenly starting up, she grasped my arm with a fearful energy, and, with a look of awful meaning, said faintly —'Arzalan! *what* sayest thou? Where learnedst thou this?'

"'From the Sphinx.'

"'Oh, that dreadful Sphinx! Would to God it had never been brought hither! Once, once more only—Oh, Arzalan! let me be heard!—abandon the counsels of the cruel Sphinx,—shun, distrust him!'

"'Thua! listen! Can the Sphinx err? Is not his wisdom well known? Has he not for ages protected his city against the whole world?'

"'Has he protected it *now*? Oh, Arzalan! Arzalan! Fear him—shun him!—And my father!—shall the Sphinx prevail against my father?'

"'Thua! thy father shall partake our felicity. He shall drink of the cup of peace which the Sphinx has taught me to mingle:—a momentary sleep, and he shall rise to immortality. Will not all power be ours?—to restore—to create—to re-create?'

"'Oh, Arzalan! Oh, my beloved! by all that the ancients taught, of pure, holy, and eternal—by all that we have loved and rejoiced in—by the certainty of ages of bliss here—by our hope of eternal peace, trust not the dark speeches of this cruel creature. Spare! oh, spare my father!'

"'Thua! what askest thou! my life? and our immortality? I have sworn the irrevocable oath! This night, the Sphinx has said, this night I am a god, or nothing. Even *thou* believest the Sphinx when he foretells evil; this night yield me thy consent, or I cease for ever!'

"'Perish, then! if I cannot save thee, I can perish with thee!'

"At these words, Affod himself entered. His eyes sought Thua with a look of unspeakable anguish; he stood and gazed upon her for a space, in the silence of misery, and exclaimed, 'Alas! my child!'

"'Affod,' I said, 'why troublest thou my reign? Take the cup of peace, and let it unite us for ever!' He took it from my hand;—I saw it in his face, that he knew its nature; but he was calm as in his hour of meditations; he drank it up. A shriek from Thua—I turned, and beheld her in that attitude of woe which has continued through ten thousand years—she had ceased to be!

"In the agony of despair, I gazed upon her father; but instead of that change which I anticipated—the change of death—a sudden glory had wrapped him. His mortal frame appeared to have melted away; and his spirit, glowing like the liquid mirror of the sun, stood before me; and, lifting aloft his radiant arm,—'Arzalan!' he pronounced, in a tone that has found an everlasting echo—'thou hast brought all life to an end!' At that word the shudder of an earthquake passed through the palace;—dreadful thunders broke above, and one wild wail of ineffable woe rang through the air. I looked, but Affod had disappeared. I felt the freezing pang which severed my spirit from the body, and I departed to my doom. As I passed through the palace, through the city, through the whole land, I beheld that all life had ceased. Not a creature, great or small, breathed; the

very frames of the primæval race were annihilated; and nothing remained but the scattered statues of our ancient heroes.

"Once in a thousand years, an angel of Power passes before me through the desert, and lays open this scene of my glory and my crime, that I may behold the ruin I have produced; that I may gaze on that form of inextinguishable woe; and revive in my spirit all the strength of hell. Depart! it is for no living eye, much less for a nature frail as thine, to behold the terrors of my trial."

TO MORGAN LE FAY.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS.

Nymph of undying Song! thy stainless brow,
With lilies and the mystic vervain crowned,
And tresses floating in the blast unbound,
Where in these days inglorious lingerest thou?
Still are thy wonted haunts;—the winds which sweep
Thy bowers, are tuneless; and thy once-loved waves
Bring back no music from that sullen deep,
Nor voice of laughter from those hidden caves.
Alas! with us the power of Fancy's spell,
Crushed by the hand of sterner Truth, is o'er;
Of knight and fay our strains have ceased to tell,
And hosts Armoric, ranged by Severn's shore;
And hymns from tongues aërial rise no more
Within the fabled hold of Tintagel.

THE INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

An Indian girl, and the last of the Red Indians, or *Bœothicks*, recently died at St. John's, Newfoundland. Her tribe, the aborigines of Newfoundland, never held intercourse with any other tribe, or with the Europeans around them.

The moons of Autumn wax and wane;—the hollow sound of floods
Is borne upon the mournful wind; and broadly on the woods
The changes of the changeful leaves—those painted flowers of frost—
Before the round and yellow sun, how beautiful, are tossed!
The morning breaketh with the same broad pencilling of sky,
And blushes through its golden clouds, as the great sun goes by;
And evening lingers in the west, more beautiful than dreams
That whisper of the Spirit Land—its wilderness and streams!

A little time — another moon — the forests will be sad ;
The streams will mourn the pleasant light that made
their journey glad ;
The moon will faintly lighten up, the sunlight glisten
cold,
And wane into the western sky, without its autumn
gold :
And yet I weep not for the sign of Desolation near,
The ruin of my Hunter-race may only ask a tear :
The wailing streams will laugh again, — the naked trees
put on
The beauty of their summer-green, beneath the summer
sun ;
The morning clouds will yet again their crimson dra-
peries fold,
The star of sunset smile once more, a diamond set in
gold !
But never for the forest path, or for the mountain's
breath,
The mighty of our race shall leave the Hunting-ground
of Death.

I know the tale my fathers told — the legend of our
fame —
The glory of our spotless race, before the " Pale ones "
came ;
When, asking fellowship with none, by turns the foe of all,
With Ocean rearing up around its dark eternal wall,

Companionless and terrible, our warriors stood alone,
And from the Big Lake to the sea, the green earth was their own.

Where are they now?—Around the changed and stranger-peopled isle
A thousand graves are strewn beneath the mournful autumn's smile;
The bow of strength is buried with the calumet and spear,
And the spent arrow slumbereth, forgetful of the deer;
The last canoe is rotting by the lake it glided o'er,
When dark-eyed maidens sweetly sang its welcome from the shore:
The foot-prints of the Hunter-race from all the hills are gone,—
Their offering to the Spirit Land hath left the altar-stone;
The ashes of the Council-fire have no abiding token,
The song of War hath died away—the Pow-wah's charm is broken;—
The startling war-whoop cometh not upon the loud, clear air,—
The ancient woods are vanishing—the Pale ones gather there!

And who is left to mourn for this?—A solitary one,
Whose life is waning into death, like yonder sinking sun!

A broken reed—a blighted flower—that lingereth still
behind,
To mourn its faded sisterhood, and wrestle with the
wind.
Lo! from the Spirit Land I hear the music of the blest;
The holy faces of the loved are beaming from the west;
A Voice is on the' autumnal wind—it calleth me away!
Ere the cheek hath lost its freshness, and the raven tress
is gray:—
Ere the weight of years hath bowed me, or the sunny
eye is dim,
The Father of my People is calling me to him!

Haverhill, Massachusetts, Nov. 1829.

STANZAS.

I.

I saw thee declining—but sickness and woe
Could not quench thy soft cheek's never-withering glow;
And the spirit of gentleness slept on thee still,
Like the beam of the west on a green summer hill!

II.

I gazed on thy features, still mournful, yet dear,
And thy voice sounded tranquil and low in my ear:
Oh! what must Heaven's rod to the guilty one be,
Thou purest of hearts—since it falls upon thee!

THE GLEN OF GLANGOOLE.

BY SIR AUBREY DE VERE, BART.

The hills are all around me—in a dell
Worn by a stream, a deep and winding glen,
On a bare rock, beneath a waterfall,
I sit; and musing, lean upon my hand.
The song of birds, and the low piping wind,
The distant voice of cattle, and the hum
Of labouring men, as the breeze dies away,
Make music with the stream's deep under-song:—
A mountain music; that revives old thoughts,
And fills the eye of memory with tears.
  These shadowy steeps that lift on either hand
Their brows into the sun, naked of trees,
Yet wear a gorgeous mantle! the green grass,
The yellow gorse, the heath of purple bloom
With its brown foliage, group amid the rocks
In tufts or spreading banks; the lady-fern
Spreads out her delicate fingers; 'neath the stone,
Close by the torrent's side, on marshy spots,
The bright green flag shoots up; a thousand weeds

Of curious form, and wild flowers of all hues,
Hang pendant from the fissures of the cliffs.
Far 'neath my eye, even at the valley's gorge,
A ruined chapel, with its ivied walls,
'Mid the rude grave-stones of the villagers,
Lies sheltered; thence grey orchards, and green fields
Spotted with cattle, and the furrowed glebe
Where yet the tender wheaten shoot lies hid,
Waiting the warm breath of the tardy Spring,
Bask in the day; beyond, the healthy moor
Spreads out its dusky level—a wide plain,
Even like the ocean's breast when the wind sleeps,
And waves are stilled, and the full sun looks out
For the cloud-shadows to disport upon.
Lo! how along the depths of heaven, like ships
With all their white sails crowding into light,
The vapours float magnificent!—beneath,
In beautiful contention with the light,
Shadows are chasing shadows; like wild hounds,
That sweep the dewy mountain's side at morn.
And now thy distant boundaries, dark plain!
Are sparkling in the sunshine; the blue hills
Rise with their bright crests in the azure skies,
And turrets start from groves between, and spires
'Mid clustering walls ascend; green hills swell ou
Their bosoms, and the valleys sink in shade.
Oh! how I love to watch yon mountain heights;
For there are eyes beyond, now fixed on them,

Thinking of eyes that gaze upon them here:
And there 's a constant heart beyond, that beats
With a fond expectation, and doth count
Days, hours, nay minutes, as they creep away,
Pensively chiding the slow-footed time.
With a long sigh, from my sweet dream I start,
And lo! beneath me smokes the sheltered cot,
The rose-clasped porch of hospitality:
Where Friendship pillows his tired kinsman's head,
And gentle Beauty smiles a welcome home.

SONNET.

FROM PETRARCH.

Weeping for all my long lost years, I go,
And for that love which to this world confined
A spirit whose strong flight, for heaven designed,
No mean example might one man bestow.
Thou, who didst view my wanderings and my woe,
Great King of heaven! unseen, immortal mind!
Succour this weary being, frail and blind;
And may thy grace o'er all my failings flow!
Then, though my life through warring tempests passed,
My death may tranquilly and slowly come;
And my calm soul may flee in peace at last:
While o'er that space which shuts me from the tomb,
And on my death-bed, be thy blessing cast—
From Thee, in trembling hope, I wait my doom.

Mary de V.

CANZONET.

Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day,
Silence bestows such virtue on it.
Shakspeare.

I.

Love dwells not in the sparkling blaze,
When noon rests on the stream;
His tender flowerets dare not raise
Their bosoms to the beam:
When gleams the moon through latticed bowers,
And stars are shining bright,
He communes with the shadowy hours,
And wooes the silent night.

II.

The dreamy perfume of the rose,
The violet's deeper sigh,
The music of the rill, that flows
In liquid cadence by;
The sweet tones of some village chime
On sweeter echoes borne,—
These, these are joys of evening time,
Which scarcely wait the morn!

III.

Not in the rich and courtly hall
The heart's pure faith is given;
But where the green-wood shadows fall
Beneath a twilight heaven.
Life's crowded pomp and pageant show
May darker passions move,
But solitude alone can know
The incense thoughts of love.

IV.

When worldly cares are hushed in sleep,
Love wakes at such an hour,
Young hopes their angel vigils keep,
And joy resumes its power:
Though night, in all its dusky state,
Athwart the skies be thrown;
Yet Beauty's glance can then create
A noontide all her own!

S.

THE LOST SPIRIT.

No man cared for my soul.
Psalm cxlii.

Weep, sire, with shame and ruing;
Weep for thy child's undoing!
For the days when I was young,
And no prayer was taught my tongue,
Nor the record from on high,
Of the life that cannot die.
Wiles of the world and men,
Of their three-score years and ten;
Earthly profit, human praise,
Thou didst set before my gaze,
As the guiding stars of life;
As the meed of toil and strife:
I ran the world's race well,
And find my guerdon — Hell!

Weep, mother, weep! yet know
'T will not shorten endless woe;
Prayers will not unbind my chain,
Nor repentance soften pain,

Nor the life-blood of thy frame,
For one moment quench this flame.
Weep not beside my tomb,
'T is a gentle, painless gloom;
Let the worm and darkness prey
On my senseless, slumbering clay;
Weep for the priceless gem
That may not hide with them;—
Weep the Lost Spirit's fate,
Yet know thy tears too late,—
Had they sooner fallen—well;
I had not wept in Hell!

Physician—canst thou weep?
Then let tears thy pillow steep!
Couldst thou view Time's heaving wave,
Doomed to 'whelm me in its grave,—
Life's last and lessening space,
My soul's brief hour of grace;
Yet with gay, unfaltering tongue,
Promise health and sojourn long
On the brink of that profound,
Without measure, depth or bound;
View me, busied with the toys,
Of a world of shadowy joys?
—Oh! had look, or sign, or breath,
Then whispered aught of death,

Though nature in the strife,
Had loosed her hold on life,
And the worm received his prey,
Perchance, an earlier day,—
This, this, and who can tell,
But my soul had 'scaped from hell!

False prophet! flattering priest!
Full fraught with mirth and feast,
Thy weeping should not fail,
But with life's dark, ended tale!
For the living, for the dead,
There is guilt upon thy head!
Thou didst make the "narrow way,"
As the broad one, smooth and gay;
To speak in accents bland,
Of the bright and better land;
That the soul, unchanged within,
The sinner in his sin,
Of God and Christ unshriven,
Lay down with dreams of heaven;—
False priest, thy labours tell,
I dreamed, and woke in hell!

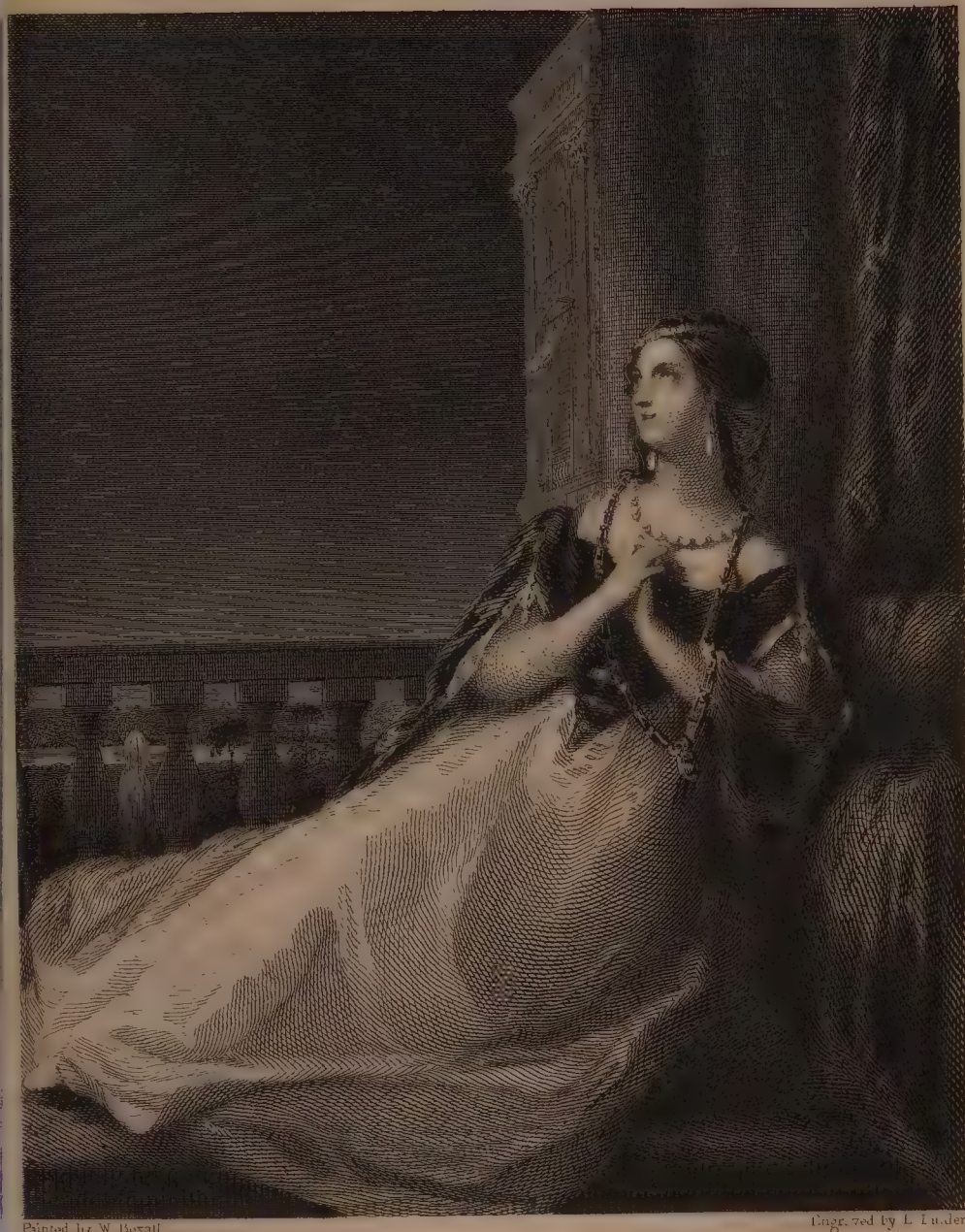
THE MAIDEN ASTROLOGER.

Her thoughts were not like girlhood's; bird nor flower
Gave her affection room; and when her face
Assumed its perfect beauty, never blush
Nor smile spoke vanity or love; her hours were passed
In some old window-seat, whose coloured panes
Shed a mysterious light upon the scroll,
On whose strange characters she pored; the night
Still found her on the terrace, her dark eyes
Filled with the wild light of the stars she watched,—
They say, she read their language.

Over the terrace the bright stars shine,
Who is there but must feel them divine?
Softly the night wind stirs the air,
The breath of the orange and rose they bear;
And the branches in music swing to and fro,
Each leaf like a lute-note, sweet and low.

This is a night for the maiden to dream
Of the love which will colour her life's pure stream;—
This is a night for the maiden to pray,
Whose heart has been given, whose love is away!
Young is the maiden that watches the sky,
There is no love on her cheek, or her eye.—

Love doth colour the young cheek with rose,
Like the tide in the moonshine, it ebbs and flows.—
Now passionate pale—now fain to hide
The sudden rush of its crimson tide;
But the lady's cheek is calm and pale,
It wears no blushes, it needs no veil.—



Painted by W. Boxall

Engr.ved by E. Finden.

THE MAIDEN ASTRONOMER.

Printed by M. Clarke

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Love doth teach the young eye to seek
The shade of the lash, downcast on the cheek,—
Its darkness is brightened by gentle tears,
Its splendour is softened by tender fears;
But the lady's eye is stedfast and bright,
And its depths are solemn as those of the night.

Her beauty is that of a statue's face,
A calm, serene, and spiritual grace;
The mind on her lofty brow is bright
With a power that speaks not of earthly light;
And her raven locks o'er her white neck flow;
No throbbing pulse ever warmed its snow.

From an ancient line was the maiden sprung,
Haughty in deed, and daring in tongue,
She was as proud and as bold as the rest,
Though her spirit was turned to a higher quest,
Still the pride of her race was the only tie
That came between her soul and the sky.

She raised her voice, it was low and sweet,
Yet the wind sank down, as hushed at her feet;—
She drew around her a mystic line,
She named a name, and she signed a sign;—
At once to her charmed vision was given
The secrets the bright stars write upon heaven.

On her curved red lip was no sign of fear,
Though the phantom of future days drew near:
She watched, and saw a glorious band,
Spurs on the heel and swords in the hand;

And a 'broidered banner swept the space,—
She saw it was wrought with the crest of her race!

She saw a noble city arise—
Tower and temple darkened the skies:
Then gallant and stately warriors passed,
Till throne and coronet rose at last.
One chieftain stepped his comrades before,—
He was of her race,—she asked no more.

Calmly she folded her arms on her breast,
As if disdaining the pride she repressed;
Perhaps 't was the mournful midnight that stole
In sadness unwonted over her soul.
Dark the clouds gathered upon the gale,
Whose sound was less of triumph than wail.

Next day, her kinsmen in counsel met—
Deep was the cast on that council set—
And they paused till the lady came to the board,
And her words like the red wine their spirit poured.
"On! on!" she said, "with a dauntless brow,
The star of the Medici's dominant now."

Her spirit passed in its earnest words,
As the harp that breaks from its over-wrought chords.
Her kinsmen went forth in pride and power,
Florence was theirs ere the evening hour;
But the day of triumph was that of doom,
And their war-trumpets rang o'er their Sybil's tomb.

L. E. L.

THE TOORKOMAN'S TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "KUZZILBASH."

The night had set in, dark and starless; the path intricate throughout, led sometimes through an oozy, salt desert, at others, wound among sandy hillocks, or ridges of rock. The horses, mules, and camels of the party, worn out with a march of twenty continuous hours, stumbled and tripped continually, in spite of all the attention of their drivers or riders, many of whom, in pity to their beasts, had dismounted, and leading them by halter or by bridle, picked their way painfully on foot.

At length, one of my own horses fell, utterly exhausted, as it seemed; for not all the efforts of the servants could rouse him, or induce him to make a single attempt to recover his feet. It was a stout yaboo, or galloway, which had been used for carrying the cooking utensils, together with the coverings of the other horses, by which they are protected at their pickets from the cold, and the head and heel ropes by which they

are fastened to them. A thick squat fellow of a *Mehtec* or groom, frequently added his weight to this load, by perching himself upon the top of it, instead of leading the animal; but he was now dismounted in good earnest. The girths were quickly loosened, and the poor beast released from the burthen of its ponderous pack-saddle, with all its superincumbent gear; but even this relief was ineffectual. The animal, although no one would have suspected it from its appearance, had possessed a degree of blood which had stimulated it to exert itself as long as nature could endure; it had borne its prescribed burthen until it could do so no longer, and then it sunk, to rise no more. With a heavy groan or two, it stretched out its weary limbs, quivered through every muscle for a few moments, and fairly gave up the ghost, leaving us not less embarrassed than mortified at our ill-timed loss.

But there was no help for it. The load of the defunct animal was shared among its surviving companions, and we continued our toilsome way, looking anxiously for the lights of the village where we hoped to put up for the night, in case we should be so fortunate as to reach it. Of this consummation we had almost despaired, in spite of the assurances of our guide, when a huge mass of ruins rose at once, like the castle of a magician issuing from the darkness; a straggling light twinkled in the distance, and in a few moments more we found ourselves at the gate of the caravanserai, which, though

sufficiently dreary, and affording little beyond shelter to ourselves and our beasts, was hailed by us all with unspeakable joy.

After a night which yielded us no further refreshment than that of rest, it was resolved to recruit both men and animals by another day's repose, before proceeding on our journey; and it also became expedient to provide ourselves with a horse of some description, in lieu of the one we had lost in the salt desert on the preceding night.

Our wishes on the subject had not long been expressed, before a person was announced as willing and able to supply our want. He was a man of middle age and stature, whose features, no less than his garb, proclaimed his Tartar origin. Very high and broad cheek-bones, pressing upwards; two small, diagonally-set, pig-like eyes, against hairless brows; a small, turned-up nose, with wide nostrils; thin lips, projecting jaws, a small, narrow-pointed chin, garnished with a few straggling hairs by way of beard, and a true yellow-ochre complexion. Such were the principal traits that marked the countenance of the stranger; a countenance, certainly not possessing many claims to beauty, but which, on the other hand, bore a strong expression of good-humour, and even of benevolence, that could not fail of exciting a favourable opinion in the minds of those whom he addressed.

As for his dress, it was in the rudest Toorkoman

fashion. A loose quilted gown, of striped cotton stuff, covered a coarse shirt of the same material, and was bound round his waist by a roll of dirty white cloth; over these hung a brown *joobba*, or cloak of camel's hair; heavy and coarsely-made boots encumbered rather than clothed his legs, and a huge broad cap of red sheep-skin towered upon his head, giving it an air of fierceness, somewhat foreign to its natural character. A white-hilted dagger was thrust into his girdle,—a crooked scimetar hung at his side,—and he carried a long steel-pointed spear in his hand.

"The gentleman requires a good horse, we hear," said an old man, who, being one of the elders of the village, and assuming a peculiar charge of the caravanserai, had taken upon him to introduce the stranger; "behold, here is Solymaun Yoorkeh, ready to furnish him with as good a yaboo as ever was bred in Khorasan."

"Salaam aleicorun!"

"Aleicorun salaam! is this the case, friend?"

"Certainly; the Aga has said it—there is no lie in the business; the horse is extant, and by the soul of my father, he is a perfect jewel! Shall your servant bring him out?"

"By all means, produce him," said I; and the man withdrawing, returned, after a few minutes, mounted upon the back of his beast, which he cantered, with no small fracas, into the caravanserai, and urging it at full speed up to the very edge of the terrace on which I was

seated, he checked it there in a moment by a wrench of his powerful bit, which threw it almost backwards upon its haunches. After this display of his own horsemanship, he threw himself actively from its back, and grinning hideously, first at me, and then at the animal, stood patting it on the shoulder with a look of infinite satisfaction.

He was truly a stout, well-built beast, with a neck like a bull, firm, pillar-like legs, and a thick barrel; in short, what in England would have been termed a capital punch pony,—in Persia, a good stout yaboo. In the eyes of its owner, or rather, by his account, it possessed every earthly excellence of quality; it was powerful, active, enduring, a fast walker, an easy pacer, and could gallop like an Arab. It would carry fifty *Mauns Tabreez* for four-and-twenty hours together; it would go an hundred *pusungs* in four days without losing condition;—in short, the blessed mule of Allah itself was scarcely a more valuable animal.

"And what may be the price of so much beauty and perfection?"

"Why, truly, very cheap—a mere nothing; twenty *tomauns* the lowest fraction; not a *shahee* less."

"Indeed, my friend; you seem to entertain a full sense of his value. But come, I will just give you half; see, here are ten tomauns in gold; take them, and think yourself well paid."

The fellow threw upon me a glance which at first ex-

pressed pure surprise, but which speedily changed into profound contempt.

"Shame on the beard of the infidel," exclaimed he, in Turkish, as he sprung upon the animal's back; "ten tomauns for my yaboo? By the head of my father, I have but to get on the back of this very yaboo, with this spear in my hand, and ride to the rear of the Iaghetae hill, and before to-morrow's noon I'll carry off two captives that shall bring me four times as much money;—ten tomauns, indeed!" and off he spurred, with a flourish of his spear, like a true wild son of the desert as he was, his cloak flying loose behind him, and the hoofs of his horse striking fire from the pavement as he darted through the caravanserai gate.

Of course I concluded the negociation was at an end; but scarcely ten minutes had elapsed, before the old Reish Saffeed, who had first introduced our friend, reappeared, and after lamenting that I had made so inadequate an offer for so invaluable and handsome an animal, he insinuated that if I were inclined to mend my bidding, a bargain might possibly yet be struck. As I really wanted the horse, and had reason to believe that it was a good specimen of the true desert breed, I at last consented to give thirteen tomauns for it; and finding that I was resolute against any further increase, he made a sign to one of the villagers standing near, who, leaving the caravanserai, soon returned with my friend the Toorkoman and his yaboo. Casting upon me a quaint, significant smile,

he dismounted, and with a few words in Turkish, which I did not understand, put the bridle into the hands of my *jeloodar*, while he stretched out the other to receive from me the golden pieces which I held ready to transfer to him; then, wishing me health and prosperity in every shape and form, he made an uncouth salaam, and quitted the place.

"A right convenient and accommodating dealer is this same Solymaun, this Toorkoman ally of yours, my old friend," said I to the Reish Saffeed, who continued standing near me, probably expecting to touch something from me in the way of brokerage; "he has suited me tolerably, I must say, although his goods do not want a price."

"I would humbly represent, Sir," replied the old man, "that the price you have paid for that horse is less than his real value; your slave knows the animal well; it is not the first time that this very yaboo has borne off its master with a captive behind him on the crupper, from a stout party of pursuers. It will do all that he has said, depend upon it."

"And I dare say," replied I, "that honest Solymaun would do all *he* has said, and more too, if opportunity should serve; perhaps he may have it in view to recover this admirable and favourite yaboo, in a very summary manner, without even remembering the ceremony of restoring the tomauns he received for it. Or who knows but he may take a fancy to its new master, and carry

him off along with it upon the crupper, eh?—he seems to deal in such merchandise, and may not be nice."

"I beg to state, for your service, Sir," replied the Reish Saffeed, "that Solymaun Yoorkeh does, as you have observed, really deal in many sorts of traffic, and were time and place convenient, there is little doubt that such an adventure as you have hinted at would by no means come amiss to him, particularly if you were returning by the road you came, with small attendance, and had made no agreement with him for your safety. But your journey of to-morrow lies through a quiet and settled district, where such depredations are not committed, by his countrymen, at least; you are safe from him and from them, at all events."

"Amen," said I. "I rejoice to hear so comfortable an assurance from so good an authority. You appear to be intimately acquainted with this conscientious gentleman; may I inquire how it happened that you, who are a Persian villager, naturally an enemy to the whole Toorkoman race, have struck up so great a friendship with an individual of that nation?"

"You have spoken the truth, Sir," replied the old man; "your observation is generally correct; the enmity to which you allude, does usually exist. Yet it sometimes happens, and particularly in such border districts as this, that mortal foes are forced by the very consequences of the strife, into a limited or temporary understanding, and that their acts of hostility themselves

are the means of rendering intermediate agents needful. The very ransom of captives taken in *chappows*, requires their services: even the traffic which arises between us, in spite of mutual enmity, must be carried on by these means; for strange as it may appear to you, these very Toorkomans who watch to take us captive, are perfectly disposed to deal with us as merchants, fairly and honestly, and they readily pay for all the articles which they require from us with the produce of these *aouls*, or camps in the desert. This Solymaun Yoorkeh is one of these privileged agents among us, as your servant is among the tribes to which he belongs; such is the history of our friendship."

"So, one good turn deserves another, and receives it, no doubt," observed I; "and this same Toorkoman broker, or merchant, I presume, when not engaged in these more peaceful callings, takes his turn as a robber, and chappows a village, or plunders a caravan, to keep his hand in?"

"Truly, Sir," replied the old man, "Solymaun Yoorkeh is not the man to be idle, and no doubt would rather be employed in the way you mention, than let his horse grow fat and himself lazy, for want of work. Many a chappow and plundering match has he had a share in, and even the cattle of this very village, driven off by his own hand, with the rest of his comrades, has he brought in a week afterwards to sell us again, along with other plunder, or to exchange with us for some

prisoner of his aoul. But there are rules known and acknowledged among us, which neither he nor any other *dulall* (broker) dare infringe, on pain not only of forfeiting the advantages he enjoys from the trade, but of losing his life if taken. This is well known to Solymaun, who shapes his conduct accordingly. Beside, he is not a bad fellow at bottom;—he has a conscience; and, although a Toorkoman, it must be allowed he possesses some goodness of heart."

"Indeed!" said I; "that does seem strange; much ill have I heard of these Toorkomans, but never, before this, any good, and methinks I would fain know more of so rare a character. You have fairly interested me in the man, and if you remember any anecdote creditable to him, I shall be much obliged by your relating it."

"I would humbly represent, then, for your service, Sir, that I could tell much good of Solymaun Yoorkeh; but not to be over tedious, I will, if it please you, relate a single trait of his honesty and generosity, which will not occupy much time."

My friend the Reish Saffeed, after this proemium, was about to seat himself on the ground before me, but desirous to encourage a communicativeness which promised some amusement, I insisted upon his occupying an edge of my own carpet, gave him a few whiffs out of my own *calloon*, and having thus established a more comfortable and familiar footing between us, I intimated my desire for the promised story, which the old man commenced as follows:—

"The village of Sultaunabad, situated behind the Great Jugghetaee mountain, which you may see yonder, has, from its position, been at all times much exposed to the attacks of marauding Toorkoman parties; and although it does maintain with these enemies a degree of the same sort of understanding as that which I have described to exist between ourselves and them, the inhabitants have, like ourselves, found, that a good look-out and high walls have at all times been a better protection for their lives and property, than any reliance on the good faith of these slippery dwellers of the desert. Even in spite of all such precautions, there are few families who have not lost some of their members by the sudden attacks of these robbers, whose blows, like the course of the Simoom, are rapid, inevitable, and fatal.

"Notwithstanding these aggressions, which were at all times stoutly resisted, and often turned with effect upon the assailants, there was not wanting a degree of kindly intercourse between individuals of these villages and their desert foes; and among the rest, this Solymaun Yoorkeh had formed a more than ordinary friendship with one Noor Allee, a young man, son of a principal inhabitant of the village. It happened on a certain occasion, while Solymaun, engaged in some trading negociation, was actually residing at Sultaunabad, and in the house of Noor Allee's father, that a chappowing party of the same tribe, but from a different aoul, on their return in ill-humour from some expedition where they

had met with more loss than plunder, by way of indemnifying themselves for their disappointment, drove away some of the cattle belonging to the village, together with two of the people who were watching them. This was a clear infraction of the acknowledged though tacit understanding subsisting between the villagers and neighbouring tribes, which implied a suspension of all hostilities during such negociations; and the aggrieved party, bitterly enraged at the outrage, swore vengeance against Solymaun, though he was innocent of all part in it. In the first burst of their fury, they threatened him with death, and swore at all events he should not be delivered up without heavy ransom. But the young Noor Allee stood forward manfully in his friend's behalf,—vowed that not one of them should lay a finger upon the guest of his father, nor should subject him, innocent as he was, to either hurt or inconvenience, for the fault of others. Not content with this, mistrusting the evil intentions of his fellow-villagers, he contrived to let down his guest from the walls, and supply him with the means of escape, before the next morning, incurring no small risk himself by a step so bold, and so much at variance with the intentions of his kindred and friends.

"But it was a benefit of which Solymaun was neither insensible nor forgetful. He swore by the grave of his father and by his own soul, that some day or other, requite it he would; and before two years had passed, an opportunity of so doing presented itself.

"There is a village named Iulana, about five *fursungs* to the west of Sultaunabad, but divided from it by a branch of the same salt desert, which you, Aga, crossed last night. Between these two villages there subsists a small trade in corn and straw, and other articles of consumption; and, from similarity of position, being both situated in a desert, far from other human abodes, a close connexion, cemented by ties of intermarriage, has constantly been maintained between the inhabitants.

"In the progress of this intercourse, it happened that a mutual attachment took place between Noor Allee and a young maiden named Neilah, the daughter of an old man in Iulana, and as the parties were suitable in age and condition, no objections were made by the parents on either side; so that the young people were duly and regularly betrothed to each other. Their happiness would now have been complete, and the time intervening between the betrothment and the marriage would have passed as delightfully as such periods generally do with young and fond lovers, had it not been for the difficulty attending on their frequent meetings. But it happened at this very time, that the Toorkomans were more than usually active in planning and executing plundering expeditions; and not only the tract of salt desert which separated the villages, but the rocky hills on either side, swarmed with fierce bands of these robbers; so that the chances of being captured and carried off in crossing this tract were greater than those of

escape, and it was only when strong and armed parties were out for grain or other goods from one village to the other, that Noor Allee could safely go to see his bride.

"At length, however, the period appointed for the marriage drew nigh. The preparations were made upon the most liberal scale; but as the distance of the homes of the respective parties made it inconvenient to celebrate the nuptials with due form at Iulana, it was agreed that the bride should be escorted by her father and lover to Sultaunabad, and take up her abode in the house of the *Kelkhodah*, whose wife was a relative of her deceased mother; there, were all the customary ceremonies to be performed, and from thence was the bridegroom to carry home his bride.

"So far, Aga, were all things fully arranged, and it was settled that Noor Allee, with a strong party of his companions and friends, should come to Iulana on the morning appointed, to escort her father and herself across the dangerous tract. But disappointment is the lot of man—what is written must be—for to avoid destiny is impossible. The arrival of Noor Allee with his escort at Iulana was by some accident delayed, and old Hassan, the father of Neilah, impatient to set out, so as to reach his journey's end with daylight, and trusting probably to meet with his son-in-law before he could be molested by any enemy, left the village with his daughter, accompanied only by a young girl her friend, a servant, with a mule which bore some part of the bridal outfit, and two of

the villagers as guards. But scarcely had he lost sight of his own village, by turning the corner of a hill where there is a spring of fresh water, than the party was startled by the yells of the Toorkomans, who rushed out from their hiding-places, and with their long spears protruding from their saddle-bows, galloped up to the travellers. Away flew the two guards—even the servant strove to drive his obstinate mule from the spot where it seemed to root itself as if in malice; but old Hassan, confounded and terror-struck, could only call out, "Amaun! amaun! (quarter!). Little did the rough robbers mind his cries. In a moment they drove him off his ass, secured the bride, and dashed after the loaded mule; speared the servant, who would not stop; hamstrung the poor animal, which was of no use to them, and throwing its burthen across one of their own horses, rode off towards the desert, with their captives and their booty.

"Scarcely had the Toorkomans decamped, when up came Noor Allee and his party to the spot; and his heart failed him when he saw the disabled mule and other tokens of the fray. But what was his horror at recognising the wounded servant, who was just able to tell him what had happened, before he yielded up the ghost. Terrible was the poor young man's despair at these tidings; he raved and beat his breast, and swore he would pursue the villains, and follow his Neilah even to the bazaars of Khyvah—a city near the Oxus,

to which the Toorkomans often carry their captives for sale. His comrades, moved by his distress, and indignant at so atrocious and ill-timed an outrage, called aloud that they were ready to follow and assist him in recovering his mistress.

"Away they went, accordingly, upon their traces; they had not ridden many miles, when, entering a tract of rocky hills mingled with loose sand, these traces were utterly lost, and the day being now on the decline, the ardour of the pursuit began to abate with the diminished prospect of success. At first, they had listened only to the voice of their indignation, and attachment to their comrade, overlooking their imperfect state of equipment, and their want of provision and of necessaries for a lengthened expedition; but as their hopes began to fail, and their enthusiasm to cool, they could not but feel how insufficiently prepared they were to meet with a stout and well-armed band of enemies; and though pity for the poor bereaved lover, and shame at the idea of abandoning so soon an enterprise in which they had volunteered, induced them to persevere for a while, there is little doubt that to this point it would soon have come, had not the disgrace been spared them and their hopes been revived, by the appearance of two horsemen, who came suddenly in view from behind the turning of a rock. Their dress and accoutrements instantly proclaimed the strangers to be Toorkomans, and the whole party, with a shout, dashed forward to prevent their escape.

"But escape did not appear to be their intention. Quietly permitting the party to ride up and surround them, the foremost of the two addressed them with the salutation of peace; nor was it until he heard the voice, that Noor Allee recognised his friend Solymaun Yoorkeh, and arrested the headlong violence of his associates, who were perfectly ready to come at once to extremities.

"The astonishment and concern of Solymaun, when informed of the cause of their being in arms, was too natural to be assumed, and removed at once all doubts as to his own innocence and ignorance of the transaction.

"'May the curse of Omar light upon that Togrul Beg!' exclaimed he, after having heard all that could be told him on the subject; 'he is always busy when he should be at rest, and slow when he should be swift. I see how it is, my friends, and the case is bad enough; the old man has run like a young fool into the snare of a scoundrel. But take courage—the game is not yet done, and we may shew him a trick that he looks not for,—the lost lamb may be recovered, but it must be by wit, not by force. Those who did the business are far enough out of reach by this time, and what could you do with such gear and such beasts against them, if you did overtake them? Not a day's barley in your *joals*, (travelling-bags) neither, I warrant. No, no! it will never do this way; give the chase up and return to your village, and leave the matter to me. If the thing is to

be done by man, your bride shall be restored without either harm or ransom; no ill can happen from the delay, and let the worst come, it is but ransom in the end.'

"Loth was Noor Allee to give up the chase, Aga;—loth to submit to the delay, and still more so to leave his Neilah in the hands of the rough Toorkomans; but he knew that no insult would in all likelihood be offered her; as, whether she were kept for sale, or intended for a wife to any of the chieftains, a due respect would certainly be paid to her sex; and he hoped that before her fate could possibly be determined, the efforts of his friend might operate in her favour, and probably procure her release. Reluctantly, therefore, and in deep distress, in spite of the hope which dawned upon him, he suffered himself to be led back to the village, whither he was accompanied by Solymaun, who had come upon one of his trading visits to the villages in that quarter.

"But the distress of his friend and the danger of the maiden were too urgent to admit of Solymaun remaining inactive in the cause. Now was the time to acquit himself of his obligation to Noor Allee, and he resolved to prove his gratitude by the zeal with which he should embark in his service on the present occasion. Before the next morning's dawn was he on his way back to the plains of Goorgaun, where the aouls of his tribe had their habitations.

"'Keep up your spirits, my friend,' said he, to Noor Allee, as he sprung upon his horse; 'be of good hope;

have your ears and your eyes open, for I may have to send you strange messages, and by uncertain messengers; yet on your comprehension of my meaning may success depend. Let your friends be ready to mount at a moment's notice; they may be wanted before the week is out. More I cannot say, for as yet I know nothing myself. I go to act for your benefit, as circumstances may indicate. On my head be the safety of your mistress. May God protect you!'

"In two days, Aga, did Solymaun Yoorkeh reach the banks of the Goorgaun river, where the aoul of Togrul Beg had pitched their tents. His conjecture that this chieftain had been the author of the chappow, was correct; for he found both the old man and his daughter prisoners in his tent. Solymaun had too much prudence to commence operations before he knew how matters stood, and he soon discovered, not only that Togrul Beg had resolved on making Neilah one of his wives, but that the expedition had been actually concerted by that chief, who had heard of her beauty, for the express purpose of carrying her off, during her journey to Sultaunabad.

"This information sufficiently proved the hopelessness of entering into any negociation for the maiden's release; and he therefore at once determined to have recourse to stratagem. Familiar as he was with every individual of the aoul, and unsuspected of any secret design against its members, Solymaun easily found means to communi-

cate with the captive girl; and she, on her part, acquainted with his person, and eagerly grasping at the slightest offer of assistance, readily informed him of all that had occurred to her since her capture. This detail confirmed his belief of Togrul Beg's intentions. He cautioned her, however, against alarming her master by too decided a rejection of his suit, and bad her seek, by all means, to create delay, even at the expense of giving a false encouragement to his hopes. It was the object of Solymaun to involve the chief in a dilemma, which should oblige him voluntarily to grant that which force would in vain be employed to obtain and to effect,—this was the end of his interview and discourse with the maiden. How he succeeded, Aga, you will learn from the sequel.

"Although Neilah was entirely and absolutely in his power, it still was the wish of Togrul Beg to win her consent to be his wife, rather than to risk the consequences of forcing her into compliance with his will; and therefore he was not a little delighted to find, when next he saw his captive, that the violence of her grief had abated, and that the fear, and even horror with which she at first greeted his approach, had given way to a soft timidity which rendered her only more fascinating. In the transports of his joy he swore by his own head, that if she would only be reasonable, resume her cheerfulness, and consent to be his wife, there was nothing in his power that she should not command. A faint smile was

the only reply; but she raised her eyes as if about to speak, when the tears which had for a while been repressed, gushed out afresh, as gazing around her she saw only the walls of the tent hung with the utensils and accoutrements of the fierce Toorkomans, whom she had so much reason to dread. An eager inquiry into the cause of her distress, immediately burst from the lips of her enamoured master.

"'Alas! my lord,' replied the damsel, 'you seek to see me cheerful and happy; but how can that be the case when I see myself a captive in the hands of strangers, far, far from all I have been accustomed to love, without a single familiar face to which I may turn for sympathy;—without one friend of my youth, with whom I might talk of the days that are gone, who might comfort me for the loss of all that has been taken from me?' and her tears flowed faster at the thoughts she had conjured up in her mind.

"'Light of my eyes!' exclaimed the Beg, 'is not then your father here?—your own father? the old man whom for your sake alone I have caused to be brought here? Of what use else could he be to me?'

"'Alas! yes, my poor father! he will die of grief at being separated from all his family and kindred, before the month be out. As well might ye think to make the wild goat of the mountains browse contentedly at the door of your tent, as to make him live in captivity, away from his friends and his home. If, indeed, my dear

cousin Aishké were here; if I had but her to speak to and amuse me, I could be happy any where!'

"'And who is this Aishké, and where does she dwell?' inquired Togrul Beg, eagerly.

"'Ah, she is in my own dear village,' replied the girl, 'weeping, no doubt, and pining for her Neilah! Oh, if she but knew where I am, how willingly would she fly to me,—we did love one another so!'

"The Toorkoman was silent for a few moments, but sat drawing rapid whiffs from the *calloon* which he was smoking. 'And you would be quite happy if she were with you?' said he, at last. The large black eyes of Neilah were turned upon his ugly face with a gleam of delight, which melted his very soul.

"'Oh yes!' exclaimed she, 'if Aishké were with me I should be quite content,—quite, quite happy!'

"Again did the harsh features of her master flush and work, as if a mighty purpose were brooding in his mind. 'And what is to hinder her being here?' said he at last—'Describe to me her person—give me some token by which I may recognise the maid, and your favourite shall be your companion before the next moon shall have waned—provided' added he, assuming as amiable a look as possible,—'provided you consent to become my wife as soon as that shall have been effected.'

"Another and more killing glance from the large black eyes of his captive, completed the rapture of the Beg.

"'I promise,' uttered she in low and trembling tones, 'that so soon as you bring me my cousin Aishké, I will no longer refuse to become the wife of my lord!—nor need the term of delay be a long one,' added she, 'the first day of the moon is close at hand, and it is the custom of our village to ornament the mosque and houses of the Moollahs and Kelkhodah with boughs and flowers, such as our little gardens, and the country near us, can supply. On the morning of that day, if the country be in a peaceful state, our young girls are wont to venture beyond the walls, to gather them; and there is among the mountains, not half a *fursung* westward, a hollow, where a few *sinjed* trees—(a sort of willow, the blossoms of which are very fragrant)—with other wild foliage, are found overhanging a little spring of fresh water. To that spot did Aishké and myself, with some of the other girls, always repair, to supply ourselves with our contribution to the decorations for our festival; and on the morning of the new moon, which is now but four days distant, she will assuredly be there. You could not fail to know her, for she is taller and fairer than any girl in the village; she wears around her head a black silk handkerchief, embroidered with pink flowers; and on her arm a large silver casket, containing a talisman. —If you, my lord, with a small party, were to repair thither on the preceding night, you might seize upon her, and be far enough distant before the village could be alarmed—and see, behold this ring of turquoise!—

it was the gift of Aishké—take it, shew it her, and say that the friend to whom she gave it, desires her presence;—believe me, she will rather urge you to increase your speed, than object to accompany you.'

"'Bashustun!—on my head be it!' said Togrul Beg, in reply,—'Life of my soul! the thing is done—Aishké shall be yours, and you shall be mine, *inshallah!* before the moon shall be three days old.' The involuntary shudder of Neilah, at these words, was unperceived by the fond Togrul, while her look of grateful kindness penetrated his soul, and confirmed his purpose.

"In the meantime, Noor Allee continued at Sultaunabad, a prey to the most painful anxiety. Of the sincerity of his friend Solymaun, he entertained not the slightest doubt; for, naturally upright and confiding himself, he did not readily suspect the faith of others; but it was possible that the best efforts of that friend might fail, and when the consequences of such a failure flashed across his mind, it filled him with anguish, and almost with despair. On the fifth day, as he sat watching above the gateway for the arrival of intelligence, he descried a single horseman approaching; who, as he advanced, was recognised as one of the privileged Toorkoman traders. He came to give notice of the approach of several camel loads of produce, from the aouls of Goorgaun, together with the plunder of a *cafilah*, which was to be offered in exchange for the articles usually supplied by the villagers. The messenger then

proceeded to intimate to Noor Allee, upon the part of his friend Solymaun Yoorkeh, that the latter had by no means neglected his commission; that the articles he required would be placed within his reach, by the first day of the moon at furthest, and he requested that the means of securing them might not be neglected, as the cost, he said, might be weighty. Further particulars, he promised, should be communicated to him in due season.

"The soul of Noor Allee was at once relieved; and, influenced by this intelligence, which he instantly concluded to apply to the great subject of his anxiety,—and in full hope of more particular information, he set himself secretly but earnestly to prepare for the struggle which might be at hand.

"Two days before the new moon appeared in the heavens, Togrul Beg, attended by twelve of his best-mounted and trustiest men, quitted the banks of the Goorgaun, and halting only for a few short hours to refresh his horses, proceeded straight to the hills in the vicinity of Iulana, where he ensconced himself among the rocks and clefts which surrounded the spot described to him by his captive, Neilah. The horses were fed, watered, and carefully tended; and each man, refreshed with food, lay down, to prepare for a long and rapid march on the morrow, when, as they doubted not, the object of their enterprise should have been achieved—sentinels were duly placed, and thus prepared did the Toorkoman Chief anxiously await the dawn of day.

"At length the grey light began to glimmer in the east—the word was passed, and the men aroused themselves, for the approaching moment of action. It was scarcely time to expect the opening of the village gates, for objects at any distance were not yet distinguishable, when a dull uncertain sound attracted their attention. 'Hah!—there they are already, early as it is,' said one of the men, in a subdued voice. 'Dispatch!—be active, men,' exclaimed Togrul Beg impatiently, as some of the party were still lazily stretching themselves; 'yet stay—the devil!—there seems to be plenty of these same maidens, to judge by the clatter they make. Hush!—hush! conceal yourselves!' And the men all ran to their posts, while the noise increased to a degree that bewildered the Toorkomans, who, afraid of scaring away their prey, did not dare to quit their covert.

"A few moments passed in this suspense, when at length, advancing in the hollow, in the still uncertain light, appeared a troop of females, who, with much noise and laughter, and all the free gestures of youthful glee and peaceful security, approached the spring. For some seconds longer did the Toorkomans permit them to advance, until completely within the jaws of the ambuscade. At length, a shrill whistle was heard; the voice of Togrul Beg called aloud upon his men to advance and seize the prey, while he himself, with two of his attendants, darted forward to seek out and secure the chief object of his enterprise. The women, bewildered

as it seemed by the sudden attack, offered no resistance beyond a few shrieks; they were instantly surrounded; and the Toorkomans dismounting immediately, proceeded to secure their prisoners. But at this moment, the hills and the hollows around them shook with the thunder of many horses' hoofs, and from bank to brae, from above and below, appeared a numerous and well-appointed troop of armed horsemen, who galloped up and attacked the unguarded Toorkomans, assisted by the seeming females, who, throwing aside their veils, and drawing their swords, appeared, as they really were, stout young men, perfectly able and willing to turn the tables upon their assailants.

"Resistance was vain; Togrul Beg and five or six of his people were disarmed and made prisoners, for the object of the assailants was rather to take than to slay. One or two were desperately wounded in their foolish attempt at opposition; the rest managed to make good their retreat.

"It is scarce necessary to say, that these men were the youth of both villages, united under the guidance of Noor Allee, who, duly instructed of the snare into which Togrul Beg had been inveighled, had mustered them, according to agreement, in order to take him in his own toils. The Toorkomans were led in triumph to the village, where a negociation was speedily entered upon, by which not only were Neilah and her father restored to liberty, along with all their property, but a ransom

sufficient to compensate the villagers for many years, was exacted for the prisoners.

"Still less need I tell you, Aga, that Neilah and her lover were duly united, and that though prudence forbade them to publish the share which Solymaun Yoorkeh had taken in the affair, they never ceased to feel and to shew, as occasion offered, their gratitude to the kind-hearted Toorkoman. It was not until some years afterwards, when the destruction of Togrul Beg, in one of the frequent disputes which arise among the tribes rendered it safe to speak upon the subject, that the truth became generally known. And I think, Aga, you will now confess, from the sample I have given you, that however uncommon it may be among these tribes of the devil, this same *soonnie* heretic, Solymaun Yoorkeh, does possess a heart which would be no discredit to a good Sheah, and a peaceful Iraunee Regot to boot."

"In truth, my friend, you are right," said I; "and it were well if among the many castes of faiths that boast of their own superiority, there were oftener found the gratitude and good feeling evinced by this warm-hearted Toorkoman."

ROBERT BURNS
AND HIS HIGHLAND MARY.

After a pretty long trial of the most ardent reciprocal affection, we met by appointment, on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the banks of Ayr, where we spent a day in taking a farewell before she should embark for the West Highlands.

Burns' Letters.

A Highland girl, a peasant he,
To whom the present made
Within itself eternity,
And the whole world *that* shade

Beneath the trees which gently stirred
With music on each bough,
The waving leaf, the singing-bird,
And whispers fairy low,—

A long, a bright long summer's day
Passed, like the stream beside,
Which ran in shine and song away,
Though scarcely seen to glide.

They parted — she to early rest,
And he to earn a name
A nation ranks amid her best,
And gives, what they gave, fame:

Let no one deem, that vain regret
Is in the peevish lays
Which say, too high a price is set
Upon such hard-won praise.

Look on the wrong and littleness,
The sorrow and the strife,
The hope, that every day makes less,
Of literary life;

Look on the consciousness of power,
The presence of despair,
The vision of the loftier hour,
Broken by real care;

Even as the Jewish monarch fared,
Who walked in joy or pain
Alternate, as sweet music shared
The evil spirit's reign.

But what have we to do with this?
Ours is that earlier time,
Ere the heart fevered for vain bliss,
Or the lip spoke in rhyme.

The power within him only gave
  New beauty to the scene;
Linked love-thoughts with the gentle wave,
  And with the forest green;

And gave the sweet and simple face
  On which he gazed, a charm;—
A grace beyond all other grace,
  Beyond all time to harm.

The influence of that hour appears,
  When it could only seem
'Mid other loves, and hopes, and fears,
  To memory, like a dream.

Still it rose beautiful and young;
  A thought alone—apart—
A first creed, to which faith still clung,—
  An Eden of the heart!

Ah! early love! ah! only love!
  Yes, only!—what can be
Our flower below, our star above,
  In after life, like thee?

Affection lingers to the last,
  And we may love once more;
Morn's freshness is with morning past—
  We love not as of yore.

We have grown selfish, and we know
The strength of chance and change;
For many a voice is altered now,
And many an eye grown strange.

Where is the early confidence,
Whose kindly trust depends,
Drawn from itself its inference,
On future hours and friends?

Gone, gone! so soon!—yet not in vain
Has been their sojourn here;
A fountain in the desert plain
Of memory, pure and dear.

A well of sympathy for those,
The loving and the young,
Letting not that harsh circle close
By interest round us flung.

If thus with them—the stern, the cold,
What must its charm have been
To one cast in the poet's mould,—
He of this fairy scene?

A spirit from that hour was shed,
His spell of song to be;
And if in other hearts he read,
His own heart was the key!

L. E. L.

"LAUGH AND GET FAT!"

Lack we motives to laugh? Are not all things, any thing, every thing, to be laughed at? And if nothing were to be seen, felt, heard, or understood, we would laugh at it too!

Merry Beggars.

I.

THERE 's nothing here on earth deserves
  Half of the thought we waste about it,
And thinking but destroys the nerves,
  When we could do so well without it:
If folks would let the world go round,
  And pay their tithes, and eat their dinners,
Such doleful looks would not be found,
  To frighten us poor laughing sinners.
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

II.

One plagues himself about the sun,
  And puzzles on, through every weather,
What time he 'll rise,—how long he 'll run,—
  And when he 'll leave us altogether:

Now matters it a pebble-stone,
Whether he shines at six or seven?
If they do n't leave the sun alone,
At last they 'll plague him out of Heaven!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

III.

Another spins from out his brains
Fine cobwebs, to amuse his neighbours,
And gets, for all his toils and pains,
Reviewed, and laughed at for his labours:
Fame is *his* star! and fame is sweet;
And praise is pleasanter than honey,—
I write at just so much a sheet,
And Messrs. Longman pay the money!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

IV.

My brother gave his heart away
To Mercandotti, when he met her,
She married Mr. Ball one day—
He 's gone to Sweden to forget her!
I had a charmer, too—and sighed,
And raved all day and night about her;
She caught a cold, Poor thing! and died,
And I—am just as fat without her!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

V.

For tears are vastly pretty things,
But make one very thin and taper;
And sighs are music's sweetest strings,
But sound most beautiful—on paper!
"Thought" is the Sage's brightest star,
Her gems alone are worth his finding;
But as I'm not particular,
Please God! *I*'ll keep on "never-minding."
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

VI.

Oh! in this troubled world of ours,
A laughter-mine 's a glorious treasure;
And separating thorns from flowers,
Is half a pain and half a pleasure:
And why be grave instead of gay?
Why feel a-thirst while folks are quaffing?—
Oh! trust me, whatsoe'er they say,
There 's nothing half so good as laughing!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

ϕ.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE SIGHT OF A BEAUTIFUL STATUE OF A DEAD CHILD.

I.

I saw thee in thy beauty! bright phantom of the past;
I saw thee for a moment—'t was the first time and the last;
And though years since then have glided by of mingled bliss and care,
I never have forgotten thee, thou fairest of the fair!

II.

I saw thee in thy beauty! thou wert graceful as the fawn,
When, in very wantonness of glee, it sports upon the lawn;
I saw thee seek the mirror, and when it met thy sight,
The very air was musical with thy burst of wild delight!

III.

I saw thee in thy beauty! with thy sister by thy side—
She a lily of the valley, thou a rose in all its pride!
I looked upon thy mother, there was triumph in her eyes,
And I trembled for her happiness, for grief had made me wise!

IV.

I saw thee in thy beauty! with one hand among her curls,—
The other, with no gentle grasp, had seized a string of pearls;
She felt the pretty trespass, and she chid thee though she smiled,
And I knew not which was lovelier, the mother or the child.

V.

I saw thee in thy beauty! and a tear came to mine eye,
As I pressed thy rosy cheek to mine, and thought even thou could'st die!
Thy home was like a summer bower, by thy joyous presence made,
But I only *saw* the sunshine, and I *felt* alone the shade!

VI.

I SEE THEE in thy beauty! for there thou seem'st to lie
In slumber resting peacefully; but, oh! the change of eye,—
That still, serenity of brow,—those lips that breathe no more,
Proclaim thee but a mockery fair of what thou wert of yore.

VII.

I see thee in thy beauty! with thy waving hair at rest,
And thy busy little fingers folded lightly on thy breast:
But thy merry dance is over, and thy little race is run,
And the mirror that reflected two, can now give back
but one.

VIII.

I see thee in thy beauty! with thy mother by thy side,
But her loveliness is faded, and quelled her glance of
pride;
The smile is absent from her lip, and absent are the
pearls,
And a cap, almost of widowhood, conceals her envied
curls.

IX.

I see thee in thy beauty! as I saw thee on *that* day,
But the mirth that gladdened then thy home, fled with
thy life away.
I see thee lying motionless upon the' accustomed floor,
But my heart hath blinded both mine eyes—and I can
see no more!

Z. M. W.

THE UNION FLAG OF ENGLAND.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS.

Above the walled and castled height,
  Above the guarded line,
O'er seas, where sports the tempest's might,
  And waves in wrath combine,—
Queen of the stern and martial North!
How fairly streams that Banner forth—
  Thy pure and stainless sign;
Against the battle and the blast
In unappalled defiance cast!

Linked with that sanguine Cross of Red,
  That bright and snowy Field,
And the deep hue which erst was shed
  On Albyn's dinted shield,
How many an unforgotten name,
How many a deed of light and fame
  There lives, and shines revealed,
Amidst the beams of cloudless skies,
Which dally with those floating dyes!—

The proud array—the ocean fight—
The camp—the 'leaguered hold;
The shout—the charge—the sulphurous night
O'er closing myriads rolled—
And Rout, and Tumult, and Despair,—
Such are the themes engraven there,
And such the import told
To all in whose revering eyes
That storm-contemning symbol flies.

O, fair in friendship as in wrath!
Where'er that sign is shewn,
Or o'er a stern or peaceful path,
Be Glory still thine own!
And high Renown, with tuneful breath,
And Valour, faithful to the death,
To all thy might make known;
The tried, the emulous, the free,
Who dare the flood or strife for thee!

And Victory's undiminished light
Be on thee, as of old,
Thou terror of the oppressor's might,
And triumph of the bold!
Till War's unhallowed reign is past,
And wasting Hate hath raged its last
Beneath that blazoned fold,
And Earth's frail seed have learned, at length,
A holier power and nobler strength.

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

That once fruitful source of pleasing, although delusive hopes, the Lottery, is now no more. A despotic act of parliament has given the death-blow to thousands of happy pictures of the imagination, that were hitherto wont to amuse, for a time at least, those earnest suitors of Fortune, who, if they did not actually enjoy her smiles, flattered themselves that they were on the high road to her favours. A stern moralist, indeed, may expatiate on the baneful influence of Lotteries, not only as a species of gambling, but as tending to cherish expectations, which, in a fearful majority of cases, must terminate in disappointment. Yet the very same persons scruple not to hold out as incentives to good conduct examples of success, that must create hopes equally deceptive. The apprentice is taught to cherish the idea, that however humble his fortune, he may one day become Lord Mayor; the midshipman is excited to emulation by the example of Nelson, and told that he ought not to

despair of rising to the highest honours in his profession; and whatever be the career in which the youthful adventurer starts for fortune or for fame, it is considered not merely pardonable, but meritorious in him, to propose to himself the attainment of the greatest prize it has to bestow. There is a Russian proverb which says, 'He is a bad soldier that does not expect to become a general;' yet were a whole army to consist of individuals combining the talents of an Alexander, a Cæsar, and a Napoleon, it would be as impossible that all should be commanders, as that in a Lottery every speculator should gain the grand prize.

But, the "Lucky Corner" is gone; or, rather, though the identical house stands there yet, it no longer conjures up in the passers-by, dreams of sudden affluence, and of hoards of gold. There, at the forked triple way, Fortune seemed with open arms to invite all who approached the spot, pointing with one hand to the Bank, and with the other to the wealthy Lombard-land. The Lottery, too, whatever be alleged against it in other respects, must be admitted to have frequently furnished an expedient to the novelist and dramatist, and enabled them to extricate a hero from poverty and raise him at once to affluence, without killing a distant relative, or bringing an old uncle from India. A Lottery ticket has, also, without doubt, given rise to many a strange incident, and it is hoped that the one I am now about to relate will not be found wholly unamusing.

Mr. Richard Fogrum, or, as his old acquaintance would more familiarly than respectfully designate him, Dick Fogrum, or, as he was sometimes styled on the superscription of a letter from a tradesman or poor relation, Richard Fogrum, Esq., had for some years retired from business, although he had not yet passed what is called the middle age; and, turning his back on his shop, where he had made, if not a considerable fortune, at least handsome competency, rented a small house at Hackney, or, as he was pleased to term it, in the country. His establishment united a due attention to comfort, with economy and prudence. Beside a kitchen maid and an occasional charwoman or errand boy, Mr. Fogrum possessed, in the person of the trusty Sally Sadlins, an excellent superintendent of his little *menage*. Sally was not exactly *gouvernante*, or housekeeper, at least she assumed none of the dignity attached to such a post; she seemed indeed hardly to have a will or opinion of her own, but had so insensibly accommodated herself to her employer's ways and humours, that by degrees the apparent distance between master and servant diminished, and as Sally, though far from talkative herself, was a good listener, Mr. Fogrum began to find a pleasure in relating to her all the little news and anecdotes he usually picked up in his daily walk.

Let it not, however, be supposed that there was anything equivocal in the kind of unconscious courtesy which existed between these two personages; a single

glance at Sally would have convinced the most ingenious fabricator of scandal, and dealer in inuendoes, that here there was no foundation on which to build even the slightest surmise of the kind, for both Sally's person and face were to her a shield that would have rebutted any notion of the sort. Alas! that Nature, so extolled by every poet for her impartiality, should be at times so capricious in her favours, and bestow her gifts so grudgingly, even on those whose very sex entitles them to be considered fair! "Kind goddess," as Will of Avon styles thee, surely thou didst in this instance, behave most unfairly, bestowing on Sally Sadlins an elevation of figure that, had she been of the other sex, might have raised her to the rank of a corporal of grenadiers. Yet, if thou gavest her an aspiring stature, thou gavest her no aspiring thoughts; and if thou didst deny to her softness of person, fortunately for her peace, thou didst not gift her with the least susceptibility of heart. If Sally was not *loveable,* there was no woman on earth who could possibly have regretted it less. Indeed, I may safely aver, the idea of love never for an instant entered her head, much less had a single twinge of it ever touched her heart. She had heard people talk of love; and she supposed—if indeed she ever bestowed a thought on the subject—that there must be something in the world so called, otherwise people would not have invented a name for it: but she could no more pretend to say what it was, than to describe the ingredients of

the air she breathed:—In short, Sally was the most guileless, simple, and disinterested of mortals that ever entered beneath the roof of a single gentleman, to be the first servant where there was no mistress.

Well, therefore, might Mrs. Thoms, who was aware that elderly gentlemen in her "dear" uncle's situation, are not always gifted with that discretion that beseems their years, but sometimes commit themselves to wedlock, in an unwary moment, to the no small prejudice of their affectionate relatives;—well, I say, might the prudent Mrs. Thoms congratulate herself on having found such a treasure, so invaluable a jewel, as Sally Sadlins.—She was certain that from this quarter, at least, there was nothing to be apprehended—nothing to intercept her "dear" uncle's three per cents. from what she considered the legitimate object of their destination. Some alarm, indeed, had been excited in her mind, by hearing that Mr. Fogrum had been seen rather frequently of late knocking at the door of Mrs. Simpson; but then again she thought that he could not possibly be led thither by any other motive than that of chatting away an hour with the widow of an old friend; beside, this lady was not likely either to lead, or to be led, into matrimony. In her younger days Mrs. Simpson might have been pretty, but none of her acquaintance could recollect *when*. She still patched; yet the patch was applied not where coquetry would have placed it, but where necessity dictated, namely, over the left eye. Mrs. Thoms therefore

consoled herself with the reflection, that it was better her uncle should knock at Mrs. Simpson's door than at that of a more attractive fair one.—No! her uncle, she was perfectly satisfied, would never marry.

"What have you got there, Sally?" said Mr. Fogrum to his housekeeper, one day, as she drew something from her pocket, while standing before the side-board opposite to him. "An 't please you, Sir," replied Sally, in a meek, but no very gentle voice, "it's a bit o' summat I was going to shew you. You know, Sir, my uncle Tim took leave of me yesterday, before he goes to sea again, and so he gave me this paper, which he says may chance to turn up trumps, and make me comfortable for life."

"Well, let me see what it is, Sally—is it the old fellow's will?—Hum!—why, Sally, this is a Lottery ticket!—a whole Lottery ticket; yet I will venture to say not worth more than the rag of paper 'tis printed on. I have myself tried the Lottery, times and often, ere now, and never got anything but—disappointment.—'A blank, Sir, a blank'—that was the only answer I ever obtained from them. What could possibly induce your uncle to lay out his cash in so foolish a manner? 'T is never worth either keeping or thinking about. No. 123, confound it! I know it well, I once purchased a share of it myself—the very first I ever bought, when I was quite a lad; and well do I recollect that I chose it out of a whole heap, and thought myself very fortunate in obtaining one with such a sequence of figures—one, two, three."

Most composedly did Sally take the ticket again, not at all disconcerted at this denunciation of ill luck, but on the contrary, with a calmness worthy of a stoic. 'T is true, she did not, like Patience on a monument, absolutely smile at grief; but then, Sally never smiled, nor would a smile perhaps, if the rigidity of her face would have permitted such a relaxation of its muscles, have tended greatly to heighten the attractions of her countenance.

Her master in the meanwhile continued eating and wondering, and wondering and eating, until he could neither eat nor wonder more; but dismissing Sally with the dinner things, turned himself quietly to the fire, and took his pipe.

Mrs. Thoms was sitting one morning cogitating on some mischief that she again began to apprehend from the Widow Simpson, in consequence of certain intelligence she had the day before received, respecting that lady's designs upon the person of her uncle, when she was suddenly startled from her reverie by a loud rapping at the door, and instantly afterwards who should enter the parlour, but the very subject of her meditations —Mrs. Simpson herself.

The appearance of so unusual a visitor would alone have sufficed to surprise her; but there was something in

the good lady's manner and countenance, that denoted she came upon a very important errand.

"Why, Mrs. Thoms," exclaimed she, almost breathless, as soon as she entered, "have you heard?—your uncle"—

"Good heavens!" cried Mrs. Thoms, "what do you mean?—what has happened?—my poor dear uncle—ill—dying!"

"Compose yourself, Mrs. Thoms—not dying—but I thought you might have heard"——

"Heard what?—some accident, I suppose?—poor dear man!"

"No; no accident," returned the widow, who by this time had somewhat recovered her breath; "but something very strange—most unaccountable. What you may think of it I know not, but for my part I think that Mr. Fogrum has acted—I shall not say how."

"And pray, Ma'am," said Mrs. Thoms, who now began to think that it was some quarrel between them, of which the widow came to inform her, "what has Mr. Fogrum done, that you should come in this strange manner, and make so great a fuss about it? It is some nonsense, after all, I dare say."

"Nonsense, forsooth!—well, I declare!—however, it certainly is no business of mine, Ma'am," returned Mrs. Simpson, quite nettled at her reception; "and as I suppose you know what has taken place, and approve of it, I have nothing further to say."

Mrs. Thoms now became unaffectedly alarmed, and apprehending she knew not what, requested to be informed what had happened, without further delay.

"Why, Ma'am, then, Mr. Fogrum is——married, that's all."

To describe the effect these words had upon Mrs. Thoms, would be impossible, and to paint the expression of her countenance, equally unavailing.

"Married!" screamed she out, at length, as soon as she could draw her breath, "Married!—impossible—to whom?"

"To whom?—to Sally Sadlins, Ma'am."

"To Sally Sadlins!—impossible—you must be joking."

"Not I, I assure you. I'm not a person, Mrs. Thoms, to make such jokes. I myself saw them, less than an hour ago, pass by my window in a post-chaise together, and then learnt the whole story from those who saw them step into it, at the church door."

"Oh! Mrs. Simpson, how have I been deceived in that insinuating hussy, Sally Sadlins! She who seemed so staid, so discreet—so very unlikely a person.—What an old fool *he* must be, to marry so vulgar a frump!"

"Nay, do not agitate yourself, my dear Ma'am," said Mrs. Simpson, who, now having disburthened herself of her secret, and her own mortification being perhaps caried off by that of Mrs. Thoms's, which acted as a conductor to it, had quite regained her composure—"for my part, I hope he may not repent of his match."

"Oh! Thoms," exclaimed the other lady, as her husband entered the room, "Here is news for us!—my silly old uncle has actually, this very morning, married his maid-servant!"

"That is most confoundedly unlucky," cried Thoms, "though I much doubted whether all your management and manœuvring, for which you gave yourself so much credit, would be to any purpose."

"But who could dream of such a thing!—I have no patience with him for having married as he has done."

"Well, my dear," there's no helping it; and perhaps after all, since he is married, it is quite as well for us that he has chosen as he has."

While Mrs. Thoms was ejaculating and bewailing—now abusing poor Sally as an artful seducing woman, who, under the mask of the greatest simplicity, had contrived to work upon her uncle's weakness—and anon venting her reproaches against the latter, for suffering himself to be thus duped,—a post-chaise was seen rolling along on the road to ——, with the identical pair seated in it, who were the subject of this invective and clamour. The intelligence of which Mrs. Simpson had been the unwelcome messenger, was, in fact, correct in every particular; for Richard Fogrum, single man, and Sally Sadlins, spinster, had that very morning been lawfully

united in wedlock, although, but a few days before, had any one prognosticated such an event, they would no more have believed it possible than Mrs. Thoms herself.

"Now, my dear Sally," said the somewhat stale Benedick, laying his hand, rather gently than amorously, on that of the bride, for which, by the bye, it was really no match in size—"I doubt not but my niece will be in a towering passion when she hears of this: however, no matter; let her, and the rest of the world say what they please. I do not see why a man may not just as well follow his own fancies as those of other persons'. Besides, Sally, though folks may think that I might have made a more advantageous match, in point of fortune at least, they may perhaps be in error. I have a piece of intelligence to communicate, of which, perhaps, you little dream. You recollect that Lottery ticket?—well! passing the 'Lucky Corner,' by the Mansion-House, two days ago, I beheld, pasted up at the window, 'No. 123, 20,000*l*.!!' Ha! ha! Sally; well did I recollect those figures again—one, two, three! they follow each other as naturally as A, B, C. So home I came, but determined to say nothing of the matter till now."

The reader has already been informed that Sally was the most phlegmatic of her sex; still it may be supposed that such an interesting disclosure would have elicited some ejaculation of exultation, even from the lips of a stoic. Yet Sally, with wonderful composure, merely replied, "La! now that is curious."

"Curious! yes, but I assure you it is quite true: I am not joking."

"Well; what an odd turn things do sometimes take!"

"Odd, indeed! for who would have thought that my identical unlucky number, 123, should bring you—I may say us, Sally,—twenty thousand pounds!"

"But, Sir, Mr. Fogrum, you are mistaken, I mean to say"——

"No mistake at all, my dear—quite certain of it—took down the number in my pocket book—see here—123, 20,000*l.*! Is not that the number of your ticket?"

"Yes, but"——

"But, what?"

"Why, you won't hear me, Mr. Fogrum," said Sally, mildly. "I was only going to say, that two months ago —I sold the ticket."

"How!—what!—sold!" groaned out poor Fogrum, and sunk gasping against the side of the chaise.

"Now pray do n't distress yourself, Mr. Fogrum," said Sally, without the least visible emotion, or any change in her tone; "did you not, yourself, tell me it was not worth keeping; so I thought—'well, Master must know better about these matters than I, therefore I may as well make something of it while I can;' so I changed it away for this nice white shawl, which the man said was quite a bargain—only do feel how fine it is."

"Sally!—woman!—a bargain!—twenty thousand pounds!"

Here let me drop the curtain, for none but a master-hand could do justice to the bridegroom's feelings, and I will not impair the effect by attempting to heighten it. I have only to add, that Mr. Fogrum eventually regained his usual composure, and was once known even to relate the story himself over a glass of his best whiskey, as a droll anecdote in his life.

Matrimony made no visible alteration in his *menage*, nor in his bride, for the only difference it caused with respect to the latter, was, that she sat at table instead of standing by the side-board,—that she was now called Mrs. Fogrum, instead of Sally Sadlins.

L.

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES.

τι τοῦτο; ἦ ἄρτι δακρύετε; οὐ γὰρ πάλαι ἴστε ὅτι ἐξ ὅτου περ ἐγενόμην, κατε ψηφισμένος ἦν μον ὑπὸ τῆς φύσεως ὁ θάνατος;

Xenophontis Defensio Socratica.

"Weep ye to think a mortal friend must die,
And thus fulfil his human destiny?
And know ye not that all the things of earth,—
Imperfect, fragile, fleeting,—at their birth
Receive the stamp of premature decay,
Bloom but to wither,—live, to die away?
That all the joys within life's widest scope
Are but the breathings of an infant's hope?
Ere childhood ends, the restless hope is fled;
Ere youth is past, life's sickly joys are dead.
The throbbing pulses of the hero's breast
Bound for a moment,—pause, and are at rest;
The lover's passion, and the conqueror's pride,
Alike are human, and alike subside;

The statesman's policy;—the patriot's zeal,—
His deep devotion to his country's weal;—
The poet's realm of brightly-fancied forms,
Where, high above the reach of earthly storms,
He reigns entranced, untroubled, and alone,
Forgetful of all worlds except his own;—
The Sage's reasoning upon Nature's laws,
His vague conjectures upon Nature's cause;—
All these must pass, and scarcely leave behind
A trace, or token of the' extinguished mind.
Wit, wisdom, genius, honour, glory, power,—
Each, each is but a frail and fruitless flower
That soon must spend its faint, unfelt perfume
In transient fragrance o'er its owner's tomb!

"Know yē not this, my friends? Then murmur not
That I, a mortal, prove a mortal's lot;
That I, a thing of earthly hopes and fears,
Of human joys and sorrows, smiles and tears,
Inherit, jointly with the wise and brave—
Earth's choicest sons—existence and a grave!

"Or weep ye that I fall in reason's prime,
With powers unwithered by the touch of Time;—
With mind still vigorous in the search of truth,—
With feelings fresh as in the spring of youth?
Weep not for this, ye faithful ones! but think
How ye had doubly wept to see me sink

"Beneath the weight of years,—by dull degrees
Resigning life's ennobling energies:
The kindly feelings that were wont to shed
Their warmth upon my heart, worn out and dead;
The intellectual brightness that had shone
In glory round my spirit, quenched and gone.
Think, my beloved! how ye then had mourned
To see a gloomy void, where once had burned
The genius of your Socrates;—each spark
Of mind extinct—its dwelling cold and dark;—
And bless the merciful decree that gives
To death my body, while my soul still lives:
Yes! bless that harsh, that undeserved decree,—
Its author's bane, but merciful to me.

"My actual life must finish now, but long
Shall live my story in the poet's song;
Throughout the world shall each succeeding age
Inscribe my wrongs upon the' Historian's page:
And many a passing century shall find
In Greece's memory my name enshrined;
While Athens—drooping Athens—still shall mourn
With love maternal o'er my mouldering urn."

Calm, imperturbed, the' undaunted Heathen died,
Strong in his virtue's self-depending pride;
Armed with the hope of an enduring name,
And soothed by dreams of philosophic fame;

Perchance, too, feebly fluttering, hovered o'er
His dying couch, a hope scarce known before,
A half-formed vision of some future state—
Secure from envy, malice, falsehood, hate.
Perchance some twilight gleams of comfort stole
Upon the darkness of his parting soul—
Faint emanations of Eternal love,
To guide the wanderer to its home above.

Oh! had the certainty of saving grace,—
Of full redemption for a guilty race,—
Of everlasting bliss,—to *him* been given,
How had that Heathen's spirit longed for Heaven!
How had it rested on the hope divine
Of endless life!—Christian! that hope is thine!

L——x-C.

THE LOVERS OF VIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RICHELIEU."

The sun was shining as fair as the sun could shine in a beautiful May morning; bright, yet gentle; warm, but fresh; midway between the watering-pot of April and the warming-pan of June, when, in the beautiful valley of Vire—everybody knows Vire—but, lest there should be anybody in the wide world who does not, dearly beloved reader, I will tell you all about it.

Get into the stage-coach, which journeyeth diurnally between London and Southampton; enjoy the smoothness of the road, bless Mr. M'Adam, put up at the Dolphin, and yield yourself to the full delights of an English four-post bed, for no such sweets shall you know from the moment you set your foot on board the steam-boat for Havre, till the same steam-boat, or another, it matters not which, lands you once more on the English strand.

Supposing you then arrived at Havre — get out of it again as fast as you can; rush across the river to Honfleurs; from Honfleurs dart back to Caen; and after you have paused five minutes to think about William the Conqueror, put yourself into the diligence for St. Malo, and when you have travelled just twelve leagues and a half, you will come to a long steep hill, crowned by a pretty airy-looking town, whose buildings, in some parts gathered on the very pinnacle, in others running far down the slope, seem as if coquetting with the rich valleys that woo them from below.

Go to bed; and if you bathe your feet beforehand, which if you are of my faction you will do, walk over the tiled floor of the inn bedroom, that you may have a fit opportunity of cursing tiled floors, and of relieving yourself of all the spleen in your nature before the next morning. Then, if both your lover and the day be favourably disposed, sally forth to the eastern corner of the town, and you will have a fair view over one of the loveliest valleys that nature's profuse hand ever gifted with beauty. The soft clear stream of the Vire winding sweetly along between the green sloping hills and the rich woods, and the fields and chateaux, and hamlets, and the sunshine catching upon all its meanderings, and the birds singing it their song of love, as its calm waters roll bountifully by them. Look upon it, and you will not find it difficult to imagine how the soul, even of an obscure artisan in a remote age, warmed into poetry and music

in the bosom of that valley, and by the side of that stream.

It was, then, in that beautiful Vale of Vire, some twenty years agone, that François Lormier went out to take his last May walk with Mareitte Duval, ere the relentless conscription called him from his happy home, his sweet valleys and his early love. It was a sad walk, as may well be imagined; for though the morning was bright, and nature, to her shame be it spoken, had put on her gayest smiles as if to mock their sorrow, yet the sunshine of the scene could not find its way to their hearts, and all seemed darkened and clouded around them. They talked a great deal, and they talked a long time; but far be it from me to betray their private conversation. I would not, for all the world — especially as I know not one word about it — except, indeed, that François Lormier vowed the image of Mariette should remain with him for ever; should inspire him in the battle, and cheer him in the bivouac; and that Mariette protested she would never marry anybody except François Lormier, even if rich old Monsieur Latoussefort, the great Foulan, were to lay himself and fortune at her feet; and in short, that when his "seven long years were out," François would find her still a spinster, and very much at his service. "Mais si je perdois une jambe?" said François Lormier. — "Qu'est ce que c'a fait? " replied Mariette.

They parted, — and first to follow the lady. Mariette

wept a great deal, but soon after got calm again, went about her ordinary work, sang her song, danced at the village fête, talked with the talkers, laughed with the laughers, and won the hearts of all the youths in the place, by her unadorned beauty and her native grace. But still she did not forget François Lormier; and when any one came to ask her in marriage, the good dame her mother referred them directly to Mariette, who had always her answer ready, and with a kind word and a gentle look sent them away refused, but not offended. At length good old Monsieur Latoussefort presented himself with all his money bags, declaring that his only wish was to enrich his gentille Mariette; but Mariette was steady, and so touchingly did she talk to him about poor François Lormier, that the old man went away with the tears in his eye. Six months afterwards he died, when to the wonder of the whole place, he left his large fortune to Mariette Duval!

In the meanwhile François joined the army, and from a light handsome conscript, he soon became a brave, steady soldier. Attached to the great Northern army, he underwent all the hardships of the campaigns in Poland and Russia, but still he never lost his cheerfulness, for the thought of Mariette kept his heart warm, and even a Russian winter could not freeze him. All through that miserable retreat, he made the best of everything. As long as he had a good tender piece of saddle, he did not want a dinner; and when he met with a

comfortable dead horse to creep into, he found board and lodging combined. His courage and his powers of endurance called upon him, from the first, the eyes of one whose best quality was the impartiality of his recompense. François was rewarded as well as he could be rewarded; but at length, in one of those unfortunate battles by which Napoleon strove in vain to retrieve his fortune, the young soldier in the midst of his gallant daring was desperately wounded in the arm.

Pass we over the rest.—Mutilated; sick, weary and ragged, François approached his native valley, and doubtful of his reception—for misery makes sad misanthropes—he sought the cottage of Madame Duval. The cottage was gone; and on inquiring for Madame Duval, he was directed to a fine farm-house by the banks of the stream. He thought there must be some mistake, but yet he dragged his heavy limbs thither, and knocked timidly against the door.

"Entrez!" cried the good-humoured voice of the old Dame. François entered, and unbidden tottered to a chair. Madame Duval gazed on him for a moment, and then rushing to the stairs called loudly, Come down, Mariette, come down, here is François returned! Like lightning, Mariette darted down the stairs, saw the soldier's old great coat, and flew towards it—stopped—gazed on his haggard face, and empty sleeve; and gasping, fixed her eyes upon his countenance. 'T was for a moment she gazed on him thus, in silence; but there

was no forgetfulness, nor coldness, nor pride about her heart—there was sorrow, and joy, and love, and memory in her very glance. "Oh François, François!" cried she, at length, casting her arms round his neck, "how thou hast suffered!" As she did so, the old great coat fell back, and on his breast appeared the golden cross of the legion of honour. "*N'importe!*" cried she, as she saw it, "*Viola ta recompense.*" He pressed her fondly to his bosom. "My recompense is here," said he, "my recompense is here!"

SONNET.

Why have ye lingered on your way so long,
Bright visions, who were wont to hear my call,
And with the harmony of dance and song
Keep round my dreamy couch a festival?
Where are ye gone with all your eyes of light,
And where the flowery voice I loved to hear,
When, through the silent watches of the night,
Ye whispered like an angel in my ear?—
O! fly not with the rapid wing of time,
But with your ancient votary kindly stay;
And while the loftier dreams that rose sublime
In years of higher hope, have flown away,
O! with the colours of a softer clime,
Give your last touches to the dying day.

TO MY LITTLE COUSIN, WITH HER FIRST BONNET.

BY MISS BOWLES.

Fairies! guard the baby's bonnet!—
Set a special watch upon it;
Elfin people! to your care
I commit it, fresh and fair;
Neat as neatness,—white as snow,—
See ye keep it ever so.

Watch and ward set all about,—
Some within, and some without:
Over it, with dainty hand,
One her kirtle green expand;
Two or three about the bow
Vigilant concern bestow.

A score, at least, on either side,
'Gainst evil accident provide ;—
Fall, or jar, or overlay ;
And so the precious charge convey
Through all the dangers of the way.
But when *those* are battled through,
Fairies ! more remains to do ;
Ye must gift, before ye go,
The bonnet and the babe also.

Gift it to protect her well,
Fays ! from all malignant spell ;
Charms and seasons to defy,
Blighting wind and evil eye.

And the bonny babe ! on her
All your choicest gifts confer.
Just as much of wit and sense
As may be hers, without pretence ;
Just as much of grace and beauty
As shall not interfere with duty ;
Just as much of sprightliness
As shall companion gentleness ;
Just as much light-hearted cheer
As may be melted to a tear,
By a word—a tone—a look—
Pity's touch, or Love's rebuke.

As much of frankness, bland and free,
As may consort with modesty;
As much of feeling, as will bear
Of after life the wear and tear;
As much of life—but Fairies! there
Ye vanish into thinnest air!
And with ye, parts the playful vein,
That loved a light and trivial strain.

Befits me better, babe! for thee
To' invoke Almighty agency;—
Almighty love—Almighty power,
To nurture up the human flower;
To cherish it with heavenly dew,
Sustain with earthly blessings too;
And when the ripe, full time shall be,
Engraft it on Eternity.

Painted by Coreggio.

Engraved by W. H. Watt.

THE MAGDALEN OF CORREGGIO.

This exquisite little picture, one of the most esteemed works of the master, was formerly the property of the Princes of the House of Este, and used to be exhibited by them in a silver frame, studded with precious stones. It hung, on ordinary occasions, in their bedchamber; but so chary were they of its safety, that when they travelled they invariably took it with them in their carriage. This, from the size of the picture (which is only eighteen by fourteen inches), they were enabled to do without inconvenience. It was probably in emulation of the enthusiasm of these distinguished amateurs, that Sir George Beaumont was accustomed to carry his Claudes about with him in the same manner. From the custody of the family of Este, the Reading Magdalen subsequently passed into that of the King of Poland; and now forms a chief attraction of the celebrated Gallery at Dresden. It is painted upon copper, and is exhibited under a glass, which is usually kept locked. The body of the Magdalen is covered with blue drapery, not very gracefully

disposed. The back-ground appears to have deepened into one mass of shadow, so dark as to render the objects of which it is composed almost imperceptible. Several critics have fallen into the error of supposing this picture to represent the Mary Magdalen to whom our Saviour re-appeared after death, on account of the introduction of the vase; but there seems little doubt that the painter intended to represent the sinful and penitent woman alluded to by the Evangelist, but no where spoken of by name, who poured ointment on the feet of our Saviour. The surname of Mary Magdalen is said to have been derived from Magdalen, the city of the Lake of Genezareth, of which she was an inhabitant.

The Reading Magdalen has been engraved by Raphael Morghen, Longhi, Daullé and Niquet, and partially (the head and shoulders in an oval), by our own Strange. The copy from Correggio's picture, from which the present plate has been engraved, was made some years ago, by Mr. Henry Thomson, R. A., and was pronounced, by the late Benjamin West, to have been the best facsimile of the picture he had ever met with. It has been obligingly lent for the purposes of the Literary Souvenir, by its possessor, William Bragge, Esq., of Oxford.

WOMAN'S WIT;

OR, THE YOUNG MERCHANT OF BAGDAD.

CHAP. I.

I was a wealthy grocer in the city, and as fortunate as diligent; but you know there are women. One in particular came to my shop, who I wished might, but I was afraid never would, become a grocer's wife.

Letter of Jeremy Comfit.—Spectator: No. 534.

In the reign of the good Caliph Almaimoun, there lived at Bagdad a young man named Obeidollah, whose father, a dealer in gold stuffs, and other such costly merchandize, died in the prime of life, and left his son, a youth of nineteen, in possession of a long-established and flourishing trade. In addition to his hereditary advantages, young Obeidollah possessed a comely person, engaging and liberal manners, and an industry, and punctuality beyond his years. No wonder, then, that his shop should attract more customers than any other in the bazaar; or that the handsome young merchant should become the favourite of his fair customers, and

the model and envy of his rivals, to a degree beyond what was good for him. So, at least, his better genius thought; who, accordingly, devised for him the following whimsical but salutary humiliation.

It is an ancient and praiseworthy custom of the merchants of Bagdad, to inscribe over their doors, in letters of blue and gold, some religious sentence from the Koran, or pithy maxim from one of the ancient poets. Now, whether the youth himself, as is the manner of many young men, delighted in sarcasm and satire upon the fair sex; whether, according to his wont in such cases, he had asked the advice of his friend Saleh the barber, who was somewhat of a dry humourist; or whether, as others tell the story, the place in question had been theretofore tenanted by an old and crabbed person, whom men called Hassan the woman-hater, and by whom the obnoxious inscription had been set up;—so it was, that over the front of Obeidollah's popular establishment there appeared in broad and blazing characters, as though it were a flag of defiance to one half of his customers, the following sentence from the seven hundred and seventy-seven true sayings of Al Motanabbi.

VERILY, THERE IS NO CUNNING LIKE UNTO THAT OF MAN, SEEING THAT IT SURPASSETH EVEN THE CUNNING OF WOMAN.

Now it happened one day, that a young lady of great beauty, who had been sent by her aunt to the bazaar to purchase some rich stuffs for dresses, against the opening

of the Caliph's new mosque, while waiting till the press of customers should subside, noticed the unlucky inscription. She paused for a while, as if in deliberation; then with a half-playful, half-malicious smile, 'Now, by my veil,' said she, 'I will compel this despiser of our sex to alter his arrogant inscription, or there is no wit in woman.' So saying, and composing her features to their duty, she entered Obeidollah's shop, and seating herself in a corner, waited tranquilly until the remaining customers should disperse.

As soon as this took place, she stepped forward, and explained the immediate object of her commission, which our young merchant executed with his usual grace and courtesy. Instead, however, of retiring when her purchases were completed, she still lingered, with an air as though she had something on her mind more important than silks and embroidery, yet knew not how to put it into becoming words. At length, after a proper interval of delicate embarrassment, 'You see my person,' said she; 'can any one presume to say that I am hump-backed?' The young merchant had scarcely recovered from the astonishment into which this unexpected address had thrown him, when the lady, raising the border of her veil, resumed—'Surely my neck is not as the neck of the raven, or as the ebony idols of Ethiopia.' Obeidollah, between delight and surprise, bowed his assent. 'Nor is my chin double,' lifting her veil somewhat higher; 'nor my lips thick, like those of a Tartar.'—A smile of

full conviction. 'Nor are they to be believed, who affirm that my nose is flat, or my cheeks sunken.' Obeidollah was about to express his horror at the idea of such profanation, when the maiden, removing the concealment entirely from her face, flashed upon his sight in all her beauty, like the planet Zohara from a mist. The young merchant, as many full-grown merchants might have done, stood in speechless amazement at the sudden view of so much loveliness. Nor was the lady's confusion less obvious; the frolicsome spirit which had prompted her to the enterprise seemed for a moment to desert her, and a colour, such as our poets weary themselves in finding comparisons for, diffused itself over her face and bosom, and heightened the beauty which might have seemed unimproveable. Thus they both stood silent for some moments. Obeidollah was the first to speak.

"Fairest of creatures," said he, "to what delightful accident do I owe the view of those charms, which are hidden by a veil from the eyes of the less fortunate of my sex?"

These words of the merchant gave the lady new courage, inasmuch as they saved her the embarrassment of opening her own case; accordingly, after a moment's hesitation, she replied.

"Courteous sir, behold before you an unfortunate damsel, who craves your favourable construction of a measure which may at first sight appear altogether unjustifiable; but which has been forced upon her by the

unnatural selfishness and cruelty of those, from whom she might have expected better treatment. You must know that my mother, who was sister to a rich emir of Mecca, died some years ago, leaving my father in possession of an immense fortune, and myself his sole heiress. I am now seventeen; my personal endowments are such as you behold, and a very small portion of my late mother's dowry would suffice to obtain for me a handsome establishment in marriage; and yet, such is the unfeeling avarice of my only surviving protector, that he absolutely refuses the smallest trifle to settle me in life. The only counsellor to whom I could apply for help in this extremity, was my kind old nurse; and it is through her advice, added to the high opinion I have uniformly heard expressed of your merits, that I have been induced to throw myself upon your goodness in the extraordinary manner you now witness."

The reader may easily imagine the emotions of the young merchant on this unexpected communication.—"Cruel parent!" he exclaimed; "he must be a rock of the desert, and not a man, who can condemn so charming a person to perpetual solitude, when the slightest possible sacrifice on his part might prevent it!—May I inquire his name?"

"He is the Chief Cadi," replied the maiden, and disappeared like a vision.

In about a quarter of an hour from this time, as Obeidollah's friend Saleh the barber sate on his cushion

smoking composedly, as was his custom, in expectation of patients, he was surprised to see his old companion and gossip enter the shop, succinct for speed, and lacking only those outward proprieties of chin and whisker which it was Saleh's office to confer, but with an air of hurry and abstraction quite different from his accustomed free and joyous manner. Astonished at this deviation from the usual order of things, the good-natured barber endeavoured, by the simple process of interrogation, to develope the cause of his friend's perplexity. Failing, however, in the attempt — for the young merchant only stared as if doubtful of his meaning, and then resumed his former thoughtful air, — he betook himself to another method. Taking a circuitous route, he struck into the wide and varied field of subjects appropriate to the place and occasion, hoping that some casual turn in the road might bring him to his object; passed from the war in Egypt to the reported plague in Syria — thence to the non-arrival of the Indian fleet — the miraculous escape of the last caravan — the shameful price of dates — the affair of the Imam's wife with the Greek physician, etc., to each and all of which our merchant listened with about the same attention as if he had been reciting the moral aphorisms of Abu'l Moosa. Once only, when his friend announced that Sheik Ibrahim's favourite spouse had been delivered of a daughter, he exclaimed, "An exquisite creature!" And then relapsed again into abstraction, leaving the perplexed artist to weave, out of

his own brain, a web of historical conjecture for the elucidation of the text thus briefly and enigmatically set forth.

No sooner was the ceremony over, than Obeidollah started from his seat, and having adjusted himself at the mirror, asked abruptly, "Does the chief Cadi sit to day?"

"I—I believe so," answered Saleh; "wherefore the inquiry?"—but ere the latter words were uttered, the young merchant had crossed the threshold, and was posting with the speed of an antelope, in the direction of the principal court of justice. His friend attempted to stop him, but in vain; he then looked after him for a few moments, and exclaiming, "A bridle for a wilful man, and a chain for the wind of the desert!" returned quietly to his pipe and cushion, meditating upon the events of the morning.

CHAP. II.

And he said in his heart, Unhappy is he who putteth his trust in a woman! *Southey.*

The business of the morning was just over, and the Cadi about to arise from his carpet of justice, when the young merchant entered. He was a portly looking personage of about fifty, in whose fair and ample counte-

nance, together with much plain common sense and phlegmatic good-nature, a skilful physiognomist might have discerned a slight tinge of official importance and pride of birth. His eyes turned interrogatively towards the merchant as he entered.

"Most excellent sir," said Obeidollah, "I am come to demand your daughter in marriage, of whom I am deeply enamoured."

The Cadi received this unexpected address with an air of thoughtfulness and perplexity, of which it was difficult to determine whether it arose from surprise at the abruptness of the proposition, disapprobation of the offer itself, or some less obvious cause. The apprehensions of our lover, of course, interpreted it in the most unfavourable sense, and he was about to reinforce the position he had just laid down with the most powerful arguments which the logic of love could furnish, when the Cadi thus answered: —

"My daughter is unworthy of the honour you design for her: accompany me, however, to my dwelling, and we will talk over this matter more at leisure."

Obeidollah, accordingly followed the worthy magistrate to his abode, which was pleasantly situated in the outskirts of the city, amidst a fair garden planted with cypresses and other evergreens. They were ushered by a slave into a large apartment, the walls of which were superbly painted with gold and silver flowers, while in the centre a fountain was playing. Here, as they

reclined on their sofas over a bowl of sherbet, the young merchant repeated his offer, accompanying it with a detailed account of his situation and prospects, together with warm protestations of his esteem for the Cadi, and his passion for his daughter; and last, though far from least, with an offer to settle fifteen purses in the way of a jointure on his intended. To all which the old magistrate tranquilly replied:—

"It cannot be denied that the request you have made is in the highest degree flattering to my daughter and myself, nor could anything be more gratifying to us both than the union you propose; nevertheless I cannot but counsel you, for your own sake, to give the matter a little further consideration—at least if your proposal is a serious one, which I must needs suppose it to be, seeing that the contrary would imply such a forgetfulness of the respect due to my years, my dignity as a dispenser of justice, and my descent from the family of the Prophet, on whose head be peace! such a disregard of propriety, I say, as cannot easily be credited of so well-seeming a young person as yourself."

"Serious!" exclaimed the youth, overjoyed by the magistrate's ready acceptance of his suit, yet puzzled by the doubt with which it was gratified: "I was never more serious in my life; and as to any further consideration of the matter on my own account, believe me, all the anxiety which I have hitherto felt on the subject has been of the very contrary nature; namely, an

apprehension lest my very slender claims should not be held sufficient to warrant me in aspiring to the hand of so admirable a person as your daughter."

"She is, indeed, a steady and well-disposed young maiden," rejoined the father; "although not, perhaps, in all respects such as a rich and handsome man, like yourself, might have been expected to choose as his partner for life."

Obeidollah hereupon renewed his protestations, and assured the Cadi that his whole hopes of happiness rested on the success of his petition. The eagerness with which he pressed his suit, appeared to stagger the old gentleman; who at length, with the air of one who has just been inspired by a bright thought, resumed as follows: "I do not dispute the earnestness and sincerity of your wishes in this affair: it is however barely possible, that your inclinations may change hereafter — such things have happened ere now — and as my daughter's happiness is as dear to me as it can possibly be to you, it is but natural that I should take proper precautions for her welfare, in the event of any such contingency. You will not blame me, therefore, if, in addition to the fifteen purses abovementioned, I require that five more be paid down previous to the marriage, to be forfeited in case of a divorce."

"Call them ten," said the merchant. The Cadi looked more and more astonished, and even ventured some remonstrances with the young man on the pre-

cipitancy of his conduct; but with the same success as before. To shorten my details—the magistrate consented, the ten purses were paid down, the legal witnesses summoned, and the nuptial contract signed that very evening; the completion of the marriage being, rather against the will of our lover, deferred until the following day.

We must pass hastily over the ensuing ceremonies—the wedding procession, the songs and dances, the festivities in the Cadi's hall, and the congratulations of the wedding-guests, intermixed here and there with ill-suppressed smiles, and looks of malicious intelligence, which our young bridegroom was far too much absorbed in his own happiness to notice. Suffice it, that by midnight the joyous company dispersed, and the new-made spouse was admitted to the chamber of his bride; when, on lifting the veil which concealed her features, he beheld—but how shall I describe what is indescribable? If the reader's perverse imagination has ever disported itself in accumulating images of ugliness, and building up an ideal of deformity till it shrank in disgust from its own creation, let him recal, if possible, the apparition thus conjured up, and he will have some faint idea of the spectre which encountered our young merchant in the shape of his betrothed bride. In the words of the story-teller from whom I had this narrative, it seemed to him as though he had been shut up in one of the witch-caverns of Northern Persia, with the white devil and his retinue of monsters for companions.

As soon as it was day, the young merchant arose from his sleepless pillow, and repaired to the public baths, as was his wont. Here, after performing his ablutions, he lay down on one of the couches, and gave himself up to melancholy reflections, which the early hour, and the consequent solitude around him, allowed him to pursue without interruption. If the reader has ever experienced a disappointment of the same nature—but no; the difference of our western manners precludes any such antenuptial delusion, excepting as regards the more trifling points of temper, habit, and principle: if, however, he has ever suffered under the minor casualties of an overreaching partner—a racketing fellow-lodger—a talkative companion in a stage-coach—a disagreeable associate in a club, corporation, or committee—or any other similar calamity, falling upon him unforeseen, he may form some idea of the state of my hero's mind in the present conjuncture. Mingled with grief for his disappointment, was mortification at having been the dupe of what now appeared to him so very shallow an artifice, and one which nothing but his own passionate and unthinking precipitation could have rendered at all plausible: nor was he without secret twinges of conscience for the unmerciful sarcasms which he had uttered in former times against the fair sex, and for which his present sufferings seemed no more than an appropriate retribution. Then came meditations of revenge against the beautiful author of the mischief, and vows that he would

not rest again on his bed until he had discovered her—of course for the purpose of punishing her; and then his thoughts reverted to the possible or impossible means of escape from his present difficulties; the forfeiture of the ten purses, and probably of the fifteen, in case of not being able to assign sufficient reasons for a divorce; to say nothing of the implacable resentment of the Cadi and his connexions—the talk of the neighbourhood—the comments of Malek Ebn Omar the jeweller—the apophthegms of Saleh the barber—all these, and more, came crowding into his mind, the lesser evils giving, as it were, a barbed point to the greater, and superadding annoyance to affliction. At length, finding reflection of no avail, he arose, and with slow and pensive steps adjourned to his shop in the bezestein.

He had not been seated there long, with his morning cup of coffee before him, ere several of his friends and neighbours, as well as of the foreign traders and masters of vessels with whom he had dealings, entered singly, or in groups, to pay their compliments to him on his marriage. It may be imagined that these greetings were any thing but welcome to the unfortunate Obeidollah: on such occasions, when friendship itself has much to do to suppress its smile, it cannot be expected that envy will forbear its gibe; and where there is good cause for ridicule, ridicule is sure to be suspected. Nor was the effect lessened by the evident mortification of the patient, and the abstracted air with which he received their congratulations.

"Peace be with thee, friend Obeidollah," said Cogia Hassan, the apothecary; "we wish thee joy of thy lovely bride."

"Behold the effects of love!" exclaimed Malek the jeweller; "here we are, met together to felicitate our friend on the happiest event of his life, and he stares at us as though we were night-robbers; he has not even the courtesy to offer us a cup of coffee."

"Let us leave him to himself," said Sheik Ibrahim; "the transcendant charms of his young bride have bewildered him; he will recover by the time the moon hath completed her circle, such being the period fixed by the sage Avicenna. Allah be favourable unto thee, Obeidollah, son of Mohammed!"

And with this pious ejaculation, the mirthful company withdrew. Scarcely, however, had he had time to recover from the shafts thus aimed at him successively from so many quarters, when his friend Saleh, whom he had dreaded more than all the rest, approached on the same provoking errand.

"Health to thee, most excellent Obeidollah," he began, "and a thousand years of happiness with thy fair consort! Truly, I marvel no longer at the ecstatic and self-involved air which perplexed thee two days ago, seeing that, as Abu'l Mooza saith, 'The expectation of happiness lifteth up the soul like unto strong drink;' and again, 'He who loveth, seeth as though he saw not, and heareth as though he heard not.' Howbeit—"

But here the career of the worthy barber's rhetoric was arrested, by the evident and extreme vexation which appeared on the countenance of his friend. Surprised, as well as grieved, the honest operator requested to know the cause of his anxiety. Obeidollah was about to reply, when, on turning his eyes in the direction of the square, he beheld, advancing towards him, the lovely form of her whose blandishments had caused his misfortune. But as this apparition, and its consequences, are of too much importance to be slurred over at the end of a chapter, we must postpone the consideration of them to another section.

CHAP. III.

When the heart of a man is oppressed with care,
How the scene is changed, if a woman appear!
Beggar's Opera.

The young lady was attired even more splendidly than on the former day. She came dancing forward airily and joyously, like a young twig in the summer breeze; and there was a playful smile on her lips, and a glancing in her dark eye, which bespoke at once anticipated triumph and consciousness of her own charms, mixed with, perhaps, somewhat of a softer feeling. It may easily be imagined that our young merchant's vengeful resolutions were at once forgotten; he arose, and hastened to meet

the beautiful vision, which seemed to him like a bright star sent to guide the bewildered mariner.

"May this day be propitious to thee, dearest Obeidollah!" said the damsel; "may Allah protect and bless thee!"

"Fairest of earthly creatures," replied the merchant, "how have I offended thee, that thou shouldst thus make me the object of thy sport?"

"From thee," answered the maiden, "I have received no injury; none, at least, that is personal to myself."

"What then," rejoined the merchant, "can have been thy motive for practising so cruel a deception upon one who never harmed thee!"

The young lady made no reply, but pointed to the inscription over the front of Obeidollah's establishment. A slight shade of mortified vanity passed over the countenance of the young merchant, on perceiving his sarcasms thus triumphantly confuted by one of the very sex against which they were levelled; it was not unmingled, however, with satisfaction at discovering the trifling nature of the ground of offence, from whence he was led to augur that the offence itself could not be very deeply rooted; a conjecture which was further confirmed, as his eyes reverted to the beautiful countenance which was regarding him with a look of arch triumph. "Fair lady," said he "if recantation of the false doctrine which has been so distasteful to you be of any avail, I hereby renounce it with all my heart, as you have given me good reason to do; my only

hope is, that as you have been the instrument of my conversion, you will have pity on the penitent, and contribute your aid to deliver me from the evils which I have justly incurred by my presumption."

"It is well," said the young lady; "promise only to reverse your inscription, and I engage to extricate you from all your perplexities."

The merchant immediately called to him one of his slaves, and giving him a written tablet and a piece of gold, "Go," said he, "to Yacoub Ebn Nasser the writer, who lives near the Syrian gate, and say that I desire him to trace for me, in his best style, and largest characters of blue and gold, the inscription herein contained."

While this important business was performing, the merchant, the young lady, and the friendly Saleh, were closeted together in an interior apartment, in deep consultation on the actual state of things. Of the result of their debate, however, and of the further transactions of that day, nothing need be said at present; save that, within an hour from the slave's departure, the obnoxious sentence had disappeared, and the following, brilliantly inscribed and richly ornamented, was seen occupying its place—

TRULY THERE IS NO CUNNING LIKE UNTO THE CUNNING OF WOMEN, SEEING THAT IT SURPASSETH AND CONFOUNDETH EVEN THE CUNNING OF MEN.

On the following morning, as the Cadi and his son-in-law were seated at coffee in the apartments of the former, their attention was arrested by an unusual noise in the street below. On descending to the hall to investigate the cause of the disturbance, they found that it proceeded from a motley and tumultuous assemblage which had collected itself before the gates of the magistrate's house, with what intentions it was difficult to ascertain. In one part was a man exhibiting the feats of a dancing bear; in another, a boy leading a monkey by a string; while a third worthy superintended the motions of a host of wooden puppets. Here was a chorus of street musicians, tormenting the air with their strains; there, a party of dancing girls, throwing out their limbs in all conceivable and inconceivable directions; beside mimics, story-tellers, itinerant physicians, and various other gentry of the same kind, all jumbled together in one heterogeneous mass, rending the air with acclamations, and vociferating at intervals the name of Obeidollah, with the superadded title of cousin. On the appearance of the young merchant and his father-in-law at the gates of the hall, the multitude resolved itself into a kind of irregular cavalcade, and, headed by a grave-looking person in a mask, paraded up the court-yard to the door-steps; when the leader of the party (who was no other than our friend Saleh in disguise), halting before the portal, addressed the young merchant as follows.

"Most excellent sir! we come, deputed by the honour-

able company of bear-leaders, and the other worshipful professions therewith connected, to congratulate our kinsman and associate on his happy marriage. True it is, that we cannot but feel ourselves somewhat aggrieved by your late neglect of us, seeing that we naturally expected to have been among the first invited to your wedding festivities; yet, however you may slight us, we cannot, on our parts, forget the honour which we derive from so distinguished a connexion, nor will we allow ourselves to be disowned by you; for are you not our cousin, and the son of our brother? Nay, though you drive us from you, we will still return; for what saith the Prophet, in the Chapter of Humility—Shall the higher branches say to the lower, who are ye? Wherefore, may the days of our cousin be prolonged, and may his posterity be numerous in the land!"

Obeidollah replied to this oration, by scattering large handsful of money among the assembled crowd. Upon this, the acclamations were renewed with tenfold vigour; the air rang with shouts of "Health to our cousin! long life to our munificent kinsman!" the bears growled, the monkeys chattered, and the dogs yelped in chorus; and the mob, whom curiosity had attracted from the adjoining streets, catching the contagion, flung in their multitudinous voices to swell the strange concert of sounds. As soon as the uproar had a little subsided, the Cadi, whom astonishment had till then kept silent, turning to his son-in-law, inquired of him the meaning of the scene.

"My dear sir," replied the merchant, with a slight appearance of embarrassment, "you are not perhaps aware that my father (with whom be peace) was a — a respectable person in the bear-leading line, and that —"

"A bear-leader!" exclaimed the magistrate, with increased astonishment.

"Even so," replied the young merchant; "such was the profession of our family for nine successive generations, till my father, having acquired considerable wealth in his peregrinations through the cities and villages of Syria, abandoned his former employment, and embraced that of merchant."

"And are you still," asked the judge, "a member of this same worshipful corporation!"

"It were not fitting," answered the young man, "that I should disown my kindred for the sake of your daughter."

"And is it fitting," exclaimed the Cadi in high displeasure, "that one so born, and so connected, should espouse the daughter of a person like myself — one whose pedigree ascends to the immediate relations of the Prophet — one who, by the grace of the Caliph, sits on a carpet of state, administering the holy law of the Koran? Dog, and son of a dog! what dirt have you compelled me to eat?"

"But, my dear father-in-law," replied the merchant, "remember that your daughter is my lawful wedded wife; that every hair of her head is as precious to me as my

own life; that I would not part with her for the whole empire of Roum!"

"I appeal to the sheiks — to the imams — to the Commander of the Faithful!" exclaimed the Cadi.

"I appeal to the laws common to all Mussulmen," retorted the merchant.

But it is needless to pursue the dispute to its close. Suffice it, that after much wordy war, peace was effected between the combatants by the intervention of neutral powers; a deed of divorce executed, and the ten purses returned. The sequel may be easily imagined. The young merchant, having ascertained the birth and parentage of his fair apparition, obtained her hand from her father, the opulent head of the corporation of silversmiths, and lived with her in happiness and prosperity for many years. The Caliph Almaimoun, to whom the whole of the circumstances were reported, compassionating the hard fate of the Cadi's daughter, gave her in marriage to one of his courtiers with a handsome dowry, and commanded the story to be written in a book, as a warning to all who disparage the wit of women.*

* The narrative, on which the above story is founded, may be found at the end of a little publication of M. Langlès, entitled, "*Les Voyages de Sind-Bád le Marin.*" Paris, 1814.

MY LITTLE COUSINS.

E voi ridete?—Certo ridiamo.
Cosi fan tutte.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LILLIAN."

I.

Laugh on, fair Cousins, for to you
All life is joyous yet;
Your hearts have all things to pursue,
And nothing to regret;
And every flower to you is fair,
And every month is May;
You 've not been introduced to Care,—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

II.

Old Time will fling his clouds ere long
Upon those sunny eyes;
The voice, whose every word is song,
Will set itself to sighs;
Your quiet slumbers,—hopes and fears
Will chase their rest away;
To-morrow you 'll be shedding tears,—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

III.

Oh yes; if any truth is found
In the dull schoolman's theme,—
If friendship is an empty sound,
And love an idle dream,—
If mirth, youth's playmate, feels fatigue
Too soon on life's long way,
At least he 'll run with you a league,—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

IV.

Perhaps your eyes may grow more bright
As childhood's hues depart;
You may be lovelier to the sight,
And dearer to the heart;
You may be sinless still, and see
This earth still green and gay;
But what you are you will not be,
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

V.

O'er me have many winters crept,
With less of grief than joy;
But I have learned, and toiled, and wept,—
I am no more a boy!
I 've never had the gout, 't is true,
My hair is hardly grey;
But now I cannot laugh like you;
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

VI.

I used to have as glad a face,
As shadowless a brow;
I once could run as blythe a race
As you are running now;
But never mind how I behave,
Don't interrupt your play,
And though I look so very grave,
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

A SCENE IN A PARK.

Lurk we behind these huddled thorns awhile!
Hast thou on earth a fairer picture seen
Than that we catch their latticed boughs between?
The slanting sunshine turns its warmest smile
Upon a shelving bank, whose loamy soil,
Crumbling from underneath the herbage green,
Glows in fine unison with the tint serene
Of fern in sunburnt patches. As a foil
To the bright creatures under it, yon oak
Protrudes a mass of shade, which falls not on
The sleek and dappled sides of those three deer.
Ah! you have stirred—they flee—the charm is gone:
For Nature's loveliest combinations brook
No tampering,—at a touch, they disappear!

RUTH TO HER MOTHER.

EXTRACTED FROM AN ALBUM IN DEVONSHIRE.

I.

I will not, cannot leave thee; every hope to me is dead,
But the hope to smooth the pillow for an aged parent's head!
Oh! bid me not depart from thee;—to wander by thy side
Is now my only joy and wish,—my pleasure and my pride.

II.

Bid me not seek another lord, another land or home;
I am the staff unto thy feet, wherever they may roam;
The scanty meal, the houseless head, no terrors have for me,
So I may watch, and hunger, my mother dear, by thee.

III.

I would not leave thee for the wealth of Fortune's
richest smile;
Such lot were pain and grief to me, if thou wert poor
the while:
I would not leave thee, though the cloud that broods
upon thy brow
Were of a deeper, deadlier gloom, than I behold it now.

IV.

Thou say'st that thou art childless now,—thou hast no
other son
To be a link of love to us, to bind our souls in one;—
Oh! who should smile with Chilion's smile, or speak
with Chilion's tone,
But her whose grief for Chilion was as bitter as thine
own!

V.

By the joy we both remember, by the loss we both
lament,
Bid me not serve my people's gods, nor seek my father's
tent;
I am an alien at their hearth, a stranger at their shrine,
I have no kindred now but thee, I know no God but
thine!

VI.

And He will still be with us, in our smiles and in our tears;
In the weakness of my youth, and in the sadness of thy years;
To cheer the darkness of our doom, how dark soe'er it be,
And bless the grateful love with which my spirit clings to thee.

M. G. T.

STANZAS.

'T is sad when sickness wrings the frame,
When dear ones look distrust and blame,
And worldly cares are pressing still,
And heaven is dark, and earth is chill.

But oh! it is a deeper pain,
To know our best resolves are vain;
Our cold, half-love of Truth and Right,
Too weak to cheer us in the fight!

Ye blessed ones! in might come down,
And make our feeble hearts your own;
To know that you are ours, shall be
A joy in utterest misery!

LEISURE AND LOVE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

I.

Sooth 't were a pleasant life to lead,
With nothing in the world to do,
But just to blow a shepherd's reed
The silent seasons through;—
And just to drive a flock to feed,—
Sheep, quiet, fond, and few!

II.

Pleasant to breathe beside a brook,
And count the bubbles—love-worlds—there;
To muse within some minstrel's book,
Or watch the haunted air;—
To slumber in some leafy nook,—
Or—idle anywhere.

III.

And then, a draught of nature's wine,
A meal of summer's daintiest fruit;
To take the air with forms divine;
Clouds, silvery, cool, and mute;
Descending, if the night be fine,
In a star-parachute.

IV.

Give me to live with love alone,
And let the world go dine and dress;
For love hath lowly haunts—a stone
Holds something meant to bless.
If life's a flower, I choose my own—
'T is "Love in Idleness!"

LAMBERTO.

Lamberto had not been long in possession of the kingdom of Lombardy, when he was murdered in the forest of Marengo, by a young nobleman, whom he had loaded with honours, in the vain hope of inducing him to forgive the cruel execution of his father (Count Manfred), whom Lamberto had ungenerously put to death, in revenge for his gallant defence of Milan, in the service of Arnolf.

Rivoluzioni d' Italia da Carlo Denina.

I.

Deep in a forest's solitude,
A wounded Monarch bled;
And close beside, a courtier stood
With his heel upon his head:
Full fiercely did the Murderer vaunt
O'er his expiring prey;
And thus, with scoff and bitter taunt,
He sped his soul away:—

II.

"Nay! do not clothe that royal brow
With such a withering frown,—
I do not fear thy glances now;
Tyrant and traitor! down!

Talk not of pardon,—penitence,—
I mock the empty sound;
Manfred my father, calls thee hence;
Thy voice in his is drowned!

III.

" Go! cruel, coward spirit, go!
Yet ere thou dost depart,
That I have wreaked a vengeance, know,
Long cherished in my heart!
Confiding fool! and didst thou dream
That injuries like mine
Might be dissolved into a dream
By favour such as thine?—

IV.

" That thou in safety might'st exult
O'er thy foul work of shame;
And with thy loathed gifts insult
The heir to Manfred's fame?
Know, that the bounty, whose base weight
Was meant to force my faith,
Served but to keep awake my hate,
To hunt thee to the death!

V.

" I 've hated thee 'mid many wiles,—
Through days that seemed like years ;—
I 've hated thee 'mid outward smiles,
And secret, scalding tears :
And if, beyond the grave we meet
In punishment and pain,
Detested king ! it will be sweet
To hate thee there again !

VI.

" But go ! and when thou shalt appear
In the high Court of Heaven,
Tell how thy crimes and perjuries *here*
Were cancelled and forgiven :
Count o'er thy deeds of treachery done ;
And in thy hour of need,
Say 't was a murdered father's Son
Who sent thee there to plead ! "

L——x-C.

THE MARTYRS OF ROYAL-LIEU.

The Abbess of Royal-Lieu fell a victim to the revolutionary madness. She and her numerous sisterhood were led to the scaffold on the same day. On their way from the prison to the guillotine, they all chanted the Veni Creator. Their arrival at the place of execution, did not interrupt their strains; one head fell, and ceased to join its voice with the celestial chorus—but the song continued. The Abbess suffered last; and her single voice still raised the devout versicle. It ceased at once—and the silence of death ensued.

Madame Campan's Memoirs.

I.

Dark clouds are hurrying through the sky,
'Tis autumn's fitful eve;
And the dying breeze is murmuring by,
With a sound that makes one grieve;
A stifling heat is in the air;
Like the sultry breath of a lion's lair;
And unseen fingers weave
A giant shade of shadows dun,
Around the broad red sinking sun!

II.

Bursting with wrath, yon angry cloud
Seems to pause in its mid career,
As the striving steps of the crushing crowd
To one gory spot draw near:—
What mean their yells of horrid glee?
Those tossing heads, like a stormy sea,
Clenched hands and brows severe?
Whence come that savage, tiger brood,
To glut their demon-lust for blood?

III.

What, sateless still! must still the stream
From noble hearts be poured,
Will Pity never shed its gleam
On that remorseless horde?
Must still some guiltless victim bleed,
And "Freedom" sanctify a deed
To latest times abhorred?
O, Liberty! our pride,—our shame,
What scenes are acted in thy name!*

* "O, Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!" was the apostrophe of Madame Roland to the statue of Liberty, as she passed it on her way to the guillotine.

IV.

But hark what thrilling sounds arise
From yon slow-moving throng;
Floating like incense to the skies
In one rich tide of song!
And see, where opening to their tread
Those threatening forms give back, and led
By faith serene, yet strong,
A patient band, with tireless breath,
Prolong that prelude note of death!

V.

Theirs is no hope folorn,—they wend
Exulting on their way;
Reckless how soon their course must end,
Their life-blood ebb away.
They seem to share one thought, one breath,
And marshalled thus by faith to death,
In beautiful array,
Those martyr-sisters glide along,
Breathing their parting prayers in song!

VI.

No fears have they;—the savage crowd
May scowl on them in vain;
Their step is firm, their bearing proud,
Unfailing still their strain!

They view the reeking scaffold nigh,
With dauntless heart, untroubled eye,
  Their blood so soon must stain,—
Lift up their vesper-hymn on high,
Swan-like, resolved to sing and die!

VII.

See how she bends her to the block,
  The foremost of that guiltless throng,
And sings, till 'neath the headsman's stroke,
  Is stayed at once her breath and song!
Yet still the angelic strain peals on
More thrilling sweet; till, one by one,
  Is hushed each tuneful tongue;
And to that sainted band 'tis given,
To join seraphic choirs in heaven!

Painted by H Howard R.A.

Engraved by C. Rolls.

THE CANZONET.

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LOVE BREEZES.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

> The tone
> With which he told another's love
> Interpreted his own.
>
> *Coleridge.*

Seated on a flowery bank, and overshadowed by one of those luxuriant chestnut trees for which the south of France has long been celebrated, Adele,—young, beautiful, and a Countess, might have been mistaken for a happy woman. The surrounding domain, which evidenced the presence of refined taste, no less than the possession of wealth, together with the chateau in the distance, were entirely her own; and she had for her companion one who was also her bosom friend, considerably younger, and somewhat less lovely, but replete with sportive good sense, strong affection, and high-bred vivacity. In fact, she had more influence over the Countess, who, in her double character of beauty and heiress, was some-

what apt to be unreasonable in her demands, and suspicious of motives: she had more influence, our romance says, than her guardian the old Marechal de B——, who was considered a very great man in the provinces; or than his very stately wife, who wore longer lappets than the queen, and whose notions of propriety were stiffer than her best court petticoat. Nevertheless, at the present time, Adele appeared ill at ease, and not unruffled in temper; or, as she had that very morning dismissed three suitors, torn up a dozen ballads in praise of her beauty, forbidden an old acquaintance her presence, and quarrelled with the identical lady of the lappets, it might be, that she was fatigued with her labours. Certain it is, she complained of every thing excepting herself; objected to the trickling sound of the fountain, the perfume of the flowers, and pleading a head-ache and bad spirits, requested Mathilde, the gayest of companions, to think instead of talk. Now Mathilde had a natural as well as national indisposition to refrain from the privilege of speech; she had, beside, a womanly suspicion as to the cause of her friend's ill humour, and the request only quickened her desire for conversation.

"Well, Adele, if your head really aches, and your spirits are as bad as you say they are, try to catch a slumber, and let me sing to you."

"I am weary of the troubadour strains:—when I have parted with my last jewel, I shall hear no more of "*tes deux beaux yeux.*"

"You shall hear nothing of the kind from me, I promise you," replied Mathilde, laughing; "nor will I offend your ear with praises of your meek, and gentle, and most reasonable nature; but you need not listen unless you please;"—and with this generous permission she caught up Adele's guitar, and sang in a piquant manner, an impromptu of her own:

There once was a brave cavalier,
Commanded by Cupid to bow;
And his mistress, though lovely, I hear
Had a very Sultana-like brow;
In battles and sieges he fought
With many a Saracen Nero,
Till back to his mistress he brought
The fame and the heart of a hero:
But when he presumed to demand
The hero's reward in all story,
His mistress, in accents most bland—
Desired him to gather more glory!
Poor Camille!

So back went the young cavalier,
(Where dwells such obedience now?)
And he wove, amid pennon and spear,
A wreath for that fair cruel brow;
How crimson the roses he sent,
But not with the summer sun's glow;
'T was the crimson of battle—and lent
By a brave heart for ever laid low!
Now if such a lover I knew,
And if I might be his adviser,
I would bid him be tender and true,
But certainly bid him be wiser.
Poor Camille!

Mathilde gave the *refrain* of her madrigal with a particular emphasis—"What a pity" cried she, "that my memory should fail me just now! —there were at least twenty-nine more stanzas, and all full of good advice,—to be sure, the burthen of 'Pauvre Camille!' came in rather too often, but people should always be tender-hearted in song—"

"Mathilde, have done—and tell me at once how has De Valori merited that you should thus advocate his suit?—the Camille of your foolish ballad was faithful, and died—but he, my Camille—where is the fidelity of him, who, on returning home after a long absence, allows six days to elapse without repairing to his mistress, when a bare league separates their domains?"

"And where is that mistress's good faith, who denies him her presence one hour, and reproaches him for non-appearance the next?"

"The cause—the cause, Mathilde," replied the Countess, and a tear started to her eye.

"The provocation—the provocation, Adele," rejoined Mathilde.

"Has he not," resumed the Countess, "lingered in Italy long after the wars had ceased to require his presence?—Was he not, when there, first and last at every revel?—Did he not flutter in the train of a certain Marchesa, and, for aught I know, in the train of a dozen others?—What care I for the vulgar homage of lance and brand, compared with the service of the heart?—

that which exists single, supreme, and undiminished—the same, whether cherished by the smiles and presence of its object, or unaided save by fancy and remembrance!"

"And who," interrupted Mathilde, scarcely able to restrain a smile, "and who deserves this said service of the heart so little as yourself? In sooth, fair Countess, you may thank me if Camille now cares one feather for you."

Adele coloured, somewhat in surprise and displeasure.

"Yes indeed," continued Mathilde, "and you may thank me too, if I do not appropriate him to myself, out of pure disinterested charity."

Adele was constrained to smile, and her friend continued the list of her good offices.

"Who, pray, wrought a certain scarf with her own hands, and then presented it to Camille as a love-gift from his capricious Countess? Who listened to his complaints; never grew tired of his compliments (not one to myself, by the way), and now and then reported some stray word of commendation on his tilting suit, or hunting garb—or it may be, when he departed for Italy, administered a kinder version of your farewell?—who but Mathilde? And who, when tidings came that he had been sick at Milan, sent him some stolen token of your favour, which, I warrant, would never have been done by yourself? Dearest Adele, fairest and most froward of women! why trifle thus with your own happiness, and with a gallant, faithful heart!"

"Ah! Mathilde," said the Countess with a sigh, "but how know I that even Camille would care for me were I Adele of yonder cottage, and not Adele of yonder chateau?"

"Now, to my fancy," replied her companion, "that doubt may be easily solved: the suitors who merely desired your possessions, have, most of them, been wearied out by your caprices;—Camille, who loves you for yourself, yet retains his patience—but come, enough of this sitting still, this sighing, and this scolding; let us stroll towards the beech wood, and speak of something more agreeable to the brightness of the day."

The youthful dames left the bank whereon they were seated, and strolled carelessly in the proposed direction, but the brightness of the day softened into tender gloom by the delicate and polished green of the beechen canopy, and the sweet notes of that bird which may be said to converse in song,—that poet among birds, the nightingale, failed to chase the gloom from one brow, and the weight from one heart. The dialogue gradually dropped into silence, and Adele sauntered on, seldom looking off the ground, and fast losing her thoughts in reverie. Suddenly Mathilde stopped, and exclaimed with evident embarrassment, "Indeed—indeed, Adele, I did not contrive this rencontre."

"What do you mean by this rencontre?"

"Look there—yonder—close by the old beech that has a mound of turf beneath it."

Adele looked in the direction pointed out, and felt—nay, there is no telling what she felt, to observe the identical Camille de Valori in the act of advancing towards her, and too near to be abruptly turned away from, without more ill-breeding than beseemed a lady of condition. The Countess stood still—the young man continued to approach: his appearance was unimpeachable, though his address was marked by less self-possession than beseemed an accomplished cavalier—but this, to a person acquainted with the cause, would scarcely have detracted from his merit. When within a few paces of the wandering dames, he removed his cap, and made a reverence so low, that the jewel in front brushed the hare-bells on the turf. Mathilde stepped forward, and extending her hand with frank and graceful courtesy, gave the stranger a blithe welcome to the land and home of his fathers.

"And I, too," said the Countess, much embarrassed, and consequently assuming much dignity; "I, too, rejoice that France no longer needs your absence abroad."

Camille again bent his head, and a cadence of melancholy was in his voice, as he replied, "My presence, madam, is, I fear, likely to be little valued at home."

The Countess rejoined somewhat touching the welfare and happiness of his vassals; and Mathilde, in despair at so inauspicious an opening, proposed to return to their former retreat, having suddenly discovered that the neighbourhood of the fountain was cooler. During their

stroll thither, the embargo being removed from her conversational powers, she took upon herself, and so dexterously managed, the whole duty of finding subject-matter, that her companions gradually became more at ease in each other's society, although neither knew precisely how it occurred. Once more the ladies resumed their flowery seat; but Camille, before yielding to his natural impulse to seat himself also, said, whilst looking towards his advocate for encouragement, "But how know I that my sin of trespass, although committed in ignorance, is forgiven? I am still here an unbidden guest."

"Ask no questions," replied Mathilde gaily; "but sit down and render your company desirable, bidden or otherwise."

Adele did not gainsay the permission;—Camille threw himself on the grass, and Mathilde snatching up her old friend the guitar, bade him accompany her in a celebrated Troubadour song. He obeyed in a sprightly manner; but it was a strain that spake of Italy, its sunny skies and splendid cities, its pleasures and its arts; and a shade came over the polished brow of the young Countess. "That strain is wanting," she observed, on its conclusion; "it makes no mention of Italy's dark-eyed damas; of the syrens who, I have heard, can obliterate from the mind of lovers, all memory of those less fair or wily of their native land."

Camille felt the hidden thrust; and his manly countenance betokened sorrow, wounded affection, and sense

of wrong. "I might have known," said he, "that my rude minstrelsy would displease the ears that have revelled in Provençal melodies. I have no other strain worthy of my auditors; but I know a tale, and that, craving your fair warrant, I will narrate, and then depart."

The personages addressed bowed acquiescence, and Camille began his narrative, with an air and tone of earnest simplicity, not unalloyed by sadness.

"Henri de Montolieu was my friend from earliest boyhood. We were trained in the courtesies of chivalry under the same noble knight, and together received the golden spurs after our first battle. I say not Henri was faultless,—too much, I ween, of this world's soiling influence clung to his heart, and too often were his words and bearing marked by pride and passion. But in all things that became a knight, de Montolieu was knightly. As to his birth, it was noble; and if many of his compeers possessed statelier chateaux and wider domains, not one enjoyed them with a blither heart. I admit, that at the tilt-yard and the revel, Henri was often outshone in the splendour of his armour, and the fashion of his plume, but I never heard that his lance struck below the breast, or that his deeds ever woke a blush on the cheek of his ladye love. Small encouragement, I trow, did she bestow on him; and if after lonely years of fruitless service he still loved her, I charge it wholly to the stubbornness of his nature. But why speak I thus

harshly of one, for whom even I myself would gladly peril life and limb?"

Camille paused; but the quick-witted Mathilde, who perceived the drift of the *fablieau*, made him a sign of encouragement to proceed.

"I will not describe the Lady Julienne," resumed Camille; "she was the crown imperial among women—somewhat stately and reserved, turning away from the vulgar admiration of the curious, deemed therefore by the multitude proud and capricious, because they knew not the treasures enshrined within her bosom! Even Henri knew not their extent,—that, however, which he did know, awoke in him a passion, which from beardless youth to matured manhood, never passed away."

"Never!" murmured the Countess, scarcely conscious that she spoke.

"No, never!" replied Camille, with deep emotion, "never for one moment. I have myself been with Henri wherever war or the festivals of peace have called our knighthood, during the last ten years:—I have rode with him in merry England, been his camp-fellow in sunny Spain; I have watched with him on the rampart, knelt with him on the eve of battle; beheld him crowned in the tourney and stretched on the couch of sickness;—but wherever he was, the remembrance of Julienne was paramount to all other thoughts. The hope that she would one day requite his love, was to his existence what the rain is to the parched earth,—no, Adele, *he* never changed."

"O! would I might chastise that cruel, foolish, discourteous Julienne," exclaimed Mathilde, with affected anger. "Now, I will warrant she pretends to doubt her lover's fidelity,—well, how I rejoice she is no friend of mine. Good Camille, see you charge Henri to bid adieu to so ungracious a mistress without loss of time."

"That is the only mission I would refuse to undertake for the Lady Mathilde," replied Camille, smiling.

"De Valori," said the Countess, abruptly, regarding him at the same instant with a searching glance, "De Valori, have not evil reports, embodying somewhat of truth, disparaged your friend's fidelity?"

"Yes," replied Camille frankly, regarding the Countess in his turn with equal steadiness of gaze. Mathilde looked aghast at this confession.

Adele—but it is impossible to describe how she looked.

"Yes," resumed Camille, with the same manly simplicity, "those evil reports embodied somewhat of truth, and yet Henry was faithful. The late wars called him to Italy; there, as elsewhere, he proclaimed his lady's beauty in every tourney, and in battle he used no other war-cry than her name. In sooth, that gentle sound was heard in many a deadly fray, and heard to bitter purpose. But Henri was cheered by no message or mark of favour in return; and when wounds obliged him to forego steel and steed, for a weary couch and the leech's drugs, his heart could bear up no longer: and so when *he* heard rumours that the Lady Julienne was

about to bestow her hand on one of his many rivals, he determined to exchange his solitude for the masque and festival. He did so with returning health, and fluttered awhile the gayest and most miserable of men. Nay, he went further: he strove to forget, and he desired to love again, if not with love like that which had once formed the sunlight of his existence, at least, with such as might guard his heart from dark and evil passions;—but did he succeed? No, no, no,—Adele, dearest Adele! the vain effort to recover freedom did but manifest the strength of the passion he strove to subdue: the struggle to break his chain, did but tighten its coils; and if ever eye, or smile, or glance, or tone, awoke his admiration for a moment, it was only from some fancied resemblance they bore to Julienne's. Judge, then, of his rapture, when, during his stay at Milan, he received, wholly without expectation, a token of kindness from one so far distant! Judge, too, of his dismay, when on hastening home, elated by the sudden revival of his hopes, Julienne denied him her presence, and that without assigning a cause!"

Camille ceased, and the whole party remained silent for some minutes. Each was embarrassed, on the account of another. Camille, notwithstanding the sore trials his Countess had made him endure, was of that noble loving nature which prefers suffering pain to inflicting it, and pain it was easy to see his *petit coute* had inflicted; and poor Camille looked at Adele with a

very complex feeling of reverence, anxiety, and affection, mingled with a half-doubting kind of hope.

Mathilde paid the penalty consequent upon unauthorised interference in affairs which do not belong to us; and secretly determined to give up managing lovers for the future. Mathilde looked at her friend with anxiety little short of Camille's, but her hopes of a favourable issue were stronger.

Adele was, after all, the person most to be pitied. She felt she had behaved with unkindness and injustice, yet scarcely liked, or rather scarcely knew how to make the admission; but where the contest is only between love and pride, it is easy to guess which will prove triumphant. "At least," said she, stretching out her hand to her cavalier, "I am bound in courtesy to invite you to the chateau, after your long absence, both as a neighbour and a friend,—let us return thither." Mathilde sprang up in an ecstasy. Camille crimsoned with emotion.—The former, on some cunningly devised pretext, soon left her companions to pursue their way alone. Their progress was delayed by no apparent cause, and yet by some strange fatality, they did not reach the chateau till double the length of time had elapsed that was requisite for the walk. Mathilde rallied them on the supposed interesting discoveries made by the way: in reply, Adele blushed, and Camille smiled; and a month afterwards, blush and smile were both interpreted in a way satisfactory to all parties. It is but justice to state, that Adele, as a wife,

amply repaid Camille for all his sufferings as a lover, and that Mathilde being no longer required as peace-maker, from the fact of their being no quarrels, found leisure to get married herself.

SONNET.

BY EDWARD MOXON.

Farewell, gay France! My pilgrimage hath end:
  Yet will I oft in thought return to thee,
  Fair land of mirth, of smiles, and courtesy;
Where every grace of polished life doth blend.
Rude Scotia's gentle Queen, I now forgive,
  And understand, her parting tears; my mind
  Shapes her fair form on the rough deck reclined,
Far hence from France, and known delights, to live;
Bidding to all she loved a last adieu.
  Well might her then unspotted spirit stay,
  And gaze, till hope grew faint, while died away
Those happy shores; as now I do review,
  Gay land, those pleasures flown, leaving thy shore;
  Perchance, like her, to breathe thy joys no more.

THE VIOLET.

Why better than the lady rose
  Love I this little flower?
Because its fragrant leaves are those
  I loved in childhood's hour.

Tho' many a flower may win my praise,
  The violet has my love;
I did not pass my childish days
  In garden or in grove:

My garden was the window-seat,
  Upon whose edge was set
A little vase,—the fair, the sweet,—
  It was the violet.

It was my pleasure and my pride;—
  How I did watch its growth!
For health and bloom, what plans I tried,
  And often injured both.

I placed it in the summer shower,
  I placed it in the sun;
And ever, at the evening hour,
  My work seemed half undone.

The broad leaves spread, the small buds grew;
How slow they seemed to be;
At last there came a tinge of blue,—
'T was worth the world to me!

At length the perfume filled the room,
Shed from their purple wreath;
No flower has now so rich a bloom,
Has now so sweet a breath.

I gathered two or three,—they seemed
Such rich gifts to bestow;
So precious in my sight, I deemed
That all must think them so.

Ah! who is there but would be fain
To be a child once more;
If future years could bring again
All that they brought before.

My heart's world has been long o'erthrown,
It is no more of flowers;
Their bloom is past, their breath is flown,
Yet I recal those hours.

Let nature spread her loveliest,
By spring or summer nurst;
Yet still I love the violet best,
Because I loved it first.

L. E. L.

THE LAST OF HIS TRIBE.

The forests of North America are now unceasingly groaning beneath the axe of the backwoodsman; and it is no uncommon spectacle to behold a village smiling on the spot which a few months before was an almost impenetrable forest, or the haunt alone of the wild beast and the savage.

"Great changes," exclaimed I, as I alighted at the door of a log building, in front of which swung a rude sign, to arrest the steps of the traveller. "A few years ago there was scarcely the trace of a white man to be seen, where I now behold a flourishing town, and a numerous colony of inhabitants,—a large tract of the forest enclosed, and corn shooting up, amid the dying trunks of its aboriginal trees."

"Our village thrives," was the laconic remark of a tall, slender personage, who was lounging against the sign-post of the village inn, around which half-a-dozen idlers were assembled.

"True; civilization has made rapid strides, but the red men, I perceive, have not yet disappeared from among you." (Four or five Indians were lying stretched upon a bank, at a short distance from the inn door, basking in the rays of the setting sun).

"Not yet," was the reply. "They come into the village to sell their peltries; but at present they are not very well satisfied with the intercourse we have had together."

"How so; do you take advantage of their ignorance of the value of their merchandise?"

"Possibly we do; but that is not their chief cause of dissatisfaction. They still prefer their council-grove and summary punishment, to our court-house and prison."

"Court-house and prison! Cannot so small a community as this be kept together without the aid of such establishments?"

"I know not; but few communities, however small, are willing to try the experiment. As yet our prison has had but one tenant, and to his fate may be attributed the surly deportment of yonder savages. They belong to the same tribe."

I expressed a curiosity to hear the particulars of his story. My loquacious friend led the way into the tavern, where, as soon as we were seated, he commenced his account in nearly the following words:

"Tangoras was the chief of a neighbouring tribe of Indians. He is now advanced in years, but still retains

much of the vigour of youth. Brave, expert in the chase, patient of fatigue, and beloved by his people, his voice is a law; for he is looked upon as the sole remaining example of what the tribe was before the Whites appeared among them.

"He seems to have beheld the progress of civilization with the same feelings that the shipwrecked mariner watches the approach of the wave that is to wash him from the rock on which he has attained a foothold. The land of his fathers had been wrested from him; he defended it bravely, until resistance was found to be fruitless; and when he became subject to the laws of the pale faces, he viewed their proceedings as tyrannical, and himself as little better than a slave.

"They told him that his condition would be ameliorated, but they would not suffer him to be happy in his own way; and, unluckily for the old chief, every one has his own peculiar mode of defining the term; for, although most people imagine they comprehend its meaning, it is a phrase on which scarcely two persons can be found to agree.

"When he complained of the injustice done him, they urged that the earth was given to man to cultivate, and that he who refuses to fulfil the condition, loses his title to it. In vain did the old Indian argue, from the same authority, that the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field, were also given for man's use, and that he therefore preserved his hunting-grounds inviolate; that he

cultivated as much as his wants required; and that he who does more, brings a curse rather than a blessing upon his fellows, by introducing among them luxury and its attendant evils.

"They also told him, that the Christian religion confers upon its professors, who are the immediate heirs of heaven, a right to the soil, paramount to any human claim. The old chief, as he bowed to the decision, calmly replied, 'While you, who profess superior knowledge, are taught to pursue a line of action, as perfect as can come within the comprehension of human intellect, wherever the Cross has appeared, instead of awakening the best feelings of your nature, the demon of destruction seems to have been roused within you, and death and desolation have followed. Though you tell me it is the emblem of peace to all mankind, to us, at least, it has heretofore been the signal of war,—of exterminating and merciless war.'

But to proceed with my story:

"Tangoras seldom entered the villages of the Whites, and refused to make use of our manufactures. He dressed himself in skins, instead of the blankets which his people had adopted; for he said he would live as his fathers had lived, and die as they had died. About a year ago, at the head of a dozen of his tribe, he descended yonder hill by the narrow path which winds over it. His followers were laden with peltries; but the old chief marched erect, with his tomax only in his hand,

and his hunting-knife stuck in his girdle; for he scorned to be a packhorse for the pale faces.

"As he entered the village, his countenance was stamped with more than usual austerity. I spoke to him, but he made no reply. He refused to enter our cabins, and turned away from food when it was proffered to him. He stretched himself beneath the shade of the cypress tree which hangs over yonder spring, while his followers proceeded to dispose of their merchandise.

"It so happened that four or five Indians, belonging to a tribe inhabiting a tract of country somewhat lower down the river, were in the village at the same time. They had made their sales and purchases, and were about to depart as Tangoras and his people appeared. They soon mingled together, and a low, gutteral conversation ensued. From the violence of their gesticulations, we concluded that the subject was of deep interest. A tall, handsome savage of about five-and-twenty years of age, active and athletic, kept aloof from the crowd, and appeared to be the subject of conversation, from the ferocious glances cast at him by the tribe of Tangoras. He was evidently uneasy, and as he slowly receded, as if intending to leave the village, he kept his dark eye lowering suspiciously upon the crowd. He had already passed the furthermost house, and had drawn nigh to the spot where Tangoras was reclining, too much wrapped in his own reflections to attend to what was going forward. The sound of footsteps awakened his attention;

he slowly turned his Herculean frame, and appearing to recognise the young savage, sprang in an instant upon his feet. A fierce yell succeeded, which the distant hills re-echoed, and the next instant we beheld the stranger flying like the affrighted deer from the famished wolf, towards the mountains. Tangoras followed close behind. They crossed the plain with the rapidity of an arrow from a bow; and at intervals the fiend-like yell of the old chief startled the eagle as he enjoyed his circling flight in the upper air.

"In crossing the plain, the youthful activity of the fugitive Indian enabled him to exceed the speed of his pursuer, but in ascending the opposite ridge, it was evident that he was losing ground sensibly. A shout of triumph which the evening breeze carried from mountain to mountain, proclaimed that Tangoras was aware of his advantage. The rest of the savages watched the chase with intense interest, and preserved a dead silence.—They scarcely breathed, as they leaned forward with their eyes fixed upon the parties ascending the rugged and winding path. The young Indian now stood upon a bare rock on the brow of the ridge. He paused for a moment to breathe. The motion of his body did not escape us as he drew a deep inspiration. He cast a look downwards upon his pursuer, who followed close after him: it was but a momentary glance, and the young man disappeared on the opposite side of the mountain. Tangoras sprang upon the rock, sent forth a yell, and

the next moment was out of sight also. He did not pause to breathe, nor did he slacken his pace as he ascended the ridge; he could have kept on from the rising to the setting of the sun, without fatigue, or without abating his speed; for he united with the strength of the rugged bear the activity of the deer; nor did he fear to wrestle with the one without a weapon, or to hunt down the other without a dog to keep him on the trail.

"They were no sooner out of sight than the savages in the village started in pursuit of them. As they sprang over the plain, they yelled and leaped like a herd of famished wolves on the scent of their prey. It was, indeed, a wild sight to behold them rushing along the narrow path over the mountain.

"The fugitive pursued his course down the western declivity with increased swiftness. It was the race of a maniac. He leaped from rock to rock at the hazard of his life, and had gained considerably upon Tangoras, who followed with his eye fixed upon his victim, and without slackening his speed. At intervals he sent forth the piercing war-whoop, and the fearful sound increased the speed of the fugitive.

"At the base of the mountain runs a river, deep and rapid. The fugitive came rushing down the path with the ungoverned velocity of a thing inanimate. He reached the green bank of the stream, and without pausing, sprang into its waves. The current bore him rapidly along, and the cool water refreshed his burning

body. He had not swum many yards when Tangoras stood upon the bank, and immediately with a heavy plunge dashed into the river; he beat aside the waves with his sinewy arms; his head was elevated, and his broad chest parted the water, even as the prow of a vessel. He glided upon the surface as though he had been a creature of the element, and the small waves leaped about his brawny neck in playful wantonness. By this time the rest of the savages appeared on the brow of the mountain, and they rushed down the rugged path, like fiends at their sport, leaping from crag to crag, as reckless of danger as though they had been immortal. As they threw their reeking bodies into the water, the fugitive was about ascending the bank on the opposite side. Tangoras was close behind him, for he had gained upon him considerably in the passage of the river. The race was now resumed. The fugitive darted off with renewed vigour, and the old chief followed at a steady pace across the verdant plain, through which the river pursues its way.

"The Indian once more outstripped his pursuer, but as they entered upon the high lands his speed diminished. The old chieftain perceived it, and as he kept on his course, sent forth the war-whoop of his tribe, as if in derision. The race continued over ridges and plains, and through streams, until they arrived at the foot of the next spur of the mountain. As they entered upon the steep ascent, the pursued strained every nerve

to keep up his speed, while Tangoras followed with as much ease in his motions, as if it had been but a race of amusement.

"The fugitive now deviated from the narrow path, and entered upon the most rugged and dangerous ground, in hopes that his pursuer, through fatigue, would desist from the chase; but the hope was vain, for he still followed with the same fixedness of purpose as at the outset. They soon found themselves in the depth of the wilderness. Higher and higher they clambered up, in silence, assisting their ascent by clinging to stunted shrubs and jutting pieces of rock. The other savages followed at a distance, yelling like fiends, and were guided by the echoes occasioned by the fragments of rocks, which yielding to the tread, rolled down the side of the mountain. The young Indian had been hunted to desperation when an ascent almost inaccessible presented itself. He braced every nerve, and leaping up, seized hold of a branch of a tree that grew from the declivity. Fortunately it sustained his weight, and he drew himself beyond the obstruction. He sprang from the tree to a jutting rock, which yielded beneath the pressure, and as he felt it moving, he threw himself forward flat upon the earth, as his only means of preservation. The stone rolled from under him down the mountain, and a fearful yell was mingled with the crashing that it made in its passage. He turned, and beheld Tangoras prostrate on the ground. A second look disclosed that he was

bleeding. A laugh of joy and derision burst from the lips of the fugitive, who was still stretched upon the earth ; but his triumph was of short duration. Tangoras soon sprang upon his feet again, his rage augmented by the smarting of his wounds, and leaping up with the elasticity of the panther, he readily achieved the ascent which had nearly exhausted the remaining strength of his victim, who slowly arose, and again exerted himself to escape his determined pursuer.

" They had now almost reached the summit of the mountain. Tangoras pressed closely upon the young Indian, who with difficulty dragged along his wounded and exhausted frame. At length he attained the highest point, and as he cast a look down the western declivity, he started back with horror, for it was too precipitous for mortal to descend and live. His deadly foe was within a few paces of him, and a savage smile of triumph was on his countenance. The fugitive was unarmed, and hope forsook him, when he beheld Tangoras draw his hunting knife as he leisurely ascended, confident that his victim could not now escape. The young man stood erect, and facing his foe, tore off the slight covering from his broad bosom, which heaved as he drew his shortened breath. They were now face to face on the same rock; an awful pause ensued; their eyes glared upon each other—Tangoras raised his arm—' Strike!' cried the fugitive, and the next moment was heard the sound of his colossal body, as it fell from rock to rock down the deep chasm,

startling the birds of prey from their eyries. Tangoras stood alone on the rock, and the rays of the setting sun shone full upon him. The affrighted birds were screaming and flying in a circle over the spot where the body had fallen. When the rest of the savages had ascended the mountain, the old chief was still standing on the spot, with the bloody knife in his hand, his mind absorbed by his feelings. They asked for the fugitive; he made no reply, but held up the blood-stained weapon, smiled, and pointed to the abyss. The friends of the deceased silently withdrew to search for the body, while Tangoras and his people returned to their village."

"And what cause had he for the perpetration of so merciless a deed?"

"The young Indian had a short time before assassinated his only son, and as his tribe refused to deliver up the murderer to punishment, the father, in conformity with their custom, took justice into his own hands; not dreaming that the Whites would pronounce that a capital offence, which both the laws of the red men and their religious creed, imperatively called upon him to perform. He was, however, apprehended, tried and convicted of murder. He did not speak during his trial, but looked in scorn upon our grave deliberations, and sat in the prisoner's bar with the dignity of a hero, rather than the compunctious bearing of a criminal. He heard the sentence of death pronounced upon him without moving a muscle; and as he was led forth

from the court-house to the prison, he paced on with a firm step and haughty demeanour, which shewed, that though he had been condemned by others, he was himself unconscious of a crime. The miserable remnant of his tribe had assembled to await the issue of his trial. They fell back as he appeared, and he moved through them in silence, without bestowing upon them even a look, and they followed him to prison, gazing at him in stupid wonder."

"Did they witness his incarceration without an attempt at his liberation?"

"Certainly. What else could you expect from those who have taken no more than the first step towards civilization? There is no condition in life so abject as theirs. They view the laws of society as being at constant variance with natural privilege, and while they dread, and groan beneath the former, they have not the hardihood to assert the latter. They look upon the restrictions as intended for their abasement, and not to elevate them to an equality; and while you strive to teach them the superiority of their nature, you only convince them that they were born free, and that the social compact has made them slaves."

"And what was the fate of old Tangoras?"

"That will be decided to-morrow. Look out of the window towards the prison, and you may see the gallows-tree prepared for his execution."

I did so, and beheld that the limb of a stout oak tree,

near the prison, had been trimmed for the purpose; a ladder was reared against it, and three Indians were lounging beneath it. At this moment, two Indian women passed the window; their countenances denoted deep affliction, and their heads were bent downwards.

"Those women," continued my informant, "are the wives of Tangoras. They have been remarkably attentive to him during his imprisonment, and are now going, doubtless, to take their final leave of him."

We could distinctly see what was passing, from the tavern window. They approached the prison, knocked at the door, and the jailor permitted them to enter. I expressed a desire to see the unfortunate old chief, and my communicative friend, who, by the way, was the village schoolmaster, promised to gain me admittance to his cell on the following morning, as it was then near the hour of closing the doors for the night. In a few minutes the Indian women again appeared. They looked towards the gallows-tree, and spoke to each other. As they passed beneath the window of the inn, I perceived that their countenances were much more placid than they were before they entered the prison.

The stillness of the evening was now broken by the sound of a distant drum, which gradually became more distinct. In an instant, the whole of the villagers were in the street, gazing anxiously in the direction whence the sounds proceeded; and even the sluggish savage felt sufficient interest to arise from his recumbent posture.

While expectation was on tiptoe, a corps of military appeared winding around the base of the mountain that terminated the prospect on the eastern side of the village. A troop of ragged urchins ran delighted to meet them. The soldiers had been sent for from a neighbouring town, to intimidate the savages from interfering with the execution of the criminal.

I arose at daybreak the following morning, and on descending to the bar-room, found the schoolmaster already there, waiting to conduct me to the prison. It was a delightful morning in spring. As we walked forth, the birds were singing joyously, the green grass sparkled with dew, the morning air was refreshing, and laden with fragrance from the foliage of the surrounding forest. A number of Indians were standing beneath the gallows-tree, with their faces towards the east; their heads were bent in sorrow, and they preserved unbroken silence as we passed by them. The wives of Tangoras were among the number. The sun had not yet appeared above the eastern horizon as we entered the prison.

We were conducted by the jailor to the apartment in which the old chief was confined. We found him standing in the centre of the cell, with his eyes raised to a small grated window, through which the grey light of morning was gradually stealing. His mind was too deeply engaged with its own reflections to notice us as we entered. The jailor accosted him, but he made no reply, and still kept his eyes fixed upon the same object. The school-

master also spoke to him, but he still appeared to be unconscious of our presence. A solitary sunbeam now stole through the grating, which, falling on the face of the prisoner, relaxed its austerity. Still he moved not. My companions looked at him, and then upon each other in astonishment, which was increased by the low sound of a number of voices joined in song. The music was varied by occasional bursts of passion, and passages of deep pathos. Tangoras joined the strain in a low gutteral tone, scarcely audible; he closed his eyes as he sang, and listened to the voices, apparently with deep interest.

"What is the meaning of all this?" I inquired.

"It is the Indian death-song," replied the schoolmaster, "and they relate in their rude strains the most daring exploits of their favourite chief."

Tangoras stood motionless for about a quarter of an hour, during which the song continued. His eyes remained closed, and his countenance underwent various changes. The expression indicated pain, and finally it became so completely distorted, as to evince that he was labouring under intense bodily pain, although he still continued to mutter the death song. It was now with the utmost difficulty that he sustained himself; he staggered, his knees bent under him, and the next moment he fell to the floor, and shouted the war-whoop as he fell. They heard the signal from without, and immediately the death-song was changed to a wild burst of exulta-

tion. We approached to support the old chief, who was struggling in the agonies of death, but he waved his hand, and forbad us to touch him. We inquired into the cause of his sudden illness, and he replied with a smile of triumph, that nature impelled him to die as a man, while the Christians would have taught him to die as a dog.

"The old Roman virtue,—consistent to the last!" exclaimed the schoolmaster.

The dying Indian writhed on the floor, and suddenly turning on his back, threw out his gigantic limbs, and lay stretched at full length. His broad chest heaved, his teeth were clenched, his hands closed, his eyes turned upwards, and a slight quivering ran through his whole frame. The song of exultation still continued without. There was now a gentle knock at the outer door, and the jailor left us, to attend to it. In a few moments he returned, accompanied by the wives of Tangoras. They looked upon him as he lay upon the floor, and then exchanged glances with each other. The struggle was now over; the body was motionless. They bent down beside it, covered their faces, and having remained in this posture a few moments, arose and left the prison in silence. The song of exultation ceased, as the jailor closed the door after them. As I returned to the inn, I expressed astonishment at the cause of his sudden death.

"The cause is plain enough," replied the schoolmaster. "The women who visited him last evening

left a dose of poison with him. It is evident that the plan was preconcerted."

About an hour afterwards, we beheld the dejected Indians slowly ascending the mountain, bearing the remains of their old chief to a spot, where they might repose without longer being trampled on by the justice of the pale faces.

R. P. S.

Philadelphia, April, 1830.

GREENWICH PARK.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS.

Methought, as rustling came the sportive breeze,
Fraught with the Summer's fragrant incense, by,
I heard the sounds of distant revelry,—
Cittern and lute, amidst those arching trees—
And marked the bands, who wandered there of old,
When England's Herod ruled her green domain,
Or She, who smote the Spoiler on the main;—
Fair shapes in courtly guise, and warriors bold:
I look, and all are vanished!—herb and flower
Alone are smiling in their wide array;
Nor blight, nor tempest, nor the wasting hour
Of parent Nature, works with *thee* decay;
But Man's vain trust, his glory and his power—
The blast of Time goes forth—and where are they?

THE LADY AND THE WASP.

As Doris, at her toilette's duty,
Sat meditating on her beauty,
She now was pensive, now was gay,
And lolled the sultry hours away.
As thus in indolence she lies,
A giddy wasp around her flies;—
He now advances, now retires,
Now to her neck and cheek aspires.
Her fan in vain defends her charms;
Swift he returns — again alarms;—
For by repulse he bolder grew,—
Perched on her lip, and sipped its dew.
She frowns, she frets; "Good God!" she cries,
"Protect me from these teasing flies!
Of all the plagues that Heaven hath sent,
A wasp is most impertinent!"
The hovering insect thus complained—
"Am I, then, slighted, scorned, disdained?

Painted by A.E. Chalon R.A. *Engraved by W. Scott after*

THE LADY AND THE WASP

Published by Longman Rees Orme Brown & Green Nov.r 1.st 1828

Can such offence your anger wake?
'T was beauty caused the bold mistake;
Those cherry lips that breathe perfume,
That cheek so ripe with youthful bloom,
Made me with strong desire pursue
The fairest peach that ever grew."
" Strike him not, Jenny," Doris cries,
" Nor murder wasps like vulgar flies;
For though he 's free, to do him right,
The creature 's civil and polite."
In ecstasies away he posts,
Where'er he goes, the favour boasts;
Brags how her sweetest tea he sips,
And shews the sugar on his lips:
The hint alarmed the forward crew;
Sure of success, away they flew:
They share the dainties of the day,—
Round her with airy music play;
And now they flutter, now they rest,
Now soar again, and skim her breast:
Nor were they banished, till she found
That wasps have stings—and felt the wound.

GAY.

SONG.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

I.

Oh no—it never crossed my heart
To think of thee with love,
For we are severed far apart
As earth and the sky above;
And though in many a midnight dream
Ye 've prompted fancy's brightest theme,
I never thought that you could be
More than that midnight dream to me.

II.

A something bright and beautiful
Which I must teach me to forget,
Ere I can turn to meet the dull
Realities that linger yet.
A something girt with summer flowers,
And laughing eyes and sunny hours;
While I—too well I know will be
Not even a midnight dream to thee!

THE BULL-FIGHT OF MADRID.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CASTILIAN."

It was one of those clear, bright days, peculiar to a Spanish summer, when the deep blue skies seem to reflect their warmth of radiance over the earth; a slumberous influence hung over the tranquil streets of Madrid, and although it was still early in the morning, the fervid rays of the sun gave a certain indication of the meridian power he was about to display in a few hours.

Such was the day appropriated for the splendid and soul-stirring celebration of a bull-fight; and accordingly, the inhabitants soon began, by an unusual bustle, to evince the absorbing interest they are accustomed to take in this favourite amusement. Before the hour of nine, the beautiful street of Alcala was thronged with a promiscuous multitude, eager to witness the first exhibition of the morning; the Spanish bull-fight being in fact composed of two acts, if I may so term them, the morning and the evening encounters.

On such days, a general cessation of labour takes place throughout the city, and the whole population is

occupied with speculations on the approaching festival. On the morning in question, the inhabitants of Madrid, the lower classes in particular, attired in their holiday finery, began at an early hour to issue from their narrow and obscure dormitories, and, with tolerably cleanly appearance and much importance of demeanour, to take up a position in that famous *Puerta del sol* which, on less momentous occasions, seems destined only as a lounge for all the *ennuyés*, news-hunters, and *petit-maitres* of Madrid. The Manolos, too, began to congregate in great numbers, casting around those terrible glances of recklessness and conscious courage, which, in the estimation of foreigners, are the certain prognostics of as many concealed daggers.

I soon made up my mind to add one to the vast concourse now on the alert to witness this grand and terrific spectacle, although, for many reasons, I prudently resolved to postpone my share of the entertainment until the evening.

It is at this hour that the higher classes prefer visiting the arena: a number of the more desperate *amateurs*, however, regardless of the influence of a meridian sun, do not hesitate to present themselves at the morning exhibitions.

At about four in the afternoon, the *Calle de Alcala* was, if possible, more crowded than it had been in the morning. This majestic street, which commands a full view of the superb triumphal arch which bears its name,

now presented a most striking and animated scene: various groups, fancifully contrasted in dress and deportment, were all hurrying towards the same spot. Here you might see the gorgeous equipage of the haughty grandee, sweeping by in all the imposing consciousness of pomp and greatness, whilst carriages of more humble pretensions were rattling as briskly, if not as proudly, along the gay and lively street. The *Calesines*, too, were seen in great numbers, hurrying to the scene of anticipated pleasure, and diversifying by the singularity of their appearance, and the ringing of small bells, the stately *cortege* of more splendid equipages.

Next, an army of *majos* attracted attention by their fanciful dresses, and the easy swagger with which they accompanied their *morenas*, who were not the less conspicuous for their graceful though somewhat confident demeanour. They were all, of course, attired in their peculiar costume, bedizened with ribbons, and the short saya reaching only to the middle of the calf, and shewing the most polished ancle and the prettiest foot in the world. These gay and lively individuals were picturesquely contrasted with crowds of monks and friars, of all orders and colours—

White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery—

here and there intermingled with military idlers, in the uniforms of their several regiments.

Here you might see the rosy and jolly abbate, ambling

along upon a mule, having an appearance scarcely less clerical than himself, jostling the less fortunate friar on the back of the humbler donkey, and the sturdy mendicant, as he strode along on foot, supported only by his staff. The streets, and every avenue leading to the *Plaza de los Toros*, were lined with noisy venders of delicious fruits, who made a grateful display upon their stalls of the Seville orange and the cooling water-melon; whilst a number of Valencians carried about large *vasijas*, or trays of lemonade, and other refreshments, for the accommodation of the thirsty pedestrians, who had no time to squander upon a visit to the *neveras*, or ice-houses. The effect of this animated picture was farther heightened by the cries of the venders, the harmony of some neighbouring barber's guitar, the continual jingling of the mules' bells, and the clicking of castanets.

Amidst this stunning, yet not unpleasing variety of sounds, we at length reached the *Plaza de los Toros*, and it was with some difficulty we obtained places in the stage seats. A vast concourse of persons of all classes were already assembled, and I observed with a smile the effect which the novelty of the scene had produced upon an English friend, whom I had, with great difficulty, prevailed upon to accompany me; having, as he declared, but little taste for such brutal and demoralising exhibitions. He seemed quite excited, and made some passing observation relative to the Roman Circus, to which the present exhibition bore no unapt resemblance. I

directed his attention to many of his countrymen, as well as other foreigners, who, after having been quite as clamorous as himself against the sport, had terminated their philosophical philippics by becoming constant visitors both at the morning and afternoon encounters. We arrived at the scene of action just in time to witness *El despejo*, or the clearing of the arena;—a ceremony which is effected by a band of soldiers, who enter the place and drive every loiterer away, to the sound of drums and fifes. In a few minutes, not a single person was to be seen in the circus; and, consequently, the body of spectators thus driven back upon the crowd, gave rise to various energetic expostulations, hearty curses, and not a few random cuffs. The only inconvenience, however, of these frequent *melées*, was the loss of a few ribbons and a quantity of hair, of which the *manolas* most assiduously set about easing themselves. This operation is a source of considerable amusement to those who stand aloof from the field of strife. We had been happy in securing good places, and had nothing to complain of but the immediate vicinity of an amateur, or *aficionado*, who kept his tongue in continual motion, and favoured his neighbours with a tremendous display of erudition on the *tauromachia*.

Whilst the immense multitude were beguiling their impatience in a thousand ways, and among others by bandying jests—eating oranges—smoking—whistling—love-making and quarrelling—the champions of the fête,

namely, the *picadores*, the *espadas*, and the *chulos*, were very piously engaged in prayer, in a chapel contiguous to the circus, it being customary for combatants to solicit the protection of the holy Virgin against the tremendous animal they are about to encounter before they venture to provoke its ferocity.

While they proceed in their laudable occupation, we will return to the circus, which now presented a most striking spectacle. The corregidor and the corporation of the town had already taken their seats near the splendid box fitted up for the use of the king, directly opposite to the entrance from which the bull was expected to rush into the arena. Above this entrance was a platform, occupied by a band of musicians, who continued at intervals to mingle their animating strains with the clamour of the noisy multitude. An officer of the town now entered the arena, mounted on a fine charger. He was dressed in complete sables, and carried in his hand the staff of office. Attended by alguazils, he advanced,—saluted the box where the king was *not*,—and then proceeded to the master of the ceremonies, from whom he received the keys of the cells, where the terrible animals who were to take so conspicuous parts in the evening spectacle were confined.

At this critical juncture, a breathless silence pervaded the spectators, who by their eager looks evinced the absorbing interest they took in the soul-stirring spectacle. Anon, a band of martial instruments struck up;—a

general buzz arose on every side, and, amidst the overwhelming din that prevailed throughout the circus, the *picadores* and the rest of their party made their entrance into the arena. First came the *picadores*, with their horses blindfold, wearing enormous boots to protect them from the blows of the bull; next paced on the *espadas*, or *matadores*, on foot, attired in rich silken dresses, each wearing a robe of a different colour, together with ribbons or some other distinctive mark of favour from his mistress. The procession closed with a numerous troop of *chulos*, or *banderilleros*, a set of young men lightly and fancifully apparelled, whose business is to distract the attention of the bull from a fallen cavalier, and to harass the animal with the *banderillas*. In this splendid troop we perceived some traces of the ancient spirit of chivalry, although, strange to say, the favourite sport of the fine cavaliers of the land is now confined to the lowest orders. It is only from the slaughter-house that the bull-fighters now, for the most part, proceed.

The procession moved on, at a slow and stately pace, amidst strains of music and the vociferations of the lower classes, many of whom soon recognised in the heroes of the fête, some near relation, some dear friend, or at least, well-known acquaintance, whom they were desirous of encouraging by their shouts. The champions having made their respective obeisances to the royal box and to the corregidor, retired to the places set apart for them in the arena.

The *picadores*, according to the order of precedence, ranged themselves in the circus, close to the *baranda*, or wooden barrier, which, though elevated to the height of five feet, is sometimes scarcely sufficient to prevent the most furious amongst the bulls from breaking over it. Suddenly the music ceased—the silence was intense—the signal is given—the doors were flung open—and, with one tremendous burst, forth sprang the bull into the middle of the circus! It was a fearful animal; not large, but of that peculiar colour and breed which are accounted the most ferocious.

Dark is his hide, on either side, but the blood within doth boil,
And the dun hide glows as if on fire, as he paws to the turmoil.
His eyes are jet, and they are set in crystal rings of snow;
But now they stare with one red glare of brass upon the foe.

Upon the forehead of the bull the horns stand close and near,
From out the broad and wrinkled skull like daggers they appear;
His neck is massy, like the trunk of some old knotted tree,
Whereon the monster's shagged mane like billows curled ye see.

His legs are short, his hams are thick, his hoofs are black as night,
Like a strong flail he holds his tail in the fierceness of his might;
Like something molten out of iron, or hewn forth from the rock,
Harpado of Xarama stands, to bide the Alcayde's shock.*

The appearance of the bull was hailed by loud acclamations from the multitude; whilst hats, handkerchiefs, and scarfs fluttered in the air, in every direction.

* Lockhart's Spanish Ballads.

The noble animal appeared at first as though he were undecided how to act, or on whom to wreak his fierce vengeance. He turned on every side, and scanned the appalling number and firmness of his tormentors; gradually he became more and more excited, till, exasperated by the clamours of the impatient multitude, he tore the ground with his hoofs, tossed his head in proud indignation, and then stared intently before him, as if to awe the circus with the lightnings of his angry eye. Again he lowered his head, and blew the dust in clouds with the burning breath of his distended nostrils, and lashed his sides with his tail, as if to work himself up to the proper pitch of frenzy; at length, with a sudden bound, he rushed furiously against the first *picador*. The cavalier received the charge with perfect coolness and intrepidity, and having succeeded in planting his *pica* in the higher part of the animal's neck, the theatre rung with acclamations at the strength and dexterity with which he kept his tremendous opponent for some moments fixed to the spot. Smarting with pain, the bull then retired for a short time; but his rage prevailing over his fears, he again rushed forward, and was received by a second *picador*. Less fortunate, however, than his companion, he was unable to withstand the overwhelming shock; and, after a fruitless effort to stem the animal's fury with his *pica*, it at length broke, and the bull, with one tremendous thrust on the horse's breast, overthrew its rider. Fortunately for the fallen *picador*,

he was protected by the bulk of his horse; and the bull, as it often happens, sated his fierceness on the helpless animal, whose blood spouted round the arena, from a wound evidently mortal. The excitement of the spectators now became intense; when the bull, having fully disabled his enemy, advanced toward the third cavalier. The champion, however, had penetration enough to perceive that the bull was of a dangerous kind, and evinced no particular solicitude to come to closer quarters with him. He kept, therefore, retreating, under pretext of gaining an advantageous position; but the people, who guessed his real motive, unanimously protested against such dilatory proceedings. Men and women, old and young, began to assail the luckless, or rather, prudent *picador*, with a violent storm of abuse.

During the whole of this noisy altercation, our erudite neighbour, the *aficionado*, had been very scientifically descanting on the various points of the combat, to our no small annoyance; for he could not rest a moment in his seat, and was continually intercepting our view. The *picador*, provoked by the bitter sarcasms lavished upon him by the more vulgar part of the spectators, now advanced with an air of determination a little farther into the arena; but the sagacious bull kept retreating as his enemy advanced, in order to render escape more difficult, and his vengeance certain. At length he rushed on the cavalier with such fury and overwhelming force, that both *picador* and horse rolled on the ground: unluckily,

the man not being very dexterous, could seek no protection from the horse, but lay exposed to the fury of his powerful antagonist.

Cries of horror and alarm for the safety of the unfortunate *picador* were now heard on every side, and strange to say, those very persons, who had but just driven him to encounter the danger, were now the most clamorous in shouting for protection for him. The *chulos* lost no time in applying their art to extricate their companion, by harassing the animal on all sides, who was thus compelled to abandon his prey in order to meet his new tormentors. Thus the fallen cavalier was rescued from his jeopardy, whilst his poor horse, dreadfully gored, ran wildly about the arena. The bull, as if satisfied with these feats, now stood tranquilly looking on the spectators, who filled the air with *vivas* in praise of his prowess.

The trumpet again sounded the signal for the second part of the combat, and forthwith the *chulos* advanced nimbly with their *banderillas*, each striving to fix his weapon in the neck of the animal, as in their hazardous course he passed under their extended arms. The smart of the *banderillas* tended to goad the bull to greater fury, and tormented on every side he bellowed out in agony, and bounded from place to place, turning first to one, and then to another of his aggressors.

Thus, after he had vented his rage, foaming at the mouth and flashing fire from his eyes, the moment arrived when it was deemed expedient to put an end to

his protracted sufferings, and at a given signal the *chulos* retired and made place for the *prima-espada*.

This was Candido, who though arrived at an advanced age, still retained much of the strength and agility of his youth, which, combined with the experience he had acquired in the game, rendered him a very formidable opponent. He advanced with a stately pace, bearing in one hand a piece of scarlet cloth to entice the animal, and in the other his sword. Having arrived in front of the seat of the presiding authorities, he made a graceful salute, and then performed the same ceremony before his friends, who hailed him with many hearty *vivas;* whilst a deadly silence was observed on the part of the admirers of his rival Leoncito. Candido proceeded slowly, and warily towards the bull, endeavouring to entice him by waving the red cloth. The animal, however, would not suddenly rush against his foe; but calmly watched for the moment when he might find him less upon his guard.

Candido, with all the skill of a practised *matador*, appeared to guess the sinister intentions of the bull, and followed his every movement with an active eye—nay, he seemed to penetrate into the inmost feelings of the animal.—Irritated by the defiance, the bull sprang upon his foe; but was baffled in his vengeance, for he pierced only the floating piece of cloth; the *matador* very adroitly turning aside, and plunging his sword into his flank as he passed. The wound however was not mortal, and the combat was renewed. The bull, somewhat intimi-

dated, did not again charge his adversary; but preferred awaiting his approach;—after some appropriate evolutions, Candido at last boldly advanced towards him, and with a successful thrust pierced him to the heart. Nothing had been wanting to complete the success of Candido but the solitary triumph of retaining his sword in his hand after the death-blow was inflicted, this being considered the *ne plus ultra* of the art. The bull had no sooner fallen to the ground than a set of most beautiful mules, splendidly caparisoned, and ornamented with a profusion of ribbons and small flags, were brought into the circus to convey from it the lifeless carcass. This operation was performed amid the stormy sounds of martial music, and the shouts of the multitude; the tremendous animal was dragged from the field, leaving in its progress a long crimson track upon the scattered sand.

The signal now sounded for a second fight; the doors were once more thrown open, and a huge bull rushed forward, and without a moment's loss, ran furiously at the nearest *picador*. He was, however, soon sobered, and smarting with the pain of the first wound he received, prudently retreated, in no hurry to taste a like favour from the second cavalier. In vain did the *picadores* provoke him by advancing into the arena, he invariably declined the re-offered combat. The spectators, impatient at this delay, grew expressively clamorous, some crying shame! shame! and others *vaca! vaca!* (poor cow! poor cow!)—

but all these energetic remonstrances were lost upon the pacific animal.

With much difficulty, and after a pretty long interval, the three wounds of the *pica* (according to rule) were at length inflicted; and the *chulos* came forward to perform their part. It was here that the same difficulty arose, for alas! it could not be expected that the poor bull, who had shewn no relish whatever for the *pica*, should evince any taste for the *banderillas*. Consequently a great confusion arose, and a simultaneous call for *banderillas de fuego*, was heard on every side. This it was expected would prove a stimulus to the too tranquil temperament of the animal.

Accordingly the furs was planted upon his neck; but scarcely had the fireworks began to crack and whiz around his head, than stunned no doubt by the noise as well as the pain, he actually turned and fled. The *chulos* ran after him, and thus continued *nolens volens* to thrust their spears into his unresisting carcass, until it was thought expedient to desist in order to give him the *coup de grace*. Leoncito the second *espada* then came forward, and was hailed with joyful acclamations by his partisans, especially the *manolas*, for he was a young, light-made, dapper man. It proved however an exceedingly difficult task to kill the bull according to the rules of art, owing to the animal's unequivocal disinclination for the combat. Leoncito was a brave, daring man; but hardly so well skilled as Candido. He rushed boldly

against the bull, and strove to inflict upon him a mortal wound. He missed, however, his aim at the right place, and the animal began to pour forth its blood in a stream. This is considered an enormous fault in the art—and it met with a becoming storm of groans and hisses. The bull, agonized by his wounds, ran wildly about. Leoncito gave him another blow—when he sat down, and quietly looked around him, as the wounds were not immediately mortal. This reposing attitude gave immense annoyance both to the combatants and the spectators. Of course it was out of all question to inflict on so gentle and resigned an enemy another *estocada*—and yet the public could not afford to wait the bull's leisure to die, as it was necessary to continue the sport. To expedite, therefore, the animal's last moments, and the progress of public business, the *eachetero*, a butcher, came forward and performed his function of inflicting the death-blow on occasions when, owing to the perversity of the bull or the clumsiness of the *matador*, his final assistance becomes requisite. Grasping firmly a short sharp dagger, he by a steady and well directed blow put a period to the agonies of the animal—applauses and abuse were then liberally bestowed upon Leoncito; after which the fight was suffered to proceed, and the third bull sprang into the arena. We will not, however, follow the perils and chances of this encounter. It may be sufficient to mention, that the sport went on much upon the same principle as before. The usual number of horses were killed, good spanking

falls were endured by the combatants, and the same tumult and confusion prevailed throughout the circus. The combat had now lasted three hours, and the shadows of evening were gradually descending over the scene. Yet the spectators appeared by no means satisfied; some even grew clamorous, and required that a fourth bull should be brought forward. Amongst these unreasonable requisitionists, the *aficionado* particularly distinguished himself. He was (unhappily for his neighbours) blessed with most stentorian lungs, of which he made a liberal use, upon the most trifling occasion,—no other bull, however, was produced, and accordingly the spectators began slowly and discontentedly to disperse.

The fight being ended, the *picadores* and the rest of the troop withdrew to the little chapel, to return thanks for their escape. However, the veracity expected from an historian compels me to say, that their evening prayers were by no means of the same length as those which had preceded the encounter of the morning. At the entrance of the chapel we perceived many a dark-complexioned *manola*—many a terrible-looking, fierce-whiskered, cigar-smoking *majo*—awaiting the egress of their friends; who, as soon as their devotions were concluded, stalked out with a martial and haughty air to receive the congratulations of their comrades. Meantime, the vast concourse of people so lately assembled together, had gradually dispersed through the various avenues of the Prado, affording the beholder a most striking and enlivening picture.

The Prado itself, that beautiful promenade, which has attracted the attention of all who have visited Spain, now presented a most brilliant spectacle: it was crowded with carriages, as well as with pedestrians, all pressing to enjoy the coolness of the evening in that delightful spot. Having strolled a few times up and down this fashionable promenade, we retired to the *Neverria de Soles*, contiguous to the Prado, to take our *refresco*. To this place, as to many others of the like nature, the more elegant class of society retire early in the evening to eat ices, and drink lemonade and other refreshing beverages. From hence each person retires to his own *tertulia* for the evening, and thus ends a day wholly consecrated to pleasure.

Bull fights are now daily decreasing, both in number and splendour of appearance, from what they were in former times. Either the Spaniards are losing their relish for such spectacles, or the scarcity of good *picadores* and *espadas* detracts from the interest which attaches to them. Not long since, the *matadores* were favourites with the public, and were regarded with considerable interest even by their superiors. Many singular and gallant adventures are related of them and ladies of rank. It was a common custom, no great while ago, to throw purses of gold to the combatants, upon the achievement of some skilful feat. But unhappily the secret of long purses is lost, and there is but little chance of a stranger seeing any money thrown away in Spain at the present time.

The most renowned of the Matadores were Romero and Pepe-Hillo, the author of a treatise entitled Tauromachia. The first retired from the arena full of honours and considerable wealth. But being desirous of obtaining for his son a canonship, he was commanded, in order to obtain that favour from the queen, Maria Louisa, to re-appear in the arena, on some grand festival.

Romero joyfully obeyed; but his age and feebleness were inadequate to cope with the fearful bull, and he would certainly have been killed, had not his friends forcibly withdrawn him from the arena.

The will, however, was taken for the deed, and his son was accordingly made a canon. With regard to Pepe-Hillo, like a gallant general, he met his death in the field of his exploits. On a certain occasion, contrary to the opinion of his friends, who knew him to be suffering from a wound in the hand, he appeared in the arena. Unhappily he had to encounter a tremendous animal. The bull hurled him on high twice; and when the unfortunate man fell on the ground he was frightfully gored, and shortly afterwards expired, amidst the most excruciating torments.

RUINS.

I.

THERE is a magic in the days gone by,
  Which stirs, through all its depths, the pausing soul;
When, dim and vast, in wild sublimity,
  The shades of buried ages round us roll;—
When, from the bonds of present being freed,
  We live through years and empires in an hour,—
Behold the Victor crowned, the Patriot bleed,
  And the long laurelled train of giant Power.

II.

There is a magic in the days gone by,
  When some hoar, mouldering relic of their pride
Rears mournfully its riven frame on high,
  And forceful points to what hath lived and died;
Like the pure memory of our dawning life
  In childhood's stainless heart devoutly placed;
Which, through the whirl of sin, the passions' strife,
  Lives on, when all around lies dark and waste.

III.

Memorial of the dead! the gorgeous day
Rests like a glory on thy crumbling height;
And Summer's balmiest odours round thee play,
And rainbow blossoms clothe thy stones in light.
Joy is above—around thee—in the blue
Of the far heaven, and in the gurgling notes
Of birds harmonious;—in the changing hue
Of the fresh leaping wave that by thee floats.

IV.

But joy claims nought in thee,—my pulses change
Their giddy throb, as, with a holy thrill
More consonant to thought's sublimer range,
I enter thy charmed precincts, slow and still.
I stand amid the mockeries of Time,—
My foot is on the reaching aims of Art;—
For this, proud worm! didst thou essay to climb
Up Memory's steep, and set thy name apart?

V.

Where is that name and glory?—let the blast,
Which sweeps thy midnight chambers, loud arise
And to the skies the haughty secret cast,
In words of storm:—I speak; but none replies.
Thine echoes have departed—and the air,
Which all without is full of glee and song,
Wails in the chastened accents of Despair
Through the dank ivy, as it creeps along!

VI.

Now following floods of light intense pervade,
Floating these roofless arches, with their line
Of slender columns, melting into shade,
As less and less the clustered shafts decline;—
These desolate windows, and their fairy work
Of nicest tracery, choked by clinging weeds,
Where in her silent nest the small birds lurk,
Or hymn low notes o'er Valour's sculptured deeds.

VII.

While in the holiest circle, where the burst
Of choral chant to Night's dull ear was given,
Two graceful trees the sacred soil hath nursed,
And reared their heads rejoicingly to heaven.
Vigour and youth—decay and tottering age—
Day's vivid blaze—the darkness of the dead;—
Strange contrast!—lo, the concentrated page
Of Man's all-grasping glory here is spread.

VIII.

Why do I love this dim religious awe,
Which sends my eager spirit forth to meet
The thronging phantoms of quenched day, and draw
Mysterious voices round my lonely seat?
Why does the deed of glory rouse my soul
To passionate joy—the bard's inspired shell
Each thought and mute-suspended pulse control,
Each grovelling dream of earth, absorbing, quell?

IX.

Should not this gracious world, how fairly dressed
In shapes and hues of wonder, light mine eye
With joy as full, with awe as deeply blessed,
And wrap my soul in equal ecstasy?
Alike on earth, in characters of light,
Sublime as those revealed when Moses trod
The thundering mountain in a nation's sight,
Is stamped the mystic finger of their God.

X.

Oh, yes! I love the deepening firmament,—
Its living spheres of glory—every flower
Of hill, or brook, or dell—wild ocean, rent
By storm, or slumbering in the twilight hour:
But in the fuller majesty of mind,
Whose beams intenser glow as ages fly,
A holier sympathy my senses find,—
A firmer pledge of Immortality!

THE DESTRUCTION OF BABEL.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

Forth walked the king upon the terraced height
Of Babel;—forth he walked, and saw how fair
Shone all its palaces, its hanging groves,
Its massy sculptures, and its waters broad
Beating its walls, and glad with many a sail.
And as his eye now upward glanced, and viewed
The heaven-ascending tower—his wondrous work,—
And downwards whence the hum of myriads came—
Proudly his heart did question of itself,
As one long after on the self-same spot—
"Is not this Babel, that my hand hath built
For the great house of my unbounded realm,
And for the honour of my majesty?"

Oh! 't was a glorious scene!—Throughout the earth
Lay one wide solitude. No people now
Did till its flood-depopulated fields,—
But here, the work of his imperial power,

Babel arose, sole city of the earth,
Sole home of man, the mother of all realms;
And through its wide fair streets, and on its roofs,
And up its marble flight of many steps
Streamed its gay population all abroad,
Gold-sandalled, silken-robed, the festival
Holding of great Nehushtan, serpent-god,
Whose vast form, wreathed upon his pillared height,
Gleamed o'er the city far. Glad was the king,
And gladly did he smile, as on he trod
Amid the city crowd; when, lo! his eye
Fell on a form at which his mien grew dark.
To and fro paced, with hoary, streaming beard,
And in his girdled robe of camelet,
That wild shape, with stern air, and downward eyes;
And ever as the light and laughing crowd
Drew near,—they started wide, with sudden hush
And livid lips, that scarce could breath the name
Of Hud! the fearful Hud! Not so the king!
He saw him, and he forward sprang, and cried
"Oh prophet! hast thou left thy reedy bed,—
Thy ghastly cave beside the desert Frat,
Once more to look abroad with envious eyes;
Once more to tell us thy perpetual tale
Of a destruction that doth never come?
Seest thou that thousand-times-denounced tower?
How gloriously it stands, and soars aloft
Into heaven's shine, and soon shall reach its height!

Seest thou these guardian gods—these happy crowds—
And dost thou feel no shame?" Then flashed the eye
Of the old prophet sternly, and he spoke:—
"I see thy tower—I see thy guardian gods—
I see these happy crowds—and yet I come
To tell once more that oft-repeated tale.
Yet what have I to say which was not said
By Noah to the nations ere the flood?
And what are all thy merry mockeries,
But such as fell through many a patient year
On him?—And yet it came!—the deluge came!
Oh monarch! what dost thou, that was not done
By the Zamzummin,—by the Nephelim,—
Gigantic monsters, in their impious might
Who vainly hoped, in their huge mountain towers,
God to defy, as they had conquered men?
Hast thou not fought, and slaughtered, and laid waste?
Hast thou not crushed thy fellows to thy yoke?
Hast thou not filled them with a foolish fear
Of thy brute gods,—and made them pile thy towers—
Thy elephantine towers, with servile hands;
And now dost hope to scale the very heavens
With that vain structure? What! think'st thou that God
Quenched all his burning thunders in the flood,
And now will calmly bear thy taunting pride?
I tell thee, nay—they come!" Then laughed the king,
And many a voice did cry—"Where? where?
Good prophet, tell us where?" And then he turned,

And pointing to the west, cried—"there!" They looked!
Fair shone the sky—sunbright—without a cloud:
And then they laughed, and then they clapped their hands.
But ah! did their eyes mock them? or, in truth,
Suddenly did the crystal sky grow dim?
It did!—the sunlight fled—a mighty shade
Gathered, and blackened, and came on apace,
Shooting forth, momently, on every side,
Titanian arms, that stretched athwart the heavens,
Then swelled, recoiled, and with a whirling blaze
Fell back into the mass with sullen roar!
Onward it came! and on before it flew
Tempestuous wind, that, with a deafening rage
And stifling vehemence did toss the crowd.
Up with one vast, terrific shriek they rose
And would have fled—but, even then, the ground
Heaved 'neath their tread—the giant turrets rocked,
And fell: and instantly black night rushed down,
And from its bosom burst a thunderous crash,
Stunning and terrible. Fast, followed fast
The livid flames that o'er the city glared
And shewed its prostrate millions still as death!

Oh! fierce and fearful was that visitation
Of the Most High; and had it long endured,
All life had perished; but it passed, and lo!
Forth broke the sun, and o'er the cheerful earth
Cast cheerful beams: the 'wildered crowd arose,

And gazed around; and saw their mighty tower
All thunder smitten, shattered, and with flames,
And the last lingering shafts of vengeance, scorched.
There stood their king, and the wild prophet there,—
Who, with uplifted arm and solemn voice,
Cried,—"Now behold thy work! Thy realm is rent!
Confusion and Dispersion are at work,
Scattering thy millions. Even now, behold
How different tribes through different portals press,
Driven by the arm of God to different lands.
And lo! thy tower!—as it has been thy boast,
So let it bear, to latest time, thy shame!"

Back! back! I glide—I float as in a dream
From the far ages. O'er the ancient earth
The tide of many thousand years has rolled,
And mighty realms have withered to a name;
And mighty men have stalked across the globe,
Whose giant shadows are flung down the vale
Of time, sublimely terrible;—and now
In these last days, forth goes the traveller,
In melancholy quest of old renown,
And finds alone this scathed and spectral tower,
Man's earliest work, and truest monument!

ENDSLEIGH.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DARTMOOR."

Endsleigh! the vernal spirit of the year
Renews the world, and voices ever dear,
Sweet, well-known, welcome sounds, are floating by—
Lays of the wood, and hymnings of the sky—
And leap of brook, and sigh of western breeze,
And flutterings of glad wings among the trees.
A mighty Influence around, above,
Awakes the breathing world to life and love;
A mighty Power unseen—that not alone
Girds Nature with a rich and flowery zone,
And prompts a million melodies, but fills
The human bosom with ecstatic thrills
And longings infinite! For while the Spring
Forms every leaf, and flushes every wing

* A beautiful cottage of His Grace the Duke of Bedford, situated on the Tamar.

With a new joyous being, on the soul
Of Man, renewed, the inspirations fall,
Reviving heart and hope;—new pulses born
Even of the gales that bless the vernal morn;
For health, and joy, and life, and music, come
With the soft hours from their immortal home.

Endsleigh, sweet Endsleigh! Spring has wreathed her brow,
Her frank, young brow, with garlands green, and now
It is *thy* hour of bloom, though Winter still,
In climes less favoured, sweeps the shrinking hill;
And o'er yon northern fields with sullen sway
Holds lingering empire through the doubtful day.
It is *thy* hour of bloom;—her cinque-rayed breast
The primrose opens to the whispering West,
While on some southern bank, in verdurous pride,
Blooms the victorious myrtle by her side;
And that all-constant daisy—from her sleep
That starts while yet the Winter-spell is deep—
For scarcely on Devonia's genial sky
The faithful daisy shuts her watchful eye!
All these are thine, sweet Endsleigh! and the green
Of earliest budding trees; and, strown between
Their roots, amid the ever-living grass,
Scenting the morning breezes as they pass,
The all-prized violet, dear gem of earth!
Blue as the heavens that smiled it into birth!

And many a bud, by rainbow and by ray
Nursed into bloom throughout the varied day;
While breezes of the ocean, hour by hour,
Waft soft the fragrance of our western bower.

A bower of sweets—of mirth and melody—
Loved by the early butterfly and bee:
Beautiful Endsleigh! when on rainbow wing
Floats o'er thee, thus, the angel of the Spring,
Still let me wander in thy breathing woods,
Still let me linger near thy murmuring floods,
And list as brook and river rush along;
Of brook and river that soft liquid song,
Which ceases not at Winter's voice severe,
But falls for ever on Devonia's ear;—
Mingled with woodland melodies that run
From bough to bough incessant, and anon
His voice that gives to all things else a charm,
Poured 'mid the fickle shower and sun-glance warm—
The voice of the frank lark. But I must stray
Far from thy smiling fields and golden day;
Farewell, ye matchless scenes!—the world hath power
To call me hence,—and Care will have his hour.

THE DREAMER.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

> Pampering the coward heart
> With feelings all too delicate for use.
>
> *Coleridge.*

He was not old when I beheld him last,
Although the sunrise of his life was past;
And beauty shed her gleams around him still,—
Beauty that grows from mind, and thoughts that fill
The mind with images of grace and might,
As streams reflecting stars look heavenly bright.
Genius was on him as a softening power,
And love and sadness wove for him a bower,
Where, like a delicate bird, his spirit fond
Warbled and slept—fearing the world beyond!
But Genius panoplied in lofty will,
And made by Reason more majestic still,—
That builds a tower of strength within the soul,
And thence controlling all things, spurns control,—
Genius, that struggles with the stormiest tide,
And never yet self-immolating died,—

Not these the Dreamer had; and, far away,
Far from his kind, when sorrow on him lay,
Stole to the woods, and hid in their green gloom,
Forgot alike Man's duty and his doom!
There sent his spirit forth upon the breeze,
That is itself the spirit of the trees,
A wanderer, roaming upon viewless wings,
Speaking with many voices, many things.
Yet more the Dreamer, couched on wilding flowers,
The music loved of waterfalls and showers,
Lulling the senses that the birds would waken,
With the shrill notes from their glad bosoms shaken;
They, feathered minstrels, sang of love and strife,
And seemed to chide him back to human life.

And wherefore loved he not,—when Love was made
To fashion life into an Indian braid;
Upon each pricking briar and grieving thorn
Placing bright buds, to hide and to adorn?
And wherefore loved he not? Alas! too well,
Too early on his heart, Love's influence fell:
One had he loved,—with worship loved that one,
As old Chaldeans gazed upon the sun;—
Gazed, until Fancy with its passionate sense,
Gave to their spiritual dreams, omnipotence:
Till fable grew to truth, and sternest ill
Loosened not love and worship from their will.

So loved the Dreamer! and when blight came on
Of death, or change, or distance (all are one)
He did not pluck the arrow from his heart;
He did not bribe his madness to depart;
He did not look upon the world remaining;
He did not seek what yet was worth the gaining;
But made in blooming solitude his lair,
(Bland Nature but the Hebe to despair)
And nursed sick thoughts and fancies, till he found
In every lovely sight and pleasant sound,
Even the lark's song, and the dancing leaf,
The fitting food of lovelorn, passionate grief.
And so he died—a Dreamer in his prime!
A Dreamer in the glorious summer-time,
When Nature, full of majesty and health,
Is ripening in her bosom future wealth!
O, Nature! wise as lovely, glad as wise,
When shall we learn of thee from storms to rise!
The earthquake and the whirlwind sink to rest,
And thou dost shake their influence from thy breast;
Repairest tint by tint, and flower by flower,
Beauty rent from thee in the trial-hour,
And o'er the ravage that may not be hidden,
Sheddest new grace, unlooked for and unbidden:—
O, Nature! wise as lovely, glad as wise,
When shall we learn of thee from storms to rise,
And feel that suffering only vivifies!

THE MAIDEN'S GARLAND.

Dependent from an oaken beam, which spans
The little unceiled church of Wilydale,
There waves a Maiden's Garland. One might think
That this sad symbol's filmy garniture
Was on the cushion wrought with slenderest thread,
By busy bobbins intricately plied,
So lace-like is the texture of its web.
It is not so;—'t is but a hoop enwrapt
In pure unsullied paper, deftly cut
Into a mimic pattern by the hand
Of the poor girl, for whom the fragile thing
Will serve as a memento some few years,
Then drop to the dust, as she did.

She was one
Whose birthplace was beneath a peasant's roof,
But whose bland countenance and faultless form
Would fitlier have adorned a lady's bower;
For Esther Ashton looked too delicate,
E'en in the laughing days of childish health,
To stand the gusts of wintry poverty.

Her colour, brilliant as the young musk-rose
Just when the sun wooes it to cleave its hood,
Mounted and sank too rapidly; her eyes,
Like stars on windy nights, with lustre shone,
Fitful, but ominous of shortest stay;
And that slight frame, by nicest symmetry
Moulded, was over-exquisite to brook
The rough encounters of a life of toil.
She lived not o'er her prime;—a searing blast
Withered the blossom ere its leaves had lost
Their tint and perfume.

'T is an oft-told tale
Of a poor heart, which pined itself to death
Beneath a smiling aspect. Esther loved,
Secretly loved, a kinsman of her own,
Who wist not of her passion. They had been
Playmates together on the village green,
In that blithe time of life, when daisies pied
And burnished buttercups are hunted for
As treasures priceless. Esther always liked,
In the wild ramble or the merry game,
To find her cousin Stephen at her side;
Nor sought he less her sweet companionship.
The affectionate girl, of all the little band,
Was the most sensitive to hope and joy;
The most alert in fostering mirth,—and yet
With spirits quickliest overwrought, and limbs

Which soonest failed. The attachment was in him
A boyish sympathy with her excess
Of energy, and pity as she drooped.
But when from Wilydale, at fourteen years,
He sought a distant hamlet, there to learn
The wheelwright's craft, through an apprenticeship
Of seven long summers, though he dearly liked
The tender-hearted girl, his kinswoman,
Beloved as such, he carried not away
The warm affection which invisibly
Was glowing in the depths of Esther's heart.
From time to time was fuel, as it happ'd,
Cast on the flame, by tidings of his worth.
He was a dutiful son; his mother's life
Had a bright sunset, through his virtuous pains
To cheer it. Apt and steady at his trade,
There needed not the master's eye to watch
His daily task-work. Yet no drudge was he,
To whom prospective gain is all in all;
When the time suited, foremost he in sports
And manly relaxations from his toil.
Few with this agile champion of the green
Might vie at cricket; few could toss the quoit
With such precision and well-governed strength.
The flute obeyed his breath; his practised touch
Drew forth the viol's tones; the angler's fly
Fell from his hand with such a natural flight,
'T was scarce illusion. His the lightest foot

At the blithe revel; his, beyond compare,
The merriest voice of all at tale or song,
While in the ingle-nook the Christmas log
Flashed bright on every face. Yet, over all
He had a reverence for holy things;
Nor that a Sunday-suit, merely put on
At sound of sermon-bell, and loosely worn
Through the long work-day week; it was his garb
On every day,—conspicuous more, perhaps,
When he was wending to the house of prayer,
But not forgotten in his secular hours
Of toil or merriment. Labour got from him
Its dues; and pastime knew its proper bounds.

Six months have passed since back to Wilydale
The youth returned, entitled to profess
Full mastery of his craft; and his small means
Expended on the outfit, promise fair
To yield a home and honest maintenance.
And now beneath the cheerful morning sun
The old church belfry trembles with the din
Which hails a married pair. Few minutes since
Did Stephen Berwick place the wedding ring
On the dear hand of one who is to be
Henceforth his bosom's charge, through weal, through woe,
While life and breath are granted. This fair bride
Was Esther's sister, and beloved by her
With warm affection, more than sisterly.

But was not here the passion-smitten maid
Wronged and supplanted? Nay, she judged not so;—
She knew herself the victim of a wound
All unsuspected by its innocent cause;
And rather than reveal it, she would wrap
Gladly her failing limbs within a shroud,
And still her heart beneath the coffin lid.

When Stephen's term of pupilage was past,
And to his native place, on lightest foot
He had hastened back to root himself for life,
Warmly he greeted Esther with the kiss
Which early fondness, consanguinity,
And cherished recollections of old days
Well justified. He loved her still; still loved
To hear her artless songs, or sit by her
At nightfall, when the assembled household group
Resumed some quiet, sedentary task
Around the hearth. But his approach was frank,
Hearty and gladsome, void of all reserve,
And unembarrassed with the tremulous doubt
Which marks the lover. Yet while Esther saw
Only the cousin, warm of heart indeed
And ready at her 'hest, few weeks fled on
In that blithe cottage, ere the ardent youth
Felt that on Lucy Ashton all his thoughts
Were strangely centred; that her every tone
Dwelt in his ear like music; that her step,

Her light familiar footstep, thrilled his heart;
And when with maiden modesty she turned
Her bright blue eyes on him, the current rushed
Faster beneath his breast. And so he passed
A time of troublous transport. Mutual soon
The innocent passion.—He avowed himself,
And all approved. Poor Esther from her dream
Awakening, roused the virtuous spirit within,
And by a strong resolve controlled her grief
And disappointment,—yea, even Esther gave
Cordial approval! But the effort was
Above the bodily strength; the mind, indeed,
The pure and modest mind, sustained itself,
Nor ever wandered from the plain straight path.

Little remains unsaid. Suns rose and set,
And saw from Esther's cheek the bloom recede,
While she was calm and happy. She pursued
Her usual avocations, till the foe
Who mined within, signalled that this world's work
Was no more hers. Still no complaint evinced
She thought hard measure had been dealt her,—no;
The Book, the peerless Book which guides to heaven,
Had always been her manual, and she found
Balm there for every ill. Chiefly she joyed
To reperuse one glowing narrative,
"The Gospel of Compassion," that which John
(Whom painters love to limn with angel face

And locks of sunshine) in his age composed,
His green old age, which kept his energies
And seraph's ardours bright and unimpaired
As when accompanied by Love Divine.

A piteous sight it would have been, to one
Who knew not that her hopes had upward fled,
And there had settled ere the spirit was freed,
To see that lovely sufferer. Spring long since
Had flushed each thicket, and the wilding rose
Began to shew its streak, a tender hue,
Like that which lingered yet on Esther's lips,
While the poor hectic patient, pillow-propt,
Sat in the doorway to inhale the breeze.
Calmly she looked on death, as on a cloud
Behind whose folds the Sun of Righteousness
Is hidden from terrestrials, and whose gloom
We all must enter; but once past, by those
To whom the Scripture utters words of hope,
Then comes the perfect Day. So she prepared
In calmness for the grave,—she chose the spot
Where she would lie; she named the friendly band
Whose last sad office was to bear her forth;
Portioned her little store of worldly goods,
That each beloved one might retain of her
Some valued keepsake; evidenced her faith
By joining in the sacred offices
The church prescribes,—and then, in patient hope

Waited the final summons. While she sat,
Pale as the alabaster of a tomb,
Scarcely less still—her poor shrunk fingers wrought
The Garland which I spake of; it was made
Slowly, with many a pausing interval,
When even the scissors were a weight her strength
Could scarce uphold. She lingered on and on,
Through all the summer, and when autumn came
And shed the jasmine flowers above her head
As if with funeral strewings, gently forth
She breathed the imprisoned soul. Time had been given
To shape the emblematic trifle. She had heard—
Although the ancient usage in these parts
Was somewhat obsolete—that maids, who died
Untimely deaths, were erewhile wont to have
This slight memorial; and the fancy pleased.
One, who at Lucy's nuptials, six months since,
Had been joint bridesmaid with her, Esther named
To bear it; and when earth was given to earth,
And nought remained to tell of what was once
Beauty and kindliness and innocence,
Save recollections in a few fond hearts,
And a green, unmarked mound,—then this frail thing
Was hung above the pew, wherein she knelt
And worshipped from her youth. The robin oft,
Unchecked intruder through some broken pane,
Makes it his solitary perch, and sings
As 't were a requiem for the buried maid.

Dust, damp, and mouldiness have somewhat dimmed
Its pristine purity, and fragments fall
Unnoted; so, not long the villagers
Will point to Esther's Garland, and enforce
The moral of our life's uncertainty,
And of the Crown which goodness gains in death.

B.

THE SECRET.

A DIALOGUE.

"I have a counsel for thy gentle ear,
A secret deep, I fain would whisper in it!"
"Of love, I guess: come closer, then, my dear,
And if 'tis worth a farthing pray begin it."
"Well, then. He (you know who!) was here this minute;
And—no, I can't go on—indeed I can't;
I thought him all devotion to my aunt;
And now—such love—and, oh! that I should win it!
Nay, do not smile, his is no soul of iron;
He sits for ever with an upturned eye,
Doing 'the Poet' most enchantingly;
And cuts his hair, too, by the prints of Byron:
With collar spread, the vulgar neckcloth scorning,
He looks,—what now!"——"I married him this morning."

Painted by J.P. [illegible]

Engraved by F. Bacon

THE SECRET.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE HISTORY OF SARAH CURRAN.

It is a comparatively easy task to recount the adventures of those whose celebrity renders the most trifling incident that concerns them, of interest, and even importance, to the world; but the mere records of the heart and its affections, refined and exquisite as they may be, can only be gratifying to the few by whom it was intimately known and appreciated; and were it not that some circumstances had given to the unfortunate subject of this sketch, a degree of celebrity which she as little contemplated as desired, I should scarcely have been tempted to pay this simple, but sincere tribute to her memory.

Sarah Curran has already been the theme of story and of song; and so long as "The Broken Heart" of Washington Irving be read; and the exquisite melody of "She is far from the Land," of our national poet, Moore, shall preserve its popularity,—so long must the

real history of the inspirer of these pathetic records continue to interest the sympathies of the gentle and the good. When first I saw her, she was in her twelfth year, and was even at that age remarkable for a pensive character of countenance, which she never afterwards lost. A favourite sister (to the best of my recollection, a twin) died when she was eight years old, and was buried under a large tree on the lawn of the Priory (Mr. Curran's seat, near Dublin), directly opposite to the window of their nursery. This tree had been a chosen haunt of the affectionate pair;—under its shade they had often sat together—pulled the first primroses at its root—and watched, in its leaves, the earliest verdure of the spring. Many an hour, for many a year, did the afflicted survivor take her silent stand at the melancholy window, gazing on the well-known spot which constituted all her little world of joys and sorrows. To this circumstance she attributed the tendency to melancholy, which formed so marked a feature of her character through life. Fondly attached to both her parents, her grief may be imagined, when at the period of her attaining her fourteenth year, Mr. Curran publicly endeavoured to obtain a divorce from his wife. As there existed no ground but his caprice of temper for this disgraceful proceeding, he, of course, failed in his attempt; and, as the public were acquainted with his early history, and the sacrifices which had attended Mrs. Curran's acceptance of his hand, his conduct attracted no small share of popular

odium. Mr. Curran's origin was humble, and even his splendid talents might not have been found sufficient to have raised him to the position in society he subsequently occupied, had it not been for his marriage with a lady of family and fortune. He began his career as private tutor in the family of Doctor Creaghe, of Creaghe Castle, in the county of Cork; a gentleman of large property, as well as an enlightened and eminent physician. Miss Creaghe, a young lady of considerable taste and acquirements, proved but too sensible of the genius and talents of this accomplished inmate of her paternal dwelling, and a private marriage was the consequence. After a short time subsequent to its discovery had elapsed, Doctor Creaghe consented to forgive his daughter; received her once more beneath his roof, and allowed her fortune to be expended on Mr. Curran's studies at the Temple.

That he requited the affection of this amiable woman by attempting to repudiate her, will surprise no one in the least acquainted with the general details of his domestic conduct. The breaking up of his establishment, the dispersion of his family, and his own loss of character, were the consequences of this unhappy step. His appeal to a Court of Justice was heard with impatience, and repelled with indignation.

In this perplexing position, my young friend shone conspicuous, and was as much distinguished among the members of her own family, as they were from the

ordinary rank of society. Her engaging manners and amiable qualities, attracted the attention of many whose friendship never afterwards deserted her. Among these was the Reverend Thomas Crawford, of Lismore, one of the earliest of Mr. Curran's college friends. *To be unhappy*, was in itself a letter of introduction to which he was never inattentive. He was acquainted with every member of Mr. Curran's family; and the youth, the amiable disposition, and deep affliction with which his youngest and favourite daughter was overwhelmed by the separation of her parents, induced Mr. Crawford to offer her an asylum in his house. If anything could have caused her to forget her father, it would have been the part this worthy man so generously acted towards her. She was to him, indeed, as a daughter; he loved her, and valued her as such. Under his protecting care she remained, until Mr. Curran recalled his banished children once more to their home, and formed a new establishment for their reception. But, alas! my poor friend's life was but an April day; or rather, it consisted of "drops of joy, with draughts of ill between." The two or three years she spent under the paternal roof, were the last she was permitted to number of enjoyment and happiness.

During the long war in which England,—often single handed,—struggled, with glory and success, for her own integrity and the liberty of Europe, her peaceful shores were repeatedly threatened with invasion by a foreign foe. The rumours of such an event, becoming very

prevalent about the year 1802, reached the ears of a young enthusiast, at that time an exile from his native country, in Switzerland. In that cradle of liberty, did Robert Emmett, as he said, endeavour to forget the miseries of his native country, and the dishonour with which his soul beheld her branded, and live the life of a freeman!

When Switzerland, after a vain resistance, was fettered by the shackles of Buonaparte, Ireland was immediately menaced with a Gallic descent; and Emmett, in an ill-fated hour, landed on her shores, as he affirmed, to avert the calamity of her becoming a French province. His plans, by the little that is known of them, appear to have been perplexed and incoherent in the extreme; and had they been otherwise, the premature commencement of the insurrection would have rendered them abortive. After a slight disturbance, of only a few hours' duration, on the night of July 23, 1803, in which Lord Kilwarden and some other loyalists were unfortunately assassinated, peace and good order were again restored. A few of the ringleaders were punished; and, amongst the number, this unhappy worshipper of Utopian freedom became a sacrifice to his romantic dreams of liberty and patriotism. Previously to this eventful period of his life, Mr. Curran's eldest son, Richard, had been intimate with Robert Emmett, at Trinity College; and their youthful friendship, on his return to Ireland, was unfortunately renewed. He introduced his friend to his father and sisters; and Emmett

became a constant visitor at the Priory. An attachment, as ardent as it was unfortunate, was soon formed between him and Mr. Curran's youngest daughter. In the outpouring of his soul to this object of his idolatry, the enthusiast revealed all his plans and intentions respecting the meditated overthrow of the Irish government: happy would it have been for him, had he attended to the words of wisdom and of warning that fell from her gentle lips; but, alas! on this occasion they were of no avail. Dazzled with the splendour thrown by Roman story over deeds admired because successful, he persuaded himself that, as tyranny was weakness, those whom he considered the enslavers of his country could be easily subdued; and he rushed with heedless impetuosity into the struggle.

Mr. Curran's politics had formerly been what are called "liberal;" but, from the time that his party had succeeded to power, he attached himself to the government, under which he enjoyed a post of honour and emolument. His surprise and indignation could hardly be wondered at, when it was announced to him that he was an object of suspicion to his former friends, and that he was supposed to be implicated in Emmett's designs. He repaired instantly to the Castle of Dublin, and insisted on remaining in custody there, until every person arrested for the plot had been examined. As his loyalty had not always been so apparent, it was a severe trial to his feelings, both as a parent and a man of honour, to be assured, beyond all

doubt, that at least one of his family was implicated; that letters from his daughter had been found amongst Emmett's papers; and that an order had been issued from the Lord Lieutenant, to have his house and correspondence examined! As Mr. Curran was conscious of his own innocence, he only felt as a father whose eyes were thus suddenly opened to domestic injury and affliction. Without taking time to inquire into the extent of his misfortune, he pronounced sentence of banishment for ever from the paternal roof, on the innocent cause of his temporary vexation. Amongst Emmett's papers were found various letters from Sarah Curran, all warning him against his fatal design, and pointing out to him its folly and impracticability. There was also one letter refusing the offer of his hand, and giving, as her reason, the impossibility of leaving a father she so fondly loved. For a short time after the explosion of the plot, Emmett was concealed in a safe retreat in Dublin—his passage secured on board an American vessel—and the last time I saw my friend happy, she believed him to be "far away on the billow," beyond the power of his enemies, and destined to reach in safety the more hospitable shores of America. That very day he was arrested! I shall not attempt to describe her feelings, on receiving a letter from Emmett, informing her that, as she had refused to accompany him, he was determined to remain in Ireland, and abide his fate. Thus, if possible, was another barb added to the arrow that smote these hapless lovers;

nor could my poor friend ever forgive herself for being, as she thought, the certain though innocent cause of Emmett's unhappy end. Her arguments were not wholly disregarded by him, as, in one of his replies, he remarks: "I am aware of the chasm that opens beneath my feet; but I keep my eyes fixed on the visions of glory which flit before them, and I am resolved to clear the gulf, desperate as may be the attempt."

The circumstances of Emmett's trial and condemnation are too well known to render it necessary for me to recapitulate them in this place. After the delivery of his animated and affecting defence, Lord Norbury pronounced sentence of death upon him; and the ill-fated man was executed the following day, in Thomas Street; near the spot on which he had established the revolutionary depôt of arms and ammunition. Before his death (when removed to Newgate, after his trial) he authorised a gentleman to announce to government, as his own declaration, that he was the chief mover and instigator of the insurrection; and, out of the sum of 2,500*l.* which he had received on the death of his father, had expended 1,400*l.* in the preparatory outlay.

A loss of reason, of some months' continuance, spared my poor friend the misery of travelling, step by step, through the wilderness of woe which Emmett's trial and execution would have proved to her; and when she recovered her senses, her lover had been for some time numbered with the dead. As soon as her health permitted,

she left the residence of her father, whose heart remained untouched by those misfortunes and sufferings which excited the pity and sympathy of every one beside. Mr. Curran refused to see his daughter after her recovery; and she was again thrown on the world, which, with more than poetic truth, *had proved a broken reed, and pierced her to the heart.* But God raised up friends to this stricken deer; and, in a letter of hers now before me, written at the time, she says—speaking of that kind and amiable family, who received her when deserted by her father,—"I find a pleasure in reflecting, that my father introduced me to the dear Penroses, as if it were to atone for his continued severity towards me." I received several letters from her, during her residence at Woodhill, near Cork, the seat of Mr. Cowper Penrose; of whose tenderness and affection, as well as the kindness of the whole family, she makes constant mention. While under the protection of this gentleman's roof, she again became the object of an ardent and disinterested attachment. Among the many who met and admired her, was Colonel Sturgeon,* a person of peculiarly engaging manners and deportment; and who, with the "gay good-humour" of the military profession, possessed discernment and sensibility enough to appreciate and esteem merits such as hers; and, had not her heart been sered

* Colonel Henry Sturgeon was the son of Lady Anne Wentworth; and grandson, by his maternal descent, of the celebrated Marquis of Rockingham.

by early grief and disappointment, one who could not have failed to have experienced the most flattering reception. When he first made his proposals, Miss Curran did everything in her power to induce him to desist from a pursuit, which, she assured him, could only terminate in disappointment. She confided to him every particular of her sad and eventful life,—her love, and her devotedness to Emmett,—and the utter impossibility of her ever being able to return any other affection, however it might deserve the best efforts of her heart; while, at the same time, she was not insensible to Colonel Sturgeon's merits, —well calculated, under other circumstances, to make the impression he desired.

In vain did she employ all the eloquence of grief,—unfold the secret recesses of a heart, where one image reigned supreme,—and plead his own cause for him, by proving how little he deserved, at least, but a divided affection.

The constancy and tenderness of her attachment to Emmett, seemed to have rendered her the more interesting to Colonel Sturgeon; and as he continued a welcome guest at Mr. Penrose's, an intimacy still subsisted between them. She had hoped that his passion had subsided into the more placid sentiment of friendship, when a sudden call of military duty in a distant land, proved to her how fallacious had been her hopes. The peaceful, but deceitful calm of her expectations, was suddenly interrupted by Colonel Sturgeon's arrival, in haste, at Woodhill, and

announcement that in four days he must leave Cork for London, and thence for immediate foreign service. He again renewed his suit, with all the energy of despair. He had a friend in every member of the Penrose family; all of whom were anxious that the union of two persons so calculated to make each other happy, should not be deferred. They united their entreaties to Miss Curran to give a favourable answer; and, in three days, she became the wife of a gallant soldier, than whom no second suitor could better deserve her hand.

After yielding thus, as it were, a surprised consent, her heart failed her; and, the morning of her wedding-day, she implored her kind friends to allow her to proceed no further. They remonstrated with her, and told her she would be trifling with the feelings of one of the most amiable of men, should she manifest such a disposition. She was married at Glanmire church, near Woodhill; and was, in truth, a *mourning bride*. One of four female friends who accompanied her in the coach to Glanmire, told me, that she knew not who shed most tears upon the road. After a year's residence in England, Colonel Sturgeon was ordered to Sicily, where my poor friend endeavoured to make him happy, and herself cheerful. Some, perhaps, who have casually met her, both before and after her marriage, have not considered her so remarkable a person as she really was; forgetful that the refinement of true genius is opposed to all intellectual ostentation; that talents, in one so afflicted as

she had been, must often be veiled by the darkness of cherished sorrow;—and that genuine sensibility flourishes not on the rugged highway of common life, but delights to expand its blossoms in the shelter and secresy of fostering kindness.

A sudden descent of the French on the Sicilian shores, in the year 1808, obliged the English to leave that country in haste. After a stormy and dangerous passage of several weeks, exposed to all the inconveniences of a crowded transport, Colonel and Mrs. Sturgeon arrived at Portsmouth. A short time before they landed, Mrs. S. had given birth to a delicate and drooping boy; whose death, soon after, seems to have put a finishing stroke to her sufferings, at Hythe, in Kent.

The following letter from her brother, enclosing an unfinished one from herself, describes the termination of a life so sad, so affecting, and so eventful, in such touching and simple language, that I cannot resist the temptation to introduce them in this place, although there are expressions in them which I would willingly omit, as dictated only by the partiality of friendship.

"*Radish's Hotel, St. James's Street,*
London, May 8, 1808.

"My Dear Madam,

"I know how heartily you 'll participate in the feelings with which I announce to you the death of your poor friend, my lamented Sarah. I would willingly spare myself this distressing office; but I cannot expose one

whom she so loved, to the risk of stumbling inadvertently, in a public paper, on a piece of intelligence so affecting, and so illustrative of the vanity of every affection fixed on that side of the grave at which she has left us. I wish also to convey to you a testimony that her thoughts never strayed from you, and that, to the hour of her death, you were the object of her affection. The enclosed unfinished letter is *the last* she ever wrote. In it you will find a very mitigated statement of her sufferings. I can anticipate the satisfaction you will derive from the strong sense of religious impressions which marks her letters; and I, at the same time, congratulate and thank you, for having cultivated in her the seeds of that consoling confidence, which cheered her departing moments, and stripped death, if not of its anguish, yet of its greatest horrors. The hopes held out by her physicians were, alas! more humane than well grounded; she expired at half-past five, on the morning of the 5th Inst., of a rapid decline. To describe my sorrow would be but to write her eulogy. You know all the various qualities with which she was so eminently gifted, and the consequent pangs I must feel at so abrupt and calamitous a dispensation. I am now on my way, with her afflicted widower, accompanying her remains, which she wished to lie in her native land. I enclose you a lock of her hair,—it was cut off after her death. Adieu! my dear Madam.—I make no apology for this melancholy intrusion; and I beg to assure you, that one, in whose

acquirements and disposition she found so much that was kindred to her own, can never cease to be an object of most respectful esteem and attachment to a brother that loved her as I did.

"I remain your obliged friend and humble servant,

"Richard Curran.

"To Mrs. Henry W——."

(Unfinished letter, inclosed in the foregoing.)

"*Hythe, April 17th.*

"My Dear M——.

"I suppose you do not know of my arrival from Sicily, or I should have heard from you. I must be very brief in my detail of the events which have proved so fatal to me, and which followed our departure from that country. A most dreadful and perilous passage occasioning me many frights, I was, on our entrance into the Channel, prematurely delivered of a boy, without any assistance, save that of one of the soldiers' wives, the only woman on board except myself. The storm being so high that no boat could stand out at sea, I was in imminent danger till twelve next day, when, at the risk of his life, a physician came on board from one of the other ships, and relieved me. The storm continued, and I got a brain fever, which, however, passed off. To be short, on landing at Portsmouth, the precious creature for whom I had suffered so much, God took to himself. The inexpressible anguish I felt at this event, preying on me, has occasioned the decay of my health. For the last month, the

contest between life and death has seemed doubtful,—but *this* day, having called in a very clever man here, he seems not to think me in danger. My disorder is a total derangement of the nervous system, and its most dreadful effects I find in the attack on my mind and spirits. I suffer misery you cannot conceive—I am often seized with icy perspirations, trembling, and that indescribable horror, which you must know, if you have ever had a fever. Write instantly to me. Alas! I want every thing to soothe my mind. Oh! my friend, would to heaven you were with me!—nothing so much as the presence of a dear female friend would tend to my recovery. But in England, you know how I am situated; not one I know intimately. To make up for this, my beloved husband is everything to me,—his conduct throughout all my troubles, surpasses all praise. Write to me, dear M——, and tell me how to bear all these things. I have, truly speaking, cast all my care on the Lord,—but oh! how our weak natures fail every day, every hour, I may say. On board the ship, when all seemed adverse to hope, it is strange how an overstrained trust in certain words of our Saviour, gave me such perfect faith in his help, that although my baby was visibly pining away, I never doubted his life for a *moment*. 'He who gathers the lambs in his arms,' I thought, would look down on mine, if I had *faith* in him. This has often troubled me since."

The last request Mrs. S. made to her father was, that

she might be buried under her favourite tree at the Priory. She was spared the cruelty of a refusal; as, after her death, Mr. C. said he "*would not have his lawn turned into a churchyard;*" and she was buried at the little village of Newmarket, in the county of Cork, where her father was born. Colonel Sturgeon did not long survive her: he was killed in Portugal, during the Peninsular war, by a random shot fired from a vineyard, at a party of stragglers following our troops, who were often thus rewarded by the poor deluded natives, on account of their supposed heresy!

In person, Mrs. S. was about the ordinary size,—her hair and eyes black. Her complexion was fairer than is usual with black hair, and was a little freckled. Her eyes were large, soft, and brilliant; and capable of the greatest variety of expression. Her aspect in general, indicated reflection, and pensive abstraction from the scene around her. Her wit was keen and playful; but chastised; although no one had a quicker perception of humour or ridicule. Her musical talents were of the first order: she sang with exquisite taste; I think I never heard so harmonious a voice.

M.

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